

Poetry Series

Bieze Josphat
- poems -

Publication Date:

2019

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Bieze Josphat(15/09/1991)

life is an avenue to realize your purpose in this world. a purpose that will give you a good name, a name to be proud of, a name that no wind will blow it is my greatest task in this world. to inspire and to enlighten through the power of a pen or a challenge great minds into buying my ideas; my observations. writing has always been my dream. I am glad today to say that I am living it.

A Corrupt Nation

They steal until the owners know
A nation with little to show
For fifty six years
Fill our eyes with bloody tears.
People with 'absolute' power
Over-eat and belch sour
Odour that suffocates our integrity
As a nation; our unity
In fighting unemployment
Suffers defilement
By nepotism, tribalism...
You have defacated on our stoicism.
You have sucked our veins dry
And repeatedly tell a lie.
You have driven us insane
By not sparing the blinds' white cane.

Bieze Josphat

A Poor Lover's Wish.

If tree leaves were money
I would pluck NOT TRILLIONS
To be the RICHEST
But just two or three
Just enough for my fare.
I miss you DARLING.

Bieze Josphat

A Prayer To A Departed Hero

Kajwang has exited
the stage
after sowing
mapambano seed
on the fertile soil
of this country, Kenya.
May we labour
in nurturing the seed
to a mature tree
that will provide shade
to travellers
and homes for weaver
birds of this country.
May the tree
beckon the rains to
arrest dust on
democracy road
and sharp pebbles
that blister
soles of our feet
be washed by it.
And may the earth
lay lightly
on his body.
Amen.

Bieze Josphat

A Prisoner

A prisoner I am
In your dungeon of love
I raise an alarm
Oh! What a vain strive!

A housefly I am
In your cobweb of love.
Stuck on you
Like lips and bum.

Oh, a love-slave
With wide lifeless eyes
And retreating fist
Stagger into doomed days
Having hopeless hope
Because I'm at
The end of the rope.
But, I'll tie a knot,
Write this note
Before I let go.

Bieze Josphat

A Quest For Sobriety

It started with frequent errands
To the village kiosk
'Come, bring me my medicine
You of faster legs'
That's my dad's commanding voice.
Then I would observe
As he puffed out smoke
Like an astronomical rocket;
How his lips
Pegged the cigarette
And the state of trance
He would be.

My journey of experimentation
Landed me on this
World of manipulation
By addiction, my babysitter
Whose lap is now my trap
Feeding me with all varieties
Of drugs; pills, powder
Liquids and leaves.
A handful of promises
To relieve my stress.
An offer of relaxation.

But this trap is now my disease
Dragging me down
Into the abyss of insanity,
Turning me against friends and families,
Obscuring my career dreams,
Promising me love in prostitutes,
Drowning me in the pool of STIs.

Help! H-e-l-p m-e!
Help out of this
Vicious circle of Drug Abuse!
I need No More drink,
Miraa, cocaine or weed.
I need time to re-think;

To plant a sober seed.
To re-unite with friends,
And families,
Time to take control
Of my entire life.
A time of Eternal Sobriety.

Bieze Josphat

African Rain

The Heaven are
Answering a short-call.
Though so little
To drown an ant,
The children cheer
Watching it fall
First on the tallest hill
Then down to the
Ocean floor.

Plants dance while taking bath.
Dust calm on every path.
Weather instrument do the math.
And animals are ready for birth.

Every torn roof is
Sewed with thatch.
To prevent the drops
From wetting the kitchen hearth
And the beddings.
Welcome rain
And obey our thirst.

Farmers cheer their
Dancing hoe.
Determined to fight
The hunger foe.
By filling the glutton barn
To see us through
The furious sun
On its visitation
And future plan.

Rain, rain come down.
Water the graves
In villages and town
Wipe away our pain
And teary stain
Let grass grow

And the milk flow
Children grow strong
And live long.
Rain, rain come
African rain come.

Bieze Josphat

Al Mighty.

All day, all night,
List of chores await.
Monday to Sunday,
Is tiredness.
Go here, go there,
Halt!
Take this take that,
Yell! ! ! ! ! ! !

Bieze Josphat

Beside An Empty Bottle.

Beside an empty bottle
Is an empty body
Empty of life.

The two friends
Lay side by side
Maybe consoling each other
Outside a drinking-den.

The idle public
Watch from a distant
Laughing at the common theme
Of abandonment.

Have we not heard about
Abandoned infants
Abandoned homesteads
Due to insecurity
Abandoned government projects
Due to embezzlement of funds
Abandoned justice
To victims of rape
Abandoned case files
For remandees
Abandonment everywhere.

I see the last drop
Determined to cling
To the mouth of the empty bottle
But for how long?
This empty body-
Has has lost its grip
To life.

Bieze Josphat

Bullet Hymnal.

If you must break me
Spare my eyes
That sees the pieces
Spare my head
That hosts my eyes
Spare my neck
That holds my head.

If you must break me
Spare my hands
That collect the pieces
Spare my mouth
That narrate the story
Spare my brain
That coordinates them.

But you cowards
Of your country
Won't spare even
The hearts.

Won't spare happiness
In a champagne glass
Raged with madness
Of bullet jets like grass.

You won't spare joy
On children faces
Not even toys
Deserve such offences.

Won't spare comfort
Of a bus ride
And teachers' effort
Of Nurturing National pride.

Won't spare our girls
In pursuit of education
You rape their guts

Of acquiring emancipation.

Warriors wage NOT war
On unarmed
You coward foe
Hear resentment alarm.

Warriors wage NOT war
On girls
Or take them far
From their pals.

A real warrior
Lock Horns
With the other
Warrior fellows.

Bieze Josphat

Ceremonial Dance.

Their stampeding feet
Make Safari-Ants to flee
Their strong fist
Make cowards ask for plea
That's our men dancers

Their wasp-like abdomen
Sway left-right, left-right
So beautifully.
Their dangling breasts
Sway too
Left-right, left-right
So gracefully.
That's our women dancers.

Our dancers
Dancing to the slaps
Of the drummer's rough palm
Accompanied by claps
And ululations
From on-lookers.

IT IS INITIATION SEASON

Bieze Josphat

Cracked Wall.

Me you call
Begging for re-union
Though our marriage
Was of eyes and onion.

You said am rude
And lacked respect
Yet ironically you claim
No one is perfect.

Even the moon
Has its darker side
You saw not your ills
Because of your pride.

Now you want to lean
Against cracked wall
Do you want it
To crumble and fall?

Bieze Josphat

Cries Of Shattered Glasses.

We can break you
And repair you!
Comrades power!
Power!

Yes! You can break us
But never repair us
We know comrades
Got undoubted power
But just like cattle raids
Power might turn sour.

You shattered us
Amidst our sweet dreams
The distant stars
Saddened by our stabs
Of pain forming galaxies
On patches of grass,
das,
floors...

Our wretched pieces
Will soon be dumped
Somewhere away from
Children lest we haunt
Them with our
Piercing pain.

Now you s-e-e!
You can never repair us
The best comrades can
Do is to replace us
With our cousins.

If you break a
Glass, the crack will
ALWAYS REMAIN.

Bieze Josphat

Cruciform Love.

Jesus' crucifixion
Eastwards to westward
Is an indication
Of love out-stretched.
It is Christmas
Time of memorial love
Of loved ones in Mars
Or Heaven above.
This is for Daddy mum, will he come?
He will angel Teddy-
She lied to calm.
We use our hands
To hug and embrace
They use theirs To erase.
This Christmas is
Theirs specifically
A bouquet of roses
Represents their smiley.
Merry Christmas up
There I shout
I too whatsapp
And also tweet.
Christmas message
To you And all your pledge
I perceive with ewe.

Bieze Josphat

Desire.

It's always my desire
To see you
Close to me.

It's always my desire
To feel your heart beats
To touch your tender breasts
To kiss your kissable lips.

It's always my desire
To exchange our griefs
With our reliefs
To share in your laughter
And your sorrow
Is you i am after
Only you, i will follow.

Loving moments i always remember
With unity like members
The games we played like kids
The game of toys
For sure you are my joy.

Darling see
My burning desire
Devouring me
To have you close
To take you higher
For it's my desire.

Bieze Josphat

Dews Of This World

Am the morning dew
Some call me morning stew
I water your fields at dawn
But the bare-feet frown
Saying am icy cold
So me they scold.

Your scolds I do fear
For your tongue is a spear
That can pierce a peaceful heart
And totally tore it apart.

We are all dews of this world
And our hearts a writing pad
On it sign words of love
To free a caged dove.

We are here for a season
Make not my home a prison.

Bieze Josphat

Don'T Look Down Upon Me.

Why look down upon me,
For what I do.
You say its inferior
But to me its superior.

I hate this filth
Of not having faith
Cold-shouldering other fields
Like the one I do.

There is need to diversify
Or else we crucify
Important fields
Like the one I do.

I do this, you do that
So that it is smart
All fields attended
No one offended.

Never look down upon me
Just give me time.
To do it I was called
Why should i feel cold?

Let us learn in unity,
In this educational city
For I need you
You need me.
Why then look down upon me?

Bieze Josphat

Doom

When the ear is keen to eavesdrop
But adamant to heed instructions
Then, it's as good as the ornament
Pinned on it.

When the eye is blind to truth
But lusts on forbidden fruits
Then, it's as good as the flakes.

When hands can't fold in prayer
But dexterous to caresses
Then, it's as good as the comb.

When the feet can't trend
On righteous ground
But quick to run to brothel
Then, it's as good as its print.

When the heart can't bear compassion
But a harbour for hate
Then, it's as good as a grave.

When the tongue can't say
Comforting words
But agile to spit venom
Then, it's as good as a sponge.

When the nose can't breath
Life into others
But thirsty to siphon life out of them
Then, it's as good as a tornado.

Bieze Josphat

Drying River.

Down the slope of life
Runs a river
Nurtured to develop
By streams 'M' and 'F'

'D' is my name
Am beautiful and kind
I love fame
From gladsome mind.

'D' be our gold
In times of need
To see us through our old
You must be focused indeed.

'M' and 'F'
Now you are my foes
For what you did before
Every time punishment
A pretence of committment.

'D' it was all for your good
For this world is rude
To those practising immorality
In the community.

All men to 'D' come
And drink from my well
Let your tool pass
Let me feel it swell.

'D'-Them you invited
for you were united
See now the problem
Of AIDS emblem.

Surely i was told
But i-'D' took it cold
To advice always run

From me let you learn.

Bieze Josphat

Economic Rugs.

Inside tax-payers bar
Our usual rendezvous
Floating like Zanzibar
On a sea of local brew.

Prostitutes shake
Their sagging rear
With outfits so-fake
And western flair.

We talk more
About politics, economics
While sipping slow
To avoid liquor tricks.

background music
Steathly intrude
Into our topic
Nation memoir ride.

Staggering home
I greet police baton
The very epitome
Of corruption.

I stumble and fall
On a street urchin
Coiled like a bowl
Helpless, harmless vermin.

Awoken early
By bedbugs-
My belching girlie,
I give the day warm hugs.

Bieze Josphat

-est

Leave the good
Run for the best
There are dust on the road
But run with zest.
You might be alone.
Compare not with the rest.
Struggle on your own
To avoid the name pest.
You live in the North
Explore even the West.
There are so much to learn
From skycrappers to Nest.
Don't look down upon
Any visiting guest.
Welcome them all
Discriminate not on caste.

Bieze Josphat

Father's Day

Those who plant seed
In every fertile hole
Then run at high speed
Oblivious of hurt soul,
Today is not your day.

Those men out there
Who daily come home drunk
Before your children you swear
That life truly f-ck,
Today is not your day.

Those men who gamble
From dawn to dusk
Your home about to crumble
'Where is daddy, ' the children ask
Today is not your day.

Who is a father?
Anyone who take
Parenting responsibilities further
For societies' sake.
And today is your day!

Bieze Josphat

First Sight.

'Silence please,
Brain at work.'
Running nose sneeze
Pages click
Dragged shoes hiss
Sweaty pens drop
Eyes peep into the abyss
Of knowledge from atop
B-o-r-e-d, sooo b-o-r-e-d.

Legs gleaming
Breast budding
Hips bulging
Eyes twinkling.

Looking for something?
Yes! Literature books.

Voice soothing
Smile radiating
Beauty striking.

Read this Lady!
Thank you!

Her heart simmering
My heart thawing.

Which year Gent?
Fourth, and you?
First!
Nice to meet you Lady!
Here, call me for assistance.
Sure, Gent!

Her shoes tapping
As she goes sitting.

Shelves creaking

Clock ticking
Ladies giggling
Phone buzzing
Course-mate calling
I, out walking
And i go Yawning.

Bieze Josphat

Freedom

Freedom is power
See the budding stage
Of a flower-
It looks lonely
And dull; qualities that
Make it ugly.
When budding fades
The flower blossoms
Sending fragrance
To the air
Commanding bees
And nectar-birds.
To drink from
Its freedom-cup
And seducing men
To water and protect
It in a ceramic vase.

See the chrysalis
Of a butterfly
It is lonely
And immobile; qualities that
Make it dead and dusty
When imago dawns
the butterfly make merry
Mate and reproduce
Flying to every home
To narrate its story
'A Long Walk to Freedom.'
Pouring happiness
to little children
Who want to catch it
And own it.

Freedom is power
Indeed.

Bieze Josphat

Girl-Child.

Girl-child.

They brutally cut
Our pimple of sensation
Tampering with
A woman's ignition.
They screw our innocence
With fleshy needles
Bloody signature
And painful cries
Go unanswered
In the circle
Of men elders
Passing judgement
To the owner of the
Breast they suckled.
Wine brewed by
A woman irrigating
Their corrupt throats
And roasted ribs
Pillowing the flowing Wine.
What justice do
We expect from
The circle if we
Are not part of it?
Arise fellow women
We own the circle too
Our wombs that host
Them, our breast that
Fed them, are more circular
Than testicles
But we allowed them
Milk us for long
Until they deformed
Our circular breast.
Should they deform
Our wombs too?
Enough is enough!

Gold Turns Cold

Today I ring a bell
For a story I tell
Of a man who wished gold
Would be anything he fold
So he held everything
From plastics to sisal string
He felt very tired
And so he retired
To bed but after eating.
Food turned to gold upon touching
And he died of starvation.
What a situation!

Bieze Josphat

Guilt

You may wonder
Why I isolate myself
And your heart fonder
Because have left.

I know nothing
So I hide
To avoid questionings
That fade

My self-esteem
Making me guilty
That I stood not firm-
Its really a pity.

It pitys me to see
That I cant help
And so I flee-
Do not w-e-e-p!

Bieze Josphat

Gusii Girl

Her eyes
Choke me like boiled sweet potatoes
For even flies
Fear her to touch
Those big but not too big
Watery-puppy eyes
Strike me like lightning.

Her white strong teeth
Burns a grassy hat
For it always send sparks
Whenever she smiles
The gap in her fore-teeth
Is the narrow-gate to heaven.

Her short but not too short
Bow-shaped legs and graceful feet
Make old men curse the day they wedded
For her presence make them restless.

Oh! Bornfied of Gusii
How pretty you are
That wilted banana leaves
Spring to life at your touch
I halt, I halt
For space i lack to describe
The bornfied of Gusii.

Bieze Josphat

Her World

She is focused
Drumming her naked lap
As moving
Feet thud and flip flop clap

People move to and fro
Barely recognizing her
Usual spot
Whether cold
Or hot
The mad woman is ever there
Like an abandoned broken pot

She never raise her
Head to say a word
Or smile or blink
Or scorn or point;
She only stares
At her lit fire
As it consumes
The thorny sticks
And as the curling smoke
Vanish never to return.

Bieze Josphat

I Cant Afford To...

I cant afford to
Betray the trust
We have build
From the past.

I cant afford to
Betray the colour of love
You have painted on me-
The love i now have
To protect, treasure
And to forever drown
In its pleasure.

I cant afford to
Betray the vows
We made at the river-bank
As the envious cows
Quenched their thirst
And the curious trees gathered close
To eavesdrop.

I just cant afford
To lose you

Bieze Josphat

I Killed A Rat.

I killed a rat
On the last day of the year.
It was very fat
Its monstrous size I fear.
I used a tennis bat
And not a spear.
Struck directly at its heart
And blood oozed from its ear.

Outside, the cricket
Song filled the dark sphere.
Above me the crescent
Moon sneer.
So, I threw the rat
And it fell not near.
Looked aside and spat
At the spate of murder this year.

Bieze Josphat

Impatience.

9 month a short a time
To nurture a king, a queen
To spread the light
And chase away fright
But fear of obesity
Blinds your vision capacity
Your formlessness
Lead you to mess
By hatching in haste
So that you continue to taste
The bedroom sporting
A sport of two
That feeds one to obesity.
Don't be shy
To face eyes
For ABORTION is sin
Unpleasant to see.

Bieze Josphat

Irresistible 'Ngeningeni'.

I perceive your smile
With admiration
Can't wait awhile
For your inspiration.

Daughter of the moon
Your beauty is irresistible
Can't help
But heed to your beckon.

Your outstanding height
Your sparkling eyes
And the twin diamonds
On your chest, i love them.

Your daddy is right
To name you 'twinkling star'
Your sparkling light
Beckon from afar.

You skate from the sky
You tread on the ground
You make me fly
Whenever i see you around.

Irresistible 'Ngeningeni'
You are sophisticated.

Bieze Josphat

Lunch Time

Sun up high
Stomach cry
So it's noon?
Time really fly.

So, here i lay
With a story to tell
About big-bellied men with tie
Flocking 5-star hotel.

They get 5-course meal
When i afford none
Thanks to the money they steal
It has made them won.

They run the state
Our life in their hands
They decide our fate
Is that why they kick us hard?

Bieze Josphat

May Day.

A long yearly bend
Working all days
To the world's end.

But here is a day
A day for me
To straighten up.

May Day! Labour Day!
whichever
Just a day like Sunday
Or is it Saturday-
A day of worship?

Look at the fields
We toil like grazing sheep
And our Lords overlooking
With kingly smiles.

May Day-
I honour you
For yearly rest
You offer me
In j-u-s-t
A day.

Bieze Josphat

Mr. Riddle

I wonder of your shortness
Yet my words can't
Circumlocute you.
I wonder of your puzzle
So resistant to the projectile
From my brain-muzzle.
You always disturb my wits
So i ran for solace
From my daily tweets.
You always seduce
Me but at the end
Of it all, you reduce
Me coz i can't unravel
Your challenge however
Far my mind travel.
So, i ask for a prize
Then the simplicity of
The answer leave me
With a big surprise.

Bieze Josphat

My Earrings.

I love to hear
My earring sing
Beside my ear
As it swing,
In harmony
With my nodding.

Bieze Josphat

My Lover's Arrow

As a stone sits
On a tuft of grass
Making it yellow,
So is this cloud
Of disbelief weigh me
Down with sorrow.

I'm nursing a wound
From my lover's arrow
Tears flowing down
And wetting my pillow.

Pills of betrayal
My throat can't swallow
Thought she would be loyal
My heart found its fellow
But now am confused
Like soldiers of pharaoh.

Her breath was warm,
Her breast mellow
When I remember them
I bellow, I bellow
Because her absence
Make my life shallow.

Bieze Josphat

My Siblings

My dogs' bark
Is a serenade
My mum's quarrel
Is a grenade
Poppy my pet
My mum detests you
Since the day
You killed her ewe.
She wants me
To give you poison
But such an act
Is Tantamount to treason.
She wants me
To chase you away
So that you wander
About, but I say
My heart will grow fonder
If you I betray.
You are my siblings
My brothers and sisters
You and your puppies.

It's raining cats and dogs
Your kernel is flooded
I take you to my noisy home
She stands at the door
Challenging me to dare.
The sky explodes
Lightning strikes
My siblings are shocked
By the fury of the storm.
Now she wants me to drown
You all but I say NO
I cannot wash away my joy.

Bieze Josphat

Nature's Trade

Fruits

Fall

Men

Rest

Bieze Josphat

No One Knows The Secret In Me.

I stand on this shelf
Awaiting you to pick
Me and undress every page
And listen to me speak.
I don't stand on the stage
Bubbling words
To men of all age
But I silently await
Your fingers to caress
Me softly as I shower
Your mind with the knowledge
Hidden in me.

Am not crying for just
From authorities
That know not my past.
I only brag
About the solitude
Of my tomb
Perceived only by me.

Bieze Josphat

Pending

laughter impregnates the air
Smiles brighten our day
Stories pass our time
Joy increases our lives.

A long but simple
Journey that was
To the stranger
I now know
Who snatched my soul
But she knows not.

My love for her
Is beyond description
To pull the trigger
Is the pending action
For i fear her perception
Of abomination
From a long-known BROTHER.

Our bond
me it silence
For my 'noise'
May reap violence
To avoid dismay
This is my preference
To marry,
Pending

Bieze Josphat

Pilgrim's Progress

The road to heaven
Is thin and tough
Hard as unleaven
Bread; to the throat rough
But I persevere all
Objection, disown and scorn.

I walk to church
The bible on my chest
No packed lunch
Because am on fast
Praying for finance
For my pastor's surprise.

My pastor's jet
Fly him North and South
East and West
From Dubai to Bournemouth
Flying over storms of poverty
Sorrow, hustles and bustles
While I hide under
Umbrella of piety
Around me are
Ornaments of slavery.

I cry for liberty
Liberty from foolishness
Absurdity and blindness.
Dear Lord, help me
Decolonize my mind.

Bieze Josphat

Quick Wish.

The night is too long
The pain so strong
It must be the quarrel
Caused by 3-missed call
But it wasn't my fault
Blame the rainfall.

I see the pain
In your writing
The unworthy gain
I here you sing
You've banned my call
You'll ban my text too
so here is the last-though small.
H.B.D.

Bieze Josphat

Restoration.

Before you leave,
Do you believe,
That Christ suffered,
So that we live!

We went astray
In Godly way
No christian ray
In our lane.

Adultery, blasphemy,
Theft, murder,
Idol worshiping
And false testimonies.

For these many reason,
He was chosen
To undergo thru painful season
Now and then.

But brethren rejoice
Hey! You Bett and Joice
For you will not perish
But be polished
In the Heavenly requirement.

Bieze Josphat

Ring The Bell.

Holding our pen we pee
A train of urine the bladder free
When done ring the bell
And the last drop will fall.

Similarly we see
Time escaping from its sea
At the end we ring the bell
The joy of new year our hearts fill.

Bieze Josphat

Safari-Ants.

Though small,
I hate when
You bite my ball
And pinch my pen.

Bieze Josphat

Same Clay

A question I
Pose to you.
Are we
From the same
Clay?

Man has become
A beast.
He is a prey
That feast on
Fellow humans.

Man slaughter
Stigmatization
Rape and murder
Body mutilated
And dumped in the open
For everyone
To see.

Please answer me
Are we from
The same clay?
Am puzzled
I fail to understand
Really, same clay

Bieze Josphat

Selfishness

A foolish chick
Pursues a shadow
Of a flying butterfly.
It reaches it;
Pecks it with its tiny
Beak to no avail.
Its mother's eyes traces
The butterfly's drunken
Flight and finally captures
It, gives it to the foolish
Chicken to share it
With the brother.
Instead, it runs away
Because it is mean
And lands on the
Hawk's sharp toes.
Stuck by pain
It releases the butterfly
From its tiny beak
And the butterfly
Flies away.

Bieze Josphat

Silhouettes.

On valentine's night
Under a moonless sky
Their eyes shine bright
With charm of love pie.

On valentine's night
Two silhouettes lips
Entangle gently in a fight
With the fountains and hips
Of the silhouette with long hair-
She leans back
And the two form an arm-chair
Mounted on paradise park.

On valentine's night
Sweet whisper's kiss
The ears excite
With many love reminisce-
The sweetest touches polite
Their immortal souls.

On valentine's night
I sit and watch
Their eyes bright
And the sky torch.
Because stars are shy
To even peep down
And even to fly
The meteoroids have frown.

Bieze Josphat

Suicide -The Unthinkable

Suicide the unthinkable
Suicide is not a fable
So interesting to listen.

Suicide is a parable
About worldly trouble
That life did not soften.

Suicide is always available
To a mind that fumble
Cowardly in life's oven.

suicide is not laughable
Suicide is a cymbal
Singing life lesson.

Suicide is not a thimble
That protects you from prickly trouble
So, we must harden.

Bieze Josphat

The Lonely Wanderer.

Welcome Mr. Sun
Welcome!
How is the white man's
Land where my son
Is studying eeeeeee-Bachelor's
Agree?

Forgive me
This word 'Bachelor'
Is bitter to utter
My very son wanted
To be a Catholic Priest
Something i wasn't pleased about
Now he is trained
In Bachelor's Agree
In Education Arts
But i advised him
To take Bachelor's Refuse
In Education Acts
But he never heeded
Isn't this a white man's plot
To destroy us?

Am crawling to my grave
Who will keep the fire
Burning?

Mr. Sun,
Your time is over
Please do me
This one favour
Greet my son for me.

Bieze Josphat

The Urge.

Woman, I need a pen
Here, man, have it
Not that WOMAN
Am not a carpenter
Who makes CASKETS
For the departing?
Am a weaver.
I weave BASKETS
For the arriving.

You are insane MAN
The pen is with you.
Nooooo woman!
I don't mean
My third short leg?
I mean a cigarette
For my lips to peg.

Man, Ok then
Your wage is less
By shilling ten.
Relieved STRESS.

Bieze Josphat

The Wizard Of Politics

The wizard of Politics
Is the lure
Of the tongue
Is the bag
Of empty Promises
Is the sight
Of a mirage
Is a ship
For the greedy
Sailing of the sea
Of the poor
Is the only bet sure
To the eradication
Of Poverty.
The arena for the
Pot bellied
For the aged and
Dyed air: experience
So they call it.
Politics, no nooooo
Poly Tricks.
That is what
I will call it

Bieze Josphat

Troubled Soul.

Guilty of what he did
He joined his friends
To a drinking spree
Hoping to set
His conscience free.

He gulped down wine
With lightening speed
He appeared NOT fine
In everything he did.

Rounds and round
Unfortunately he choked
Fell to the ground
His friends were shocked.

He had wished himself dead
Now he is
After living in dread,
Is death a life of ease?

Bieze Josphat

Unbearable Visitation.

Unbearable visitation
By a ghostly apparition
With toe-less feet
Who rather stands than sit.

What brings you here!
Does he even hear?

He is pale as death
And still without breath
So dry without smell
His world is a dry spell.

What brings you here!
Does he even hear?

Why come here
And cast on us fear
We all must come there
They charge no coffin-fare.

What brings you here!
Does he even hear?

Are we to celebrate
This uncertain fate
Of the spirit doom
Or reappearance gloom?

What brings you here!
Does he even hear?

You left us young
Your story sung
To our curious ears
Our eyes flooding tears.

What brings you here?
Does he even hear?

We heard your scandal
Your act of suicidal
So, mum remarried
To share burden carried.

What brings you here!
Does he even hear?

Bieze Josphat

Wash Your Robes

Great tribulation awaits,
Those with dirty robes.
Who suffocate under the weight
Of their heavy lodes.

Burden of hunger and thirst,
Burden of last not first,
Burden of loneliness and sorrow.
Burden of no tomorrow,
Burden of no possession,
Burden of slavery and oppression.
Burden, burden, burden.

My yoke is easy and light,
Declares the Lord.
In Him you walk upright,
That's a fact without odd.
With Him you walk day and night,
Together in one accord.

Wash your robe and make them white
In the blood of the lamb
That was shed on calvary site
For this is an alarm
Those who wash in this blood,
Hunger no more,
Neither thirst any more.
In His presence they are sheltered,
And guided to the springs
Of the living water.

Bieze Josphat

Wastage

leaking drops
from my flush toilet
finds its way
to the sceptic tank
but where do
leaking time
from my wall clock
go to?

Bieze Josphat