

Poetry Series

Frank Okoth
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Frank Okoth(30/4/1991)

A Mountains Breakfast

Even after putting your loss in poetry, poetry like; A hearts Obituary,
Eulogy,
Endearment,

Even after writing; In Loving Memory!
Losing Count!
Bounded thoughts,
Miss my lady....

Some strange thing got happening around past midnight,
and after that which pained, it was always going to be the last effort, the final
bout.

In this world it has often been said, and so I say; 'Only mountains shall never
meet.'

The world goes from Fire to Ice, why?
For in this same place it has also been said, and so I say; 'Anything is possible.'
So that very day when you'll get blessed to witness go head on with Kilimanjaro,
don't get surprised, for you might be dying anyway.

The day is very important, the night has been here so long,
A Mans patience has been tested so long.

Just when we had thought of Celebrating your fourth anniversary, so you've
never left!
That explains why some poetry was never published.

I have to stop writing this note, my concentration is faulty.
It was in my thought to move on, but not anymore.
I wanted to say am excited :) but I've changed my mind.

Anytime you think you've lost, just know you've just won,
it is never the final bout!

Frank Okoth

A Note By The Bedside

That I come from the holy church
With all those good spirits
And the first thing I meet are
Beings having or almost sexing
Saddest of it, on the only bed
And almost sit in your house.
When will you ever learn?
"do you know what the thigh of a woman can cost you"?
Were these not your words?
Don't turn your house into a brothel!
Every good that was and is to happen
To you will be withheld with God through Christ.
I got annoyed and left
I will call you and come soon.
Your house is not a brothel, is it?
Thanks for the accommodation, am grateful my friend.
Yours truly; FRANK

Frank Okoth

A Senseless Stone

If you had ears
then it could not be hard
to make you hear me,
You don't have eyes
to see what am talking about,
The words of your mouth
can not even be heard by a fly,
And that's because you are a stone,
you have made your heart inhuman,
what a person!

Frank Okoth

Again And Again

Sometimes it gets too drastic,
When we cry for our love,
Sometimes we burn like plastic,
When we lose our love,
But should it happen again and again?

Every time I wipe my tears,
When my heart is pierced by spears.
Every time I curse the years,
When my heart is disappointed by my ears.
But should it happen again and again?

Sometimes we react highly,
But the loved ones suffer dearly.
Sometimes we disappear for long,
But our loved ones do cry for long.
But should it happen again and again?

Every time I close my eyes,
Should my love always toss my feelings like a coin?
Every time I sleep in dreams,
Should my love always betray my feelings?
But why does it keep on happening again and again?

1/25/2011

Nairobi

Frank Okoth

Changing Times

The strong tides have changed direction
the wind is blowing the other way too,

How about the woman who set out for the market at dawn,
and her husband too, are they not homing?

How about the herdsman, how about his herds,
is he not not in escort of them, homing?
Is solstice not homing too?

And what about the tree, that giant tree, that tree of old,
the Late 'Mugumo Tree', the one the other week,

What about it?

Frank Okoth

Death

If my life would halt before I wake,
Perhaps that would be our last meet.

And my mother would be helped by other
mothers to wail over my demise

then my friends would want to
close their eyes and open their voices.

perishing if I do,
uncertain of everlasting life,
heaven or hell still unclear,
perhaps death is death after all,
and the soil be me and I part of it,
never to see darkness of day, light of night

if my peoples eyes shall weep and bleed for a week,
perhaps with a dry cry we shall part hoping to meet again.

Frank Okoth

Doctor's Prescription

Her sweat continued to flow
more than her tears did,
she was born in a silver spoon,
she never knew hunger, not even now,
at 28 she has grown too fat with 128.

She is sweating and still crying,
her weight is weighing her breath down,
she is sick, its hard to breathe,
she is gasping for breath,
she needs a doctors prescription.

You must go jogging early in the morning,
you must come jogging even in the evening,
today is 28th by the fourth 28th you should have lost 28.
That was the doctors prescription.

Lazily out she went at dawn,
trying to let out twenty eight,
all she could do was walk instead of jog,
her tears were flowing Her sweat too.

Dates had come and gone
doctor's prescription couldn't comply,
it was the fourth twenty eighth,
she had done the opposite
in 128 she had added 28.

The young lady was heavy,
she knew she had to die,
she was sweating all over
her tears out of order.

So young, so many dreams
so slow, so many miles
she is not tired, her body is
she is not crying, its eye water.

She was buried.

Frank Okoth

Grieve Your Old Self

Go to the world and get yourself hope,
it is there you lost it.
In the current days,
Nothing takes away your hope
as messages of hope,
Nothing makes you unhappy,
as times of merriment.
But even though nothing piles your sadness
as expressions of consolation, just go back and hope.

Go to the world and bring me life,
for it is there you died.
Humans only know how to live,
though not so well.
Humans are yet to discover Life,
I mean, who has always lived?
I mean, conquer death and Live.

Re-enter the world and love again,
for it is there you despised and hated.
Though there you were as well despised and were hated,
just re-enter the world, forgive, and be loved again.

Frank Okoth

I Heard You Sing

Yesterday I saw you
As you sang Halleluiah
Halleluiah praising the most high
For the good he has done for you

Today you are at the optimum of your voice
Lamenting, blaming God for your misfortunes
Instead of reflecting upon your present blessings
Of which you possess in plenty

Tomorrow is eagerly awaited
Anticipated for, to see the
Turn of events after the day dawns
Until the sun rests in the evening
When you cry, shed tears, wail
For your loved one is late
Will you drink poison?

Forever is still unclear
Shall halleluiah! Halleluiah! still be heard?
Will you firm and faith yourself when disaster
and temptations call?
Make me not your scapegoat
Your sacrificial lamb!

Frank Okoth

I Miss My Lady

I will blame her no more,
Not I either, to the World is my distress.
Away from me it has taken my Lady, I miss her,
Mine Shoulders are soaked from tears, mine Eyes have run dry, I have wept, and
my Chest is wet
I miss Her, I miss me, I miss us.....

Selfish actions of mine hurt your heart,
Am just human.
The heavy thoughts of us you left me with weigh me down,
On my knees I am crawling my lady.
Prolonged periods of silence, all from you.
I miss us, I miss you and me.....

Periods of hope and hopeless longing,
Prolonged periods of silence and thoughts of suicide,
Thoughts of Hell and Heaven,
Thoughts of death as destiny and possible love after death,
Thoughts of worldly pleasures and salvation before death,
I still miss us, I still miss me and her.....

Time is passing, age is passing, and life is passing too.
Thoughts of life and life without a loved one,
At me they smile but love me not,
I am wondering unloved.
I miss you and me my Lady, I miss us

Frank Okoth

Loyalty For Loyalty

Like the light is there for the night,
Like the dark is there for the day,
Just that way I will be there upon you,
For when the light is not there it's not day,
and when the dark is not there it's not night.
And yet you my love, you are my day, and I am your light.

But you know well the light of fire produced by a matchstick,
has to be shared in an instant, lest it burns out.

Frank Okoth

Madness & Saneness

He twists and turns on mad
The man is a madman
Go turn and twist yourself on mad
See if you won't run mad
That madman has been there
Since you were born

I want to be a madman
For men into madness never die
For even sickness fears madness
Because that madman has never
Been sick since you were born
Make me run mad
But if madness is sickness itself
Never make me run to madness

The madman pays no taxman
Has no business with the rent-man
Food for thought not a meal
for the mad him
He who makes men mad
Should make me one

Has the mad man in your area
grown old and grey?
The one I know has no grey
On his head
He has remained as young for he ran mad

make me run insane
For insane men and madmen
Live better and longer than sane men and we-men

Frank Okoth

Might

I might be,
So down, but never out.
Poor indeed, but not of love.
Existing, but not really living.
Your father, but full of hate.

You might be,
On top, but not of the world.
Laughing, but not happy.
A success, but not excellent.
A drunkard, but of divine water.

We might be,
Brothers, but not in Christ.
Chatting, but fighting at heart.
Planning now, unaware of later.
Breathing now, but pulsing stops.

And the music continues.....

26/1/2011

Frank Okoth

Mistaken

My heart first felt it real,
Real and flowing like stream water,
Water that it was real love,
Love from deep within my soul being.

Benedict calls me an escapist,
Escapist that disappears from reality,
Reality of being loved,
Loved but the heart locked from outside.

I realized what I had mistaken,
Mistaken from Gods good love,
Love and not that passion,
Passion that almost felt like love.

So I sit down and visualize,
Visualize about the end,
End of this infatuating mirage,
Mirage that claims relationship.

26/1/2011

Frank Okoth

Pearly Gates

It is the wake of dawn,
Thief! thief! a man is dealt
With ruthlessly.
It was a mistaken identity,
Unluckily he had already left
for the pearly gates.

My wife and I yawning, oh!
It is morning, my innocent baby doesn't,
She went for days empty bellied,
I guess she was headed to the pearly gates.

While on a sick bed.
I'll be traveling unknown miles soon,
Should i return, mmm.....
Take good care of yourself, if not
We shall meet at the pearly
gates of heaven.

All dressed in black,
Pierced by spears deep down,
Tears flowing down their hearts and minds,
A loved one moves six feet under,
Where really are the pearly gates?

Exceptional are colors,
Green of nature is my best, but no.
Dressed in an all white shall we,
Inside the pearly gates,
In heaven.

Frank Okoth

Pieces Of Grief

Easy to conclude, tough to initiate.
The subject pleasure, the object daughter,
Her guard from dawn, her terror from dusk.
Her Father at day, her husband at night.
Dark during day, bright throughout night.
A day of poetry, days of grief.

Disclosed happiness, enclosed grief.
I love my enemy, I despise my friend,
My ally without, within foe.
Bitter as an orange, sweet as lemon.
Such a day of poetry, such a life of grief.

The umbrella for the Rain, the rain with the flood.
The sunscreen for the sun, the sun with the drought.
The heat for the snow, the snow with the ice.
Such a piece of poetry, such pieces of grief.

Frank Okoth

Punctuation Less

I clearly understand

the reason why u are leaving
but that doesn't make it
any easier to bare

i cant wipe the last tear
from my eyes because
am yet to see the first
perhaps its the magnified pain

you will never fully understand
how deeply my heart feels for you
i worry that as you go
we will grow apart
and ill end up losing you

when i think of how an
African woman should be
its you that i first think of
my friend
perhaps its because you are beautiful
young and match mature

my text is poorly punctuated
it has no commas full stops
no brackets
and thats how av learned
to think about u
that is with no pause
just imagine when u will be gone

will i ever stop
no question mark
no full stop

i encourage people to be strong
but i feel weakest
unfortunately u might not feel
the same way as i do

thats how unfare the world is my friend
with no punctuation

Frank Okoth

Since Then

I still walk along
The same streets that we
Used to tread together,
Tracing your footsteps desperately.

I still buy chips and sausages
At the SONFORD & SONS,
Sit at the same point,
Waiting for you desperately.

I still hover around
The same spot we met,
Waiting for your arrival
Very patiently but desperately.

I still stand at the entrance
Of the same worship arena
Waiting for you to come out,
Desperately but eagerly.

If I should stop tracing your footsteps,
Stop visiting the SONFORD & SONS,
Forget about your arrival,
Join you inside the house of worship,
Will I find you at the altar?

Frank Okoth

Solstice To Solstice

He slept and awoke
he had never believed in Heaven
and yet Jesus was watching over him.

it was rather unusual
the light came long after the thunder
the memories of purgatory came as they always did
the reek of rotting garbage
the stench of death
human urine and feces
the cries of hopelessness
the howling wind and the soft sobs
of forgotten men.
the passage of time from solstice to solstice

His flesh and soul withered
pummeled to inches of his life
He slept and awoke
he had never believed in Heaven
and yet Jesus was watching over him
The passage of time from solstice to solstice..

Frank Okoth

Starving In Turkana

We see the green of life no more
Thanks to the strong rays of the sun
The land is dry,
The plants are dead,
Here in the north
People are thirsty people are hungry people are dying.

Water is falling from the sky no more
None of it is flowing through the land
The land is dry, I can't cry
A baby is in need of milk
Her mother's breasts are dry almost dead
People are dying people are hungry people are thirsty

For they are starving in the north
A guitarist shall mistake their ribs for his tool,
An electrician will surely term their eyes a socket,
Water and food are not just the things,
They are everything.
Some beings are hungry, Some beings are thirsty, Some beings are dead.

Frank Okoth

Taste Of Friendship

Friendship is seasonal, so true...
My heart tastes bitter, and my soul has gone sour...

The far this friendship has brought me, My face now resembles the skin of a
Lemon, just as that of your old Man.

It is bitter a heart, sour a soul, lemon a face....

The far this friendship has brought me, My face now resembles the skin of a
Lemon, just as that of your old Man.

Friendship is seasonal, so true...
My heart tastes bitter, and my soul has gone sour...

Bitter a heart, sour a soul, lemon a face....

Frank Okoth

The Death Of 'Bingo'

'Saa, saa, saa' silence
All that time was calling out Puppy,
So it was the late!
And the wagging tail was gone!
'saa, saa, saa' sadness in the morning

Guilty me, where was I!
Your body i wont bury, refuse to dig for
Your skin i need see, till decay
Your stench i need smell, wanna breathe
Your bones i should keep,
A memory of you at a time
All memories of you all the time

'Saa, saa, saa' silence
All that time was calling out Puppy,
So it was the late!
And the wagging tail was gone!
'saa, saa, saa' silence then sadness!

Frank Okoth

The Question! ?

In many a narrated tragic love story,
we are told often, that when the Man learned that his place was now taken by
another Man,
in that part of the story, He dies.

It is only in this new narrative that the Lover,
after learning of the new Man,
leaves for home, cheerfully adorns,
then abandons home for a spree of merriment.

But now the Question; How different is that from dying?

Frank Okoth

The Soul Song

Mine is a sweet beginning,
Through this wonderful feeling,
Which brings allot of meaning,
Through my entire living.

Mine is a strong illusion,
Through the ecstasy of love,
Treading my heart upon,
Storms of emotion.

Mine is a query to the lonely,
Will you ever be happy?
Like someone who is lucky.
Or will you die lonely?

Mine is a song of the soul,
Between two in love,
Like peace and the white dove,
Like music and the human soul.

27/1/2011

Frank Okoth

To A Maiden At A Glance

I insist not for your attention, that is not my intention
Mine intent is great,
No beauty I've seen Maiden, has surpassed your beauty
You deserve my intention not attention.
My heart is sounding drums; my nose is sweating tension,
try taste, it's salty.

By now you must struggle to endure the strong stench of my sweat,
And you must be wearied with my crippled expression,
But Maiden, I accept all my defects even these less of them;
I accept that mine is a short nose and a blurred vision,
I accept that mine skin is rugged peeled and unpleasant,
I embrace that in standing upright I utilize a stick,
But tell me Lady; tell me what it is your beauty can not heal?

You must want to flee, but not yet stranger, not without me,
Away with me and wash my fear, cleanse my tension,
you'll know my intention,
on my features if you stare you'll fall short of my intention.
I know the odor from my mouth and pattern of its teeth is obnoxious for a smile,
But if your creator let your smile resemble the moon in crescent,
with stars on either side, what's the need for mine?

Just look at me, my heart trembles at your mention.
Your creator is the best artist,
Just look at you,
I swear to put your beauty in poetry!

Frank Okoth