

Poetry Series

Joub kahuria
- poems -

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Joub kahuria(27/02/1989)

Born on the 27th day of February 1989 deep in the heart of Nyeri Kenya, third born in a family of five kids. Grew up in the shanties of Korogocho, where death of a loved is so common due to the negative influences in the surrounding, social evils were daily updates from gang raping to mob justice the strrt only prepare us to become future law breakers.

Joined Baptist nursery school in the year 1993, Mum and Dad were doing business, mama was selling at the local market Dad job was a local merchant. Lived in a perfect family until the day DAD was caught and imprisoned for three years. That was a defining moment my older brother was diagnosed with meningitis it drained mamas savings she could afford four kids on her own.

We were taken back to shagz(up country) me and my big sister and there we stayed for one and half was the first painful experience i had from mamas hands to people who never cared.

Dad was released the year 1997 twas good to have Dad back it seemed like thing will get back to normal, but it was short lived, the kids that were back then were now grown, my big brother had begun peddling marijuana, mama was busy with the new born brother. By the year 2000 things were really not looking good. I lived an independent life, i was not the centre of attraction mama had to fight with my two elder sibling and take care of my other two younger sibling... hahaha i was free. The year 2003 was awesome felt my first crush twas great but so short and there i made so many enemies, iwas 14 and was taking weed, me and ma guys. Thug life was now a vision my big brother had an illegal gun. Iloved his cladding from the CAT labelled foot wear up to new shirts and decent pants. the same year, we were blest the same month ma big bro and siz each had a son, she was 17 and he was 21. life had taken us deep in its waters there was no turning back....mama was stressed this was not what she wanted for her kids Dad was passive but we found him cool. hanging around him was awesome not like other Dads out beat up their wives passionately like a deadline.

Mama used to (she still) wake up early and do her devotions... thats good i thought, but i didnt understand why or where on earth did she get that passion. sunday school was must and so was formal school. on the other hand i was not the kinda kid who listens and does as instructed, i've always loved ma own way..like in ma sweet teen years had a crush, and i dont know why but i could not get home earlier than 10pm. That was messin up me and Papa.i loved every thing that went up to late hours iwas passionately disobedient.

At the age of 15 i was on marijuana, the bouncy feeling of excitement was all i wanted. The future was there and i was living it.. i mean there was nothing better than sharing a joke with no humour and still have guys breaking their ribs with uncensored laughter. there was nothin fun than doing drugs n having gals around without getting caught.

Growing up in a shanty was a like more than i wanted, twas like God had priviledged me to be revolutionarist... and yes i became one.. i loved good people but was living a bad life, loved reading but weird kinda book, novels and watching horror movies. the funny thing is that i never grew to be an addict i took drugs when i wanted to...but i could the effect starting with loss of memory; WAS IN class once, after an exciting english lesson the bell had rung and the tutor was leaving, she had left a quiz so opened ma locker to get a quiz book or something to ma shock i could not remember the lesson tha had just ended! ! ! . i tried to focus ma mind but nothing came i felt crying for ma self.

Music was and still is part of ma life, loved underground hiphop gurus. immortal teknik was ma best 2pac was the legend and N.a.s was the present life revolved around these three guys and was inspired to do wat they do from music to gals to violence. peace was just a word ma way was what i grabbed. i spent three years fighting truth that rung in ma ears that some one has good plans for me, plans to give me a hope and a future... i thought that was meant for those who didnt know themselves... i thought i knew ma big bro was ma role model i knew that i could do anything he did...he turned out to be a thug and there i was aiming to step right after him when A chance would show al weapons became part of routine keeping em under cover and producing em when asked to.... God didnt exist and if he did i was against him and that plan of A good future, for where i lived guns were the only plan of a good today.

I rebelled in school, got involved in minor strikes, burnt the school notice board, just did every thing that would make a good story to the journalism club.... i still marvel at the kinda courage i had to burn the school notice board and present the news as a journalist during assembly..

Loved going to church and was even called to read scriptures every sunday papa and mama were evangelists so i was required to be helping in one way or another.In 2005, TWO DAYS AFTER i joined high school mama n papa separated that was a huge blow even though i was a revolutionarist.. so hell broke when some stood with mama and some with papa. i chose the middle ground... was living with papa but mama paid ma school fees. twas kool at first but things started happening me and papa were always in cold wars... going for days

without a word of mouth, writing letters to confirm things or ask for something, that was bad.

On my final year 2008, I went to live with papa in Eldoret where he had relocated and I thought it was a good idea to get away from my hood and give some time for academic improvement.. oooh that was a good reason, but hey, I had not changed, was still the same vulture in another land. and I kept on messing my life..hated the life that I was living but there was no way out. for three months we didn't exchange a word with papa and if we did that was a month in cold war with papa my big brother was murdered, papa did nothing about anything not a consolation, and to my surprise he was like confirming a prophesy... that was the end of me and papa.. I knew I would never forgive him for that.... I was rejected by papa, mama was miles away with no shoulder to lean on...still I would not break, thought I could get my way out.

on the night of 19th Jan 2009 I had just come from my sinning spree and a conviction gave my mind no space I had to make a choice of either be miserable alone or be miserable with God. I did the sinners prayer all alone and committed a future I knew nothing about to GOD.

WOW! I was saved but I still hated papa and still wanted to revenge my brother's death.... one morning I read from the revelation ' you are neither hot nor cold.....since you are neither hot nor cold I will spit you out' and that catapulted me to be more responsible with my dealings with God.

His ways are not like our ways and neither is his thought like ours... I've come to learn more and more about his plan for my future....he has taught me through Jesus that to be forgiven I must forgive, to be loved I must first love the unlovable... to withdraw trust I should deposit more trust...and revenge belongs to the LORD. I've learned that the blood of Jesus is the only way out of a sinful life that through that one blood I am connected to the King of kings....for there is one body and one spirit just as you have been called to one glorious hope for the future, there is one Lord one faith one baptism and one God and Father, who is over all and in all and living through all.

It's 4 years now and that blood has always covered me...fought my battles and declared me more than a CONQUEROR. That blood has pulled me from the dunghill...and I am convicted that through that blood of JESUS CHRIST ALL WILL BE SAVED..... I DON'T KNOW where I could have BEEN TODAY probably dead or in the most wanted list..or even married in the street kinda way a sixteen year old marrying a fifteen year old..... but this I know that he's got good plans for me and you....there's only one way to access the goodness only to those who

believe...THROUGH the blood ONE BLOOD the blood of JESUS....

Wow through all these God has been faithful to me my big sis got saved the following year after i got saved, my younger siblings are growing up in the fear of God and we are teaching em to embrace virtues based on God's standards. tis my hope that i will see them becoming great men they are purposed to be.

I have had much more hurts i have made mistakes i have been disappointed but God has always held me together. am not yet done better days are before me not behind me..... last year we started a group that goes out to high schools and promote positive living we purpose to continue the same year reaching out to the hurting those in despair and be that hand that supports and make em smile again..... WATCH OUT! ! ! !

I WISH I COULD WRITE every thing the blood cleansed me from, miracles i have seen God doing and the freedom i have through him that strengthens me.. no word can explain but i will let it be known that.....

THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB SAVED MY SOUL

Afrika

Dear mama Africa you are number one.
Clothed in attires so rich and black,
Mother of all mothers yes you are.
i have one question and it sounds absurd.

Well i have heard 'em refer to you as 'her'
and learned to call you ma dearest mum.
I dont mean to disrespect or cause you hurt.
This is really hard but i have to ask.

Dont know if this will quench ma thirst,
but i know 'twill cool my heart.
I'm off to a journey to become a man.
Before i make the same mistake WHERE IS MY DAD?

Joub kahuria

Black Respect

Black shoes,
black suits,
black sandals
black you,
black specs,
black life,
black faces,
black casket dropped deep the dark grave,
Red ribbons,
red lights,
red flowers,
red wine.
Hearse sirens
wailing women,
Black speeches,
Blackened praises, all in all they call it the last respect

Joub kahuria

Find Out

Tell me why did the chicken cross?
and why wont its' wings soar?
the egg the hen i still dont know.
Let me know when it befriends the hawk.

Joub kahuria

Give

Help the poor, they are my family,
nurse the sick t'will bring back sanity,
Hear the cry of those robbed of their dignity.
save a child from hunger t'is tomorrow's personality.

Wipe their tears before you start crying.
Bear the pain, angels are made of you,
share with love and immeasurable generosity,
Share the luck and the burden all together.

I will do it for goodness, reaching out with love,
I will do it for God's sake and also for luck.
I'll go do it to grounds fields and every place,
I will do it every day whether night or day.

Joub kahuria

Heart In A Race

Heart beating so fast,
blood running like a flood,
many questions i wanna ask,
one answer they all have.
One moon up above,
you asleep and me still up,
ma heart is racing the final lap.
Cannot lose focus eyes on track.
wont even look back please hold my hand,
i'm aiming that one, yea.
I'm breathing hard.
Tis just a few steps i hit the mark
My heart is in a race please understand.

Joub kahuria

In The Grave

There lies a treasure chest, awaiting to be discovered,
deep down hidden, yea, its all covered,
Will you get there and dig out? six feet under,
there in the grave not in a lost island.
The mourners are wailing, the grave is ready,
earth's mouth open to wolf the young baby.
Flowers and cards then a stone there placed,
there in the grave lies the great now late.
wishes and regrets day by day,
procrastination led dreams astray.
Alive but dead, free in a cage.
there in the grave lies, tomorrow's greatest names.

Joub kahuria

No Where To Run

From cigar's sons to heroine'
blood stream fueled by ethene.
Bhang, khat are daily meals.
If drugs wont kill me the girls will.

Jerry, lyne, dorry and wish.
I still cant tell which one was real,
but all succeeded in hurting me,
and here i am alive and still.

Plow! ! plow! ! is a normal sound.
Concious died and self will bound,
owning the world but living underground.
Walk in Memphis a new tomb is found.

Joub kahuria

So Much

so much to learn, much more to discern,
so much to find, much more to hide,
so much to see and much to flee,
so much i know much more i don't know.

So much to touch, so less to trust,
so much so near, so much so far,
so much i stare much i get scared,
so much i know much more i don't know.

So much i know so less i've grown,
so much i cloth so less i own,
so far i have gone still farther i'm yet to go,
so God take ma soul before so much takes me!

Joub kahuria

Still

A day you were born another day you could talk
away you crawled and later you walked.
The roughest peaks you did sit on.
The challenges of life you came on top.

When you were lonely i was your date,
when hope was less we hopped to the end,
when tears were near you didn't pretend,
when you felt joy, you laughed your best.

The gear of goodbye we couldn't engage,
full joy in your eyes is all i pray,
yesterday, today and everyday,
i keep on wishing we meet again.

So much about where you have been,
much more awaits a human being,
Your heart will feel, eyes will see,
come rain or shine, you are special to me.

Joub kahuria

You Are

You are an angel, near but far,
like a sweet dream i dont want to wake up,
just like a stream, whose source am yet to know.
You are click away and am glued on to the board.

just like the moon so bright and alone'
you must be an angel, and you live the next door.
From friends to dear, strengthening the bond,
the deer got hunted and the hunter is abroad.

You are special, i see and i know,
you are an angel, sent from God.
you have me dreaming to beat all odds.
You are an angel at least that i know.

Joub kahuria