

Poetry Series

**kelvin karani**  
**- poems -**

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JAMBO!

# A Foolish Giver

A FOOLISH GIVER

Canto 1

A cheerful giver  
Is loved by god  
So coffers are offered  
Alongside envelopes  
As a gate pass to LOVE.

The more one gives  
The many the blessings  
Woe and war unto you  
If nothing you take to church  
But poverty and a true heart

Tithe, and tithe more  
So you don't end Ananias  
Hiding from god and dying  
Fear conditions faith-fools  
Into senseless endless giving.

Magnificent churches  
And ballooning pastors  
Are the hallmarks  
Of a truly giving flock  
What benchmarks? !

Impoverished by giving  
Faith-fools live in denial  
The blessings get elusive  
But they tithe the more!  
God hates a foolish giver!

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# A Hunter

in the forest of life  
a hunter kept searching  
for a prey to stalk  
and salt for a meal or two.  
stealthily he moved  
afraid of dry leaves underfoot  
eyes fixed on a prey.  
lo! without warning  
the prey's image got blurred.  
disappointed he trudged  
only to meet a similar fate  
home bound he trekked  
a man bitter at fate  
yet no one promised anything.

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# A Just Send Off

Trees swayed in the wind  
Dogs barked cows mowed  
It was like nothing had happened  
And yet, he lay there, unmoving

His friends family and fiends  
Were all united in grief  
Ulterior motives faked emotions  
Glued them in the occasion

The out kitchens were crazy  
Animals and people struggled  
To get a crumb or two  
For the energy to mourn

With tears licking their cheeks  
They filed past the casket  
To give him the due respect  
For the last time

On the casket flies stood sentry  
They watched and pitied him  
He was a meal, but they couldn't feast  
Their hearts went out to him

He went down inch by inch  
And when he reached home  
He smiled laughed and said:  
"Free at last, thank God almighty! "

Above a man stirred  
"Am not sober" he said  
And dismissed what he heard  
Down below, he dozed peacefully

Hours later they were mourning  
Their emotions were now real  
His property was being auctioned  
Just as his will stated

He heard them and smiled  
He envisioned some with knives  
In readiness to skin the elusive prey  
He laughed the last laugh!

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# A Kenyan Death

The aesthetics of a Kenyan death

Is a cathartic tragic play

Which like fire in the hearth

Prepares us for that day

Like soil death is everywhere

Candidates are picked almost randomly

And before you make your last prayer

Its talons pluck your heart unceremoniously

If you don't die of hunger

Or any cause for those down the ladder

The police and army- all these armed militias

Are on standby to issue the visas

Death here is certain, expected

Welcome and sought for at times

It is the opium of the living dead

Whose lives are marred by tribulations.

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# A Little Wisdom

You don't have to be old

To know that without the basics,

An explosion by man is stalled

Temporarily, biding its time before

Consuming everyone on its way.

Man does not fight another

To get food for his dinner

But to save his own skin

Lest he loses it in the confusion

That man's life has always been

Neither God nor the Devil

Are to blame for our misfortunes

Man's own silly actions

Deny him a better life on earth.

And he blames fate for reciprocating

People get the leaders they crave

Consciously or otherwise

Who them are to carry the blame

When things go from bad to worse

We are our own leaders.....

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# A Love Song

Love, precious love  
Implore you be good to us.  
Let us have  
The joys that you possess;  
Things physical and others,  
Emotional.

Our commitment  
Fidelity  
And truth  
Let them be  
An offering at your altar.

This Valentine  
Bring us good tidings  
Teach us and we'll learn.  
Light the paths we tread  
And no trap will ensnare us

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# A Naked Poem

A NAKED POEM

A naked poem  
Struts in my mind.  
With a body so fecund  
And features proportionate  
It holds me in trance

Under moonlight it glitters  
Casting a spell on me  
In the passion of its embrace  
Am trapped, but wish no release

My body's charged and excited  
Its features erect and firm  
The poem makes me wonder  
Is there a thing I wouldn't give,  
To live this life as my hereafter?

The world's dying of curiosity  
It itches badly and wants to know  
"What is it that enchants so? "  
But I'll give it no glimpse  
Of the beautiful poem within.

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# A Politician's Thoughts

Just the other day Mr. president  
Begged billions for the hungry  
All that money will be spent  
To feed the hungry country  
Of those needing money  
And others a meal a day

But that is their problem anyway  
There is enough food for my family  
Even if we were to eat three bags of maize a day  
Our food would last us to eternity

Sometimes I wonder why KACC  
Or that other barking dog PAC  
Have not yet summoned me  
For diverting two million bags  
Of maize for the feed the nation operation  
Maybe, they are tired of barking!

Perhaps they think I know  
The wrongs themselves commit  
This could cost them jobs

Then there is this other group  
Thinking themselves smarter  
But getting foolish after a scoop  
Of their money during campaigns

So let the be  
Those boiling paw paws and mangoes  
To feed their young ones  
Waiting for donors' money  
Which needlessly to say  
Would benefit just a few

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# A Rain Song

The rain raps

On my humble roof

Making a lot of noise

That wakes up

The sleeping gecko

Which has found refuge

In a crack on the wall.

The noise would

Have been a lullaby

To an innocent kid

Inebriate with sleep

But there is no kid here

Only this dumb poet

Lost in thoughts.

A perfect cover

The noise would be

If the springs of

my rickety bed

were exercised

by me and .....

let it go on

and water what

the farmers have sowed.

In due season

We'll bid hunger goodbye

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# A Rosy Song

Oblivious of the aftermath

I cut a rose this morning

But it too seems to cut

Into my heart this evening.

Holding it against my nose

I write under its influence:

Of an aroma sweet- indefinable

Of a touch fecund- unprecedented.

I'm in love with it.

What else explains

Its aroma getting sweeter

Its touch getting softer.

Its charming redness

Has completely entranced me

And seeks to test my readiness

To be in love again.



Its beauty is transient

Recoiling within itself

And yet very potent

Because memories last.

In its journey I wonder

If it will leave with me its purity

And the wisdom of love

Hidden deep in its petals.

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# A Slap On The Cheek

A slap on the cheek  
Calls for reciprocation  
Says the eye principle

For freedom we must fight  
Says the man Fanon  
Violence liberates

But they also say  
It begets violence  
Creating a vicious cycle

And then the man Gandhi  
Proposed humanism:  
Love thy enemy

The socialist Nyerere  
Asked of the eventuality  
When one is against a wall

Freedom still never came  
The caressing so far used  
Hasn't been arousing enough

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# A Vain Death

They said the one on the tree

Died for all to be free

His blood redeems all

Who believe in him

And his grace is available

To all who are in need

Next to his birth place

People are dying with abandon

Every hamlet, every space,

Has had its share of bombing

Do those children, those women

And all those men,

Who by the day loose lives

Who live in constant fear

Knowing not the day or the hour,

Do these people also have a right

To the blood that saves all?

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# A Wise Fool

In '03 they came  
With false hopes and dreams  
Feeding us with the same  
Then we sank back into the abyss  
Of despondency, hunger, poverty- our fate  
I was wise then, but in a foolish sense

Then came '05 and the referendum  
And we had a sumptuous meal  
Of bananas and oranges  
Peeling all with zeal  
That's how the constitution went under  
As the wise fool watched keenly  
As fruits were used to put my house asunder

'07 and '08 were not any different  
I was wise in the most foolish degree  
Hoodwinked by dreams of a better tomorrow  
Joining country mates in a blood letting spree  
After a failed election- stolen in fact

You see 2012 isn't that far  
Yet I don't think I'm going to change  
In the skies shines dull my star  
I'm still a wise fool  
Me myself and I- the Kenyan voter!

For generations I have been wise  
Voting in great governments  
As I walk in the nightmares of our independence  
Choking in the post independence ashes flying about  
How great is my wisdom!

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# A Wise Giver

A WISE GIVER

Canto 2

I'll tithe no more  
To build exquisite churches  
And fatten the piglets  
That are our bishops.  
Let their blessings be!

I'll go into the village  
And give food to the hungry  
Clothes to the cloth-less  
Visit the sick and imprisoned  
For that was the command

I'll be exploited no more  
Allow people to fleece me  
Using god as the bait  
For god loves only  
The cheerful not foolish giver

So I'll give cheerfully  
To those truly in need  
I'll join hands with them  
Who seek to further our good  
Not self seeking leeches

They can sit on their sits  
Sing praises to themselves  
But am not going to church  
To seek recognition from them  
God will recognize me!

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# A Year Later

At KICC bitter words were traded  
The media was asked to leave  
The police came; then the barrage  
And in a secret office came results  
Kivuitu announced Kibaki winner  
Got friend to statehouse  
And in a low key ceremony  
Kibaki took his vow amid the ominous dark

All the while  
Kenya burnt; everything went wrong  
To the streets the youth ran  
With leaves, sticks and machetes  
Against the doctored results  
Cheated they felt and disliked  
And for their godamn rights they got shot!

A police state is what we became  
Gun shots became our national lullaby  
You couldn't help but marvel at the great music  
Oh! The symphony of flowering bullets!

And during the day?  
Running battles of police and youths  
Running children and the old  
To safety, to IDP camps

And our sisters, girlfriends and mothers  
Got raped by irate and drunk youths  
While some others pointed fingers at,  
The holy Police force  
At our `Utumishi kwa Wote`

And it then became apparent  
The police were outnumbered; outwitted  
The army came and did their thing  
Still wonder why they didn't take over  
Perhaps Kenya would have fall  
Outdone by might not malpractice

Or were they maintaining their record,  
The disciplined forces in sub-Saharan Africa,  
But what for? Why watch Kenya die?

Annan and team came  
And after unnecessary delays  
The opposing sides came to consensus  
Winner conceding defeat, or something like that!

Anyway, a year later today  
The nation is trying to pretend to forget  
As it sings praises to a suspect, unclear  
And also to a winning loser  
Stupidly accepting to be tricked  
May be he was just a failure!

And, one more thing please  
Inflation and skyrocketing prices  
Are killing us by the day  
And if the prices don't come down  
I may not be writing another  
For lack of strength – this hunger!

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# Africa, Dont Fail Somalia

When a man fights his wife

She either retaliates or perseveres

But that solves not the strife.

Hearing the chaotic cries

Neighbors either intervene

Or are lulled to sleep by the lullaby.

Will Africa rise up to the occasion

To solve the Somali crisis?

Or it hasn't resolved its own impotence.

And do remember Africa,

Somalia is not a neighbor's house

But one of your own child.

The peace of your own home Africa,

As long as the battering in Somalia continues

Is unjustified and rightly threatened.

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# Ambiguous

What does one write?

Of a person so sad

But yet so happy

May be he's mad

What does one write?

Of a life so empty

Yet so full to another

What does one write?

Of pains so sweet

Pleasures so sour

What does one write?

Of a person so weak

Yet insistent on a fight

What does one write?

Of a lass so beautiful

But rotten as hell inside

Away from the façade

What does one write?

Of a love life so sweet

Romantic yet so short

What does one write?

Of a fool so bright

Of a coward so brave

Of an old man so young

Of a boy so sissy

Of life this life

Ambiguous life!

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# As For Me And My House

The will swallow black forest cakes  
Pilau, Chapati and other delicacies  
But as for me and my house  
We shall swallow our humble pie  
'Kunde', 'ka Ugali' and some plain rice  
All in the service of our Lord.  
Amen

They will dress in imported clothes  
Three piece suits designer oriented  
Italian, French, whatever their taste  
But as for me and my house  
Will strut in those clothes acquainted to our bodies  
To cover, give warmth and,  
Scratch us in the corners of our bodies  
Amen

They will ride in Benzes, Limos and Cadillac  
The middle class will pass by in the salons  
But as for me and my house  
Will not even hire a 'Tuk tuk' to church  
But walk because they say it is healthy  
Amen.

Let the jingle bells sound  
Let the joyous Christmas songs be sung  
There perhaps we will join them  
And be one people for only that instance  
Even though most of our singing  
Will be silence, word and several biting of the lips!  
Amen!

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# Back Home

Children are taking years  
Pursuing an education which  
Defeats their little minds  
However old they don't flinch  
For having taken too long  
To get through one class  
This thing must be strong  
They're taking PhD's; no fuss.

And when it gets tough  
The tough say no more  
Education is abandoned  
Like a fetus, aborted.

You'll see them walking around  
Much older than themselves  
And when reality stands its ground  
Children start having children  
They smoke and drink  
And do all that which  
They ought not to.

Back home  
Broken dreams  
Tattered ambitions  
Desolate lives  
Greet you  
O! My people  
So sad but true.

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# Dead Creativity

Dejected

My creativity mourns  
In the desert of words  
Longing for deceased times  
When it flowed naturally  
Like the Nyiro into Victoria.

Hitherto

It spurred me to write  
Making me shed light  
On things great  
And others mundane.  
Now my fingers are insane

Before

Words formed rivers  
Which turbulently did flow  
Away washing my concerns  
But now the times have changed.  
I have become barren!

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# Emotions Expressed

Intertwined emotions are expressed,  
Tangled, interwoven in each other  
Flowing from within, closets closed  
Just like in a river,  
It flows gentle, then turbulent.

Emotions expressed in many poems,  
Like those of yours truly,  
Come with meanings deep  
From the poet or society.  
With a conscience which does not sleep  
Exploring even the triviality.

Nothing escapes the poet's concern.  
Everything in all facets of life  
And all philosophies are excavated by one's pen.  
The good life and that of strife  
Everything in this wide wild world  
Anything big or small in the cosmos  
Humbly submits itself to the poet,  
Like a sheep to its slaughterer.

Emotions expressed in poems,  
Sincere and true they are,  
For the society and fellow poets;  
Beseech them, commands them.  
Arouses their curiosity at times,  
Teaches them, informs and castigates  
Because poetry has a function,  
It does not just exist,  
As poetry qua poetry.

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# Enemies Of The People

There is a confused consensus  
In our wide wild world  
As poor persecuted people profess  
Rich and or politicians are their enemies  
But whoever convinced them so lied

The police and the armed forces are  
Enemy of the people number one  
Might is right they believe  
So they bludgeon sense into the populace  
With clubs, bows, boots and guns

Foolish they are if you ask me  
For they beat but their own  
Brainwashed nitwits they are  
Harming and killing their kins and friends  
The very people who in taxes their salaries pay  
Shame on them! Jah whip them!

They have lost sight of reality  
Great they are in their wonderland  
Out of your confusion in illusion cocoons  
Of greatness and hear the people cry  
Its they you should protect  
You have betrayed your own; but why,

The elite are in slot two  
Educated and political matters not  
Reaping where they never sowed  
Cowards holding to consol  
Their own motherlands; the lands which  
Provided for their education and all

Position three give to the rich

Who oppress without boundaries  
Keeping even that which they need not  
And adding even more through theft  
And their detached generosity  
Not for giving sake as they lie to us  
But for a nice nest up there; this charity!

Humbly the church, mosques and all  
The religion (even atheism) , take position four  
Fence sitters they pretend to be  
Promising great things in the world beyond  
Our present miseries seem to guarantee  
In explicable joy in the world to come

The sad thing is  
Their clinical detached interest is not  
The only thing their perfection permits them  
They side with the rich; condemns them not  
Look beyond your nose to see this  
If you cannot, just fine tune your small faculty

And even more sadly  
Position fire is our own  
Proudly poor we proclaim to be  
Such stupidity!  
Convinced we are that nothing will change

Wake up the wretched of the earth  
And take that which is rightly yours  
Leaving to others that which rightly is theirs  
To each according to his mind  
To each according to his will!

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# Father Forgive Them

On that day the sun rose a little late  
Or so I thought  
A dark cloud lazily sailed around it  
Making the sun shine grey

Mama sent me to buy milk  
Run child she said  
You will be late for school

Dressed in my green and  
Yellow colored collar uniform  
I ran to the shop and...

Ho! The pain of loosing it  
Three men entered me by force  
I lay there crucified on the ground  
Oozing blood from where they forced themselves into me  
Having got whatever they wanted

In less than a minute they returned  
Repeatedly they entered me  
Mother told me I would be okay  
When I came to in hospital

They had been burnt alive those three  
A farmer saw them atop me  
Called passers by and a crowd came  
With stones and machetes they hit them  
But as I was told this I said  
They knew not their evil, Father forgive them

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# Father, Whip Them

Taxes?

They will pay not

Perks?

They will take the mst

Kenyans?

Its they who have lost

I see the laugh and smile

At flies sometimes I think

Because when you look around,

There is nothing to smile about

I see the face of hunger

On these people, my people

United we stand in poverty

Indignity is our shield and defender

No more schooling for the children

They are masters of all streets

Every dumpsite and dustbin they know

Hunger knows no bounds

Weep not Kenya, mother it will be okay

The good Samaritan is on our way

lets endure this suffering without bitterness

as we pray for Father to whip them!

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# For A Good Life

A good cup of coffee  
Some conscious reggae music  
A sweet faithful spouse  
Some philosophy books  
Is all the sane needs  
For a clear conscience  
For wisdom to live better  
For a good life.

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# For A Packet Of Maize Flour

I will hit the road  
Part my young innocent thighs  
To those with money to spare  
To feed my siblings  
This I know I must do  
Diseases and other risks  
All must be endured for,  
For a packet of maize flour!

Mother had gone to parade at Koinange  
At attention she stood, displaying all  
They measured her up, the young and old  
And then came the rich man who  
Mother could have anything to do with  
He called to his Benz but mother stayed put  
Disappointed he ran her over witnesses said  
Another prostitute killed I nation building  
Dying for a packet of maize flour

That same night news came  
A robber was shot dead by police  
A packet of maize flour under each armpit  
Stolen from some Indian's supermarket  
Its you father, our neighbor said  
Dying for a hungry family  
Looking for a packet of maize flour

Brother and sister listen to this  
No more school from today  
The three of us must hit the road  
You selling guavas and I my body's fruit  
All for a packet of maize flour  
Hail Kenyan independence, hail Africa!

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# For Dedan Kimathi

FOR DEDAN KIMATHI  
(18.02.2009. -52 YEARS LATER)

Liberator  
Freedom fighter  
A courageous commander  
Is what you were  
And much more sir,  
I salute you.

In you was embodied  
The spirit of Kenya  
Our motherland  
Shamelessly defiled  
Repeatedly raped  
By the white settler colonialist  
Missionary activists  
And our people- loyalists.

Around you,  
The masses revolved  
You were the sun  
They were the planets  
You were a magnet  
They were pieces of iron

A terrorist they called you  
Leading cannibals  
But you remained true  
To the cause of freedom and justice  
And equality of all men  
You paid the ultimate price  
To unyoke your country  
And so did others,  
The MAU MAU.

Five decades later  
The Hague is vague  
Maize and other eatables

Are pushed down with petrol  
The land for which you died  
Suffers even the more  
Boiled mangoes and paw paws  
And roasted rats  
Is the staple food!

Five decades later  
They still walk in tatters  
Living in shacks  
With no opportunities  
With no help  
To better their mundane lives.

Five decades later  
The fruits of independence  
Are yet to fall down  
Its meaning,  
Is yet to dawn on us.  
We still,  
Walk in the mists of freedom  
We cannot see  
The place we are going.  
Sir,  
For what did you die?

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# For The Caged

The lip and the nib  
No longer will move  
So tight in my grip  
As I dance and groove  
Will be so round a hip

Forget words, sentences.  
Pseudo writers and poets  
Are scared stiff of them.  
No more reading on the walls  
Aborted and still born pieces.

Man must live they say  
And heroes go in vain.  
Forget bravity and its futility  
And live life with its pain  
Your life is but your own

caged animals must learn  
to move only in their cells  
think not big but small and,  
play safe whenever you can  
life is always important

it runs deep where its still  
and where there are no ripples  
crocodiles always lie in wait  
in the jungle and in the ocean  
cautious fear saves lives

find better things to do  
and shut that smelly mouth  
and if you have no ideas  
join me in my noble cause  
of sowing oats in the wild!

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# For The Children Of Gaza

I share your pain friends  
Though we be from different lands  
Speaking different tongues  
Living different lives  
I feel your pain.

Your lives like mine; ours  
Are short, brutish and unceremonious  
We make an entrance into their world  
Perform a short play that our lives are  
Then exit- just like that!  
Our genesis is our end.

The media brings your stories  
Grotesque, full of your anguish  
O! The bombs and shells  
Smoke you out, choke the sky; bluish

You must have heard of us  
How our kind of bombs and shells  
Of hunger, disease and ignorance  
Promote us to vague glory  
At ages so tender.

No matter your pain  
Keep your head high  
You are human beings  
Owing none an apology  
Of having been born  
You have a right to be  
And so do we  
Stand your ground!

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# For The Record

I am not a black man  
Stupid with a black religion  
Black sacrifices to black gods  
Waiting for my time in black hell  
To burn as black as black  
Maybe even more black than black!

I am not a short black fellow  
With overflowing masses of flesh everywhere  
Like the waist line of a plump black woman

I am not a black nitwit  
For this black education I have received  
Has so far enabled me  
Too see things in black and white  
But more often than not  
I see only black!

I am not a black man  
From a lack continent  
Surrounded by black evils  
Black giant satans running a way  
From small and human white gods

I am who I am  
I am not my color  
I am me a human being  
Perhaps, more valuable than any other  
Because there is no one else like me  
And for the record, scarce is precious

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# For Thirty Pieces Of Silver

Bang! Bang! Bang!  
The bullets rang  
Tearing the silent night  
Like an arrow through a prey  
Someone was down.

Mother jumped out of bed  
Still in her lingerie  
Fear lingering in her mind  
Her children!

Morning hours later  
There was grand mourning  
An assassination said the news anchor  
The opposition leader was down.

For thirty pieces of silver  
Someone had connived with a minister  
To kill the promised one  
That was the rumor.

This world is doomed  
For if Judas can have disciples so pious  
That's all there is to it  
A doomed world and Judas Iscariots.

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# Forgive Me Mother

I was born a hard worker  
Toiling to get everything better  
Crying whenever it got tough  
Shedding tears of struggling  
Failing at times making them laugh  
But never giving up at all  
Mother, you never taught me giving up!

But,  
Ever since I saw her  
This girl that by the day  
Kills me slowly, softly, sweetly  
Killing also the struggling instinct  
Making me weak, laden with heat

She is no ordinary girl mum  
Beautifully so  
That face, that voice, that body  
Oh my! Oh! Oh! Oh!  
I'll always want her  
Even now, I want her!

She is king and queen to me  
Paradoxical yes, but true nonetheless  
And I,  
I'm her slave, always doing her bidding  
And you ask why?  
Mama, I can't risk losing her

For the person I have become  
Forgive me mama  
For the person I'll always be  
Forgive me mother.

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# Forty Ogres

Forty ogres stampeded  
Through the plains and highlands  
Through the arids and killed  
Many who on their paths lay helpless

The children and the old alike  
Succumb to premature deaths  
Man-made scarcity made prices hike  
Condemning the poor deep into the abyss

The forty ogres are having their feast  
O! How they swallow maize and drink oil  
They should have ingestion at least  
But no! They defecate hatred and others meals soil!

There is grand mourning in the land  
Courtesy of the grand committee of ogres  
People piously die and others fear to lend a hand  
Everybody is practicing for their death, hapless!

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# Friends.. My Best Friend

My life has now become  
A juicy gossip item  
My achievements and sorrow  
Everywhere are paraded by them  
To all who care to follow

In this pot in which I cook  
Burning over the fiery tongues  
Of friends now turned fiends  
I sit deep in thought  
Counting friendships now lost

In the streets they stalk me  
They want to know my actions  
Their ears stretch to hear  
Every word I have to say  
Am in a tight embrace of fear

Today I dragged me home  
And I saw it on the wall  
A poem which smiled and said:  
"You're your own best friend! "  
I dusted it and gave it a hug

kelvin karani

# From Obama's Paternal Village

In the land of Obama's grandfather  
Inauguration was followed to the latter  
How glued to TV's the people were  
You could think he was their president  
Well, this boy with a black shining star  
Is their son.

Resplendent they were in the celebrations  
Of the rebirth of black power and humanity  
Which was embodied in Mr. President.

In the best way they knew how  
Kenya, nay, Africa rejoiced  
The world joined in the festivities  
From the greatest governments  
To the forgotten corners  
The world was one again  
Even the terrorist Osama  
Must have said, "good work son! "  
To the icon, our sun-Obama.

He brings hope  
To a world that had it not  
And with that alone  
So much can be changed.

I have a dream too  
That one day our wild wide world  
Will be one forever  
In peace, love and unity  
Its people shall live.  
Amen.

kelvin karani



# Futility

Stop being guided

By fictional characters;

Life is not coded

The way the novel is

Fictional ideals goals

Hopes dreams and visions

Only can come true

In a fictional world.

Thanks for the advice,

But what are we to do?

Ignore good and cherish vice?

Fictitious ideals goals

Hopes dreams and visions

Have ruined this world.

Stop being guided

By fictitious characters.

Life appears to be literal

Though its very literary.

It's a world of paradoxes,

Nothing is what it seems.

Life is 'miragish' magical

Surreal and for moribund characters.

Literary or literal

Fictitious or fictional

Perhaps matters not

Considering the teacher:

Everything is meaningless!

The wise and the fool

Are overtaken by the same fate.

kelvin karani

# Ghetto Child

To be a ghetto child  
Is a challenge few surmount  
For many are they who  
Succumb to the temptations in the ghettos  
Making themselves bedfellows with  
The police, or even the other gangs

My childhood makes me no exception  
Just the other day I saw a child  
Tears on her cheek screaming widely  
For the police did all children a favour  
Of knowing the sweetness of a teargas

A lesson like that is forgotten not  
For the ogres who fart with canisters  
Prepare you for the times a head  
When you will meet them on the streets  
Fighting for your godamn rights  
Bargaining for a meaningful existence

In the ghettos I have seen it all  
Fathers who sleep during the day  
Mothers who are away at night  
Murders treated as petty crimes  
Yes, I have seen it all

I have seen things flying  
Flying toilets, flying canisters  
Fling bullets, flying swords  
Flying arrows, Flying stones  
Anything can fly in the ghettos

kelvin karani

# Good Morning

As the sun in the horizon  
Rises through the orange beauty  
May your hopes and that burning ambition  
Dreams and wishes flirty  
Also rise,  
Beautifully.

Let the cold of the morning  
Move you close to friends  
To search for warmth  
And life.

Let the morning dew  
Wash the pains of days gone  
Bringing forth a new you  
Born again  
Cleansed  
And saved.

Let the break of dawn  
Bring us good tidings  
Our dreams,  
Let them come true.  
Our links  
Let them be strengthened.  
Today, and any other day  
Our prayers will be the same  
Good morning.

kelvin karani

# Hail Media Freedom

Say what you want to  
Write whatever you will  
For what the August House is about to do  
Will entrench media freedom  
Deep into the abyss of our constitution

Down there in beautiful darkness  
The freedom of expression forever will be  
With it will go the freedom of assembly?  
And many other freedoms which  
Require the protection of the armed forces  
To be guarded protected from mercenaries  
Both from within and without

So Kenya will jump joyously  
For the magnanimity of the god send  
Leaders and politicians  
For their good work in parliament

For the many bills that they've passed  
We thank them  
For the freedom they have allowed us  
We are heavily indebted to them

Hail the freedom of the media  
Hail the August House  
Hail the wise electorate  
Hail the interestingly twisted times ahead!

Hail 2012!

kelvin karani

# Happy Valentine's

Happy are they who love  
And are loved in return.  
Happy are they who  
On this Valentine's day  
Will lunch in Hotel Love.

I wish you dear one  
The sweetest of times  
The fondest things  
On that day of lovers.

Go on  
Celebrate the day  
Renew the vows  
Tighten silken love chords.

kelvin karani

# Hear Our Cry

3.01.10

Stretch forth thy hand  
O loving and kind God  
Let it purge this our land  
As you forget sins of old

From your mouth thy word saileth  
To the ears of our nation now blocked  
Let melting wax be how it worketh  
As it ushers us to grace unlocked.

Lord, thee the most gracious one  
Do turn away your eye from our iniquity  
Let your mercy to us give what cant we earn  
Let your grace in us fill eternal tranquillity.

You lord who desires righteousness  
In the innermost parts, hear us.  
Like a hen during storm  
Gathers her chicks, embrace us.

We'll sing hosanna the most high  
When to us you give a new leased life.  
Hear our cry knocking at thy sky  
And protect thy children from strife.

kelvin karani

# Heart Had Heard

(14/01/2010)

It came  
After a screaming silence.  
My ears, still dumbfounded,  
Were gallivanting in trance.

The silence  
Was like that of a man  
Who gives up the fight  
And waits to be taken away  
To the land of spirits.

Ears twitched  
And wondered why.  
Were they harbingers  
Of bad news?  
They wished to know.

But heart  
Had already heard.  
It turned in pain  
And drowned in the turbulence.

My mind  
Quietly walked away.  
Reality was too painful,  
'twas better left for another day.

kelvin karani



# High Profile Beggar

My government...

Yes sir its yours

Can only spare a few shillings for the hungry

Sir, and sleek fuel guzzlers for 40+ ministers

So now I beg for those extra shillings to feed them

Hunger I now declare a national disaster

But sir, farmers are still having their maize

International friends chip in to end it faster

They will sir, making politicians drunk and craze

We have always been true toy you our friends

You have always been sir, you and other comprador allies

I will not talk today of other things

Pleas3e don't, Triton, Grand Regency, maize scams and blah blah blah

Chagrin us to the core making us want to puke!

That is all there was to say

But sir you've forgotten taxation – are you taxed?

The impending teachers strike over poor salaries

And much more sir!

Sir, I wonder how much your three piece suit,

Watch, shirt and all else on you

On your fist lady and family

On your 40+ ministers and others

Cost the treasury

Money from sufficiently philanthropic poor peoples!

kelvin karani

# I Am A Future Leader

From the outset I must state  
Old men (especially these!) and (some) women  
Are not in me to hate  
And thunderstorm I pray them not to strike  
Because that is where I am headed  
You all know and can certainly see  
The truth, so by Amadiora may I not be beheaded

Most if not at all all offices around  
Have sleepy octogenarians sleeping on the job  
Waking up to remind me that my turn will come round  
In the future, not near, not far- somewhere there

I am future leader you see  
And so was my father before me  
Who in that moment of despondency  
Took to chang'aa- the local gin  
Searching for hope in there- such futility!  
Trying to discover the future in him  
Unfortunately, he died of the liver disease  
When he was about to be the future leader  
Sort of!

All the while the increasingly old man and woman  
Through press release s and conferences  
Promised him and me as well  
That we were leaders of tomorrow

What tomorrow I will ask not for now I know  
Perhaps I should be like that Obama boy  
Seizing the moment to bring the needed change

kelvin karani

# I Should Have Written A Letter

I should have written a letter  
To you Mr. President. But time  
And thought disagreed with me.  
I had my pencil and piece of paper  
(The things whose cost is affordable)  
And my bony mass was rested on a rock.

It would have been a short letter  
Without your address or mine  
Anyway, who would have needed them?  
You know where I stay, and yes,  
I know (like everybody else) where you stay.

I wanted to remind you of the  
Things you said earlier. Water, electricity  
Jobs, sanitation, housing, education...  
You said so much Mr. President  
And all I wanted to do was remind you  
(Just incase you hadn't forgotten)

Perhaps, if strength and courage  
Would have permitted me,  
I would also have mentioned  
The rising insecurity and food scarcity  
I would have noted also  
That business in the morgues is up!  
(We aren't doing badly!)

My letter Mr. President  
Blurred out of my mental sight  
Like a mirage. Here now, gone  
In the next minute. So I wrote  
You this poem, because time,  
Strength and courage permitted me.

Your guards will tell you  
'It came from the mad man'  
And yes, that will be the truth.  
For to be unlike you, and the others,

Is to be mad. Consider it a gift  
From the mad people you rule.

kelvin karani

# I Tried

when today turns into past  
and my poetic hairs turn black  
and my pen refuses to last  
and my creative bones crack;  
let the truth be told  
that though in vain  
in every way i tried  
to love in pain

kelvin karani

# I Will Just Go

My days in jail are over  
Robbery with violence was the charge  
Fifteen years of being sober  
Have just ended, to hell with the judge

I hoped for a life sentence  
With no parole, no nothing  
I begged but he saw no sense  
Homebound I am, theirs no stopping

The crime I committed was for a worthy course  
One of extricating oneself from poverty and indignity  
But fate and this selfish life have of course  
Quashed the dreams I had, visions so great!

What dreams, visions?  
Such a defeatist ideology  
A sadistic escape from tribulations  
A cowardly philosophy!

But, do I say  
All the dirt is rightly behind me  
I'm clean, purged by fifteen years in jail  
With a new perspective life I now must see

I will just go  
To the shanty I called home  
To where I suffered so  
Ho! Life is much better in prison!

kelvin karani

# I Will Tell Her

Dusty chords of emotions vibrate  
Whenever I'm in her presence  
Desire, want that I cannot narrate  
She hypnotizes me into a magical trance  
Melts any solidness in me  
Rejuvenates me into youthfulness  
In a new light life now I see  
But still, I can't tell her  
Not yet.

One day I will tell her  
The feelings I have inside  
How her beauty stirs me  
Into wild imaginations of a future  
One of bliss-totally felicitous  
But who in this age and time  
Believes in promises?

I don't like sad endings  
Like once friends but now foes  
Because of emotions deep beyond control  
Unwanted, unwarranted-unsought for  
So I have to take my time  
Before plunging into the unknown

I will tell her  
But only when I'm sure  
Of a ground so ready  
Pregnant with expectation.

kelvin karani

# If There Was Forever

What would life be like  
If the promises of forever  
Like time or existence  
Outlived our spoken words.

With the parrots we marry  
We will live for eternity  
The quarrels and arguments  
Which are often silly  
Will become part of us.

Those married to hyenas  
Must get used to their appetites  
Or take that to be the norm.  
Food will always be ready  
It's good if she's greedy!

Those tied to cats  
Will have to pamper them  
They'll be shopping daily  
And who can ask for more?  
Men like shopping after all!

Its good there's no forever  
Because if there was  
It will be torment after  
Torment, fight after fight.  
God is certainly a man!

kelvin karani



# If They Could Talk

If these walls could talk,  
They would tell the sad tales  
Of the caged animal I have become.  
My seclusion from humanity  
Which hollows me by the day,  
Would top the walls' to-talk list.

If the wind were a person,  
It could carry my deep longings-  
My wishes for that other life.  
In its handbag my hopes dreams  
And aspirations would compete for space.  
Dutifully these would be carried to you.

If these ticks leeches and flies could talk  
And that gecko staring at me too;  
I would have asked for their opinion:  
What do they think of our country?  
What do they think of this life?  
Perhaps then my conscience would rest in peace.

kelvin karani

# I'LI Write You A Poem

I'll write you a poem  
Which will by the day remind you  
That I'm still lurking around  
As a good friend who's always true

I'll write you a poem  
About friendships that fickle  
About friends like fiends  
So that you'll remember I  
With radiance like a star up in the sky

I'll write you a poem  
Of my longings and want  
Which by the day makes me hurt  
Bleeding black blood  
Shedding tearless tears  
How inside they flow  
Because we've refused to water  
What earlier we had sown

I'll write you a poem  
That will forever remind you  
That as you are needed elsewhere  
I need you too

But now please, allow me  
To sip from my cup of coffee☐

kelvin karani

# In The Matchstick

(Truth is painful but liberating.10/01/2010)

“Nothing gold can stay”  
Every good thing must end  
Night must always follow day  
But is that the good trend?

Its not that we always know  
Or do we just refuse to?  
It’s a being of the unconscious  
And yet, it’s very true.

There’s wisdom in a matchstick;  
Stricken it lights and then dies off.  
Where does the flame emanate?  
Where does the flame go?

It comes and it goes  
And as we start appreciating  
It’s like nothing happened.  
Yet, all knowledge is in the flame.

Each and everyone alone  
Must his cross carry.  
With a heart soft or of stone,  
We must go on. With worry?

☐The End-

kelvin karani

# Into A Dustbin

into a dustbin  
everything goes  
from dust to papers  
everything unwanted  
finds solace therein.  
its a small dump site  
where the most unwanted  
the dirtiest and unsightly  
find home there.  
into my Africa too  
the wastes from abroad  
whatever you conceive them to be  
ceremoniously find home here  
a panacea to our problems.

kelvin karani

# Its Sunday

Birds in the trees happily chirp  
Praise and worship songs leave their tiny beaks  
Side to side, from tree to tree they jump  
In a pious dance unlike some mortals  
Crickets and grasshoppers join in the singing  
Creating a symphony so beautiful  
Like the breaking of dawn in the hillsides

A cool breeze whispers  
Gently swaying trees  
The sun shines soberly scorching not  
The world is at peaceful perfect point  
All it seems in honor of its creator

Somewhere a man in three piece suit  
Stands straight seeing his reflected image  
A woman elsewhere does the same  
Adding a little secret spouse prayer  
In church these two meet and say  
Its God's will we've met!  
Mmhh. These chess players.

Another man somewhere else  
Nurses a hangover from yester night's indulgences  
Wakes up late and goes to buy the day's paper  
Another woman elsewhere tired proper  
From the heavy task of nation building  
Yester night in her own style  
Is cleaning up.

Its Sunday  
And two altars stand distinguished  
One of the creator, the other of the created.

kelvin karani

# Last Night

I did not see it coming  
"You must promise me before I come, " she said  
Silent I became with the phone on my ear  
I would have argued otherwise but instead,  
I said, your wish is my command

She would sleep things over I thought  
And waited with bated breath for the relief  
But how wrong I was, I must be very daft  
She begged, pleaded and insisted  
She had made her choice and that was that!

When she first said, "No more fun! "  
A joke I thought it was  
And so at the ready it was, this gun  
Ready to do bodily harm at point blank  
But it was all castles in the air, the bricks are now mud

It was hard I must say  
To sleep in the cold until that day  
When the priest said, "you can now kiss the bride"  
No regrets, it paid off anyway  
I am a happy grandpa', she's my pride

I just don't know how I made it  
Years on top not between sheets  
Sheets so warm, thick, comfy and horny  
And then I became a die-hard tea picker  
Always singing; two leaves and a bud  
Two leaves and a bud indeed!

kelvin karani

# Like A Madman

I rummage through all the bins

Searching for something

That would end this longing.

I try my luck from one end to another

But nobody is answering my prayer.

I have been up and down these streets

I have rapped at all the doors

I have kept guard night and day

Lest what am looking for runs away

Now I know life is inimical to my thirst.

The opium of want intoxicates me

My throat is parched so and yet,

The oasis of hope has dried up.

Let me laugh at the banality of life

Let me laugh at you and me struggling.....

kelvin karani



# Mother Died

today my mother died  
unappreciated by those she bore  
at her departure they cried  
for they never saw there mother before,  
smiling but immobile.

today my mother died  
after years of taking care of us  
in retrospect we were stupid  
for her love we dint reciprocate

alone we are  
without a mother anymore  
there never will be another like her  
like my mother.

a lavish funeral  
an expensive casket  
an expensive proceeding  
and what not  
can atone not  
for our ingratitude

kelvin karani

# Mother For Son

Mother warm the hearth

Let the cock in the cooking pot

Dance to the rhythms of fire

For your son is almost home.

Mother shake the milk gourd

Let the fermenting particles

Become bitter-sweet liquid

To fill your son's stomach

Mother undress the cassavas

And the sweet potatoes too

Then let them dance their style

Until they are ready for him

Mother let ugali- atapa- cook well

And fine like the beautiful girls

Of Atapara. Your son is readying

To box it like never before.

Mother, when he has had his fill

And slept a little, call him

In you let him find someone

To deposit his trust and fears

kelvin karani

# Mother Kenya

mother drags her bony mass  
the winds of uncertainty  
buffeting her from all sides.  
above her the ominous cloud  
of death planning to rain.

the hyenas and the vultures  
are eying mother's children  
who are busy tearing each other  
in lieu of their common enemies;  
ignorance, disease and politicians!

oh! mother Kenya  
are your afflictions predestined  
or the evil handiwork of a few  
hyenas and vultures?

kelvin karani

# Murraming, Not Tarmacking

There is no tarmac here,

Just this murrum road

That has turned my

Black shoes brown

And threatens to tear them

Whenever the rains come

I rap at almost all the doors

That apparently lead to offices

Only to meet people with dumb faces

Feigning the seriousness of town people

Who have been alienated from their society

And even their own selves.

Schools and village organizations

Turn me down for my qualifications

Which have surpassed their expectations.

Their budgets are even inimical

To people offering to work as volunteers.

They can't afford they say

I have to find something though  
Lest I loose my way  
In the forests of water-allergic village girls.  
Or in the labyrinth of footpaths  
Leading to the myriad local brew dens  
Selling their un-adulterated liquors.  
kelvin karani

# My Africa

O! The land of my forbears  
Resplendent in organic beauty  
Though you be burdened  
A broad calabash smile salutes  
Your children-oppressed  
By leeches & co. in cahoots  
With some of your own.

The lands vastly spread  
The Sahara and Kalahari  
Instill not hopeless dread  
But the very death of worry  
The equatorials and the Savannahs  
Provide providence to the rest  
And an African welcome to foreigners  
Who now put us to the test

The paradoxes are starling  
So much water, but the thirst  
Vast fertile lands, but the hunger  
So much wealth, but countries so poor  
Poverty stricken people, but rich leaders

Land of Mandela's and Nyerere's  
Inspire us to change  
Inculcate love in our hearts  
Each to be the others keeper  
Oil the candles in our hearts  
And the future will be bright.

kelvin karani

# My Life My Success

MY LIFE MY SUCCESS

Hi God,  
I know,  
Please don't...  
Yes I am a sinner  
Sinning it seems  
Is my talent  
But please, I beg-o  
In your unfailing love  
Have mercy on me  
Thank you.

Thank you for,  
For forgiving me  
All but myself ask me  
How with certitude I know  
That I'm forgiven

I pity them, pray for them  
Their minds are, it seems  
Impervious to reason,  
To your knowledge and love

They see my struggles  
My pains and temptations  
My miserly life, my despair  
These by them are seen  
As a punishment for my sin

How I wish they could  
Understand things the way I do  
Only then, may be only then  
Would they realize that  
It is your way of saying to me  
'You are forgiven! '

It is only through



Those problems of mine  
That I emerge successful  
Beaming with your love  
Because I know  
Success is a blessing!

kelvin karani

# No More

No more  
Taking of silly slogans  
Of change from the corrupt politicians  
We need statesmen and stateswomen  
People who see beyond elections

No more  
Sitting back as others suffer  
Saying that we are blessed  
Happy that we are not in pain  
In common bond united  
We'll rise or fall as a people

No more  
Taking the aid of Aids  
Which makes sick and  
In perpetual need.

No more  
Class divisions in Africa  
Imperialism of whatever nature  
White evils or black ones either  
For time has come  
For Africa, my Africa-our Africa  
To dust herself and move on  
Undeterred, unhindered  
To show the rest of the world  
What humanity truly is.

kelvin karani

# No Turning Back

(11/01/10)

From worlds apart  
Time ate all distance  
Making us meet at heart  
In a joyous trance

Solitary we had walked  
Fast to destinations unknown  
Only to land loved  
Besides love germs sown

Time was left to tell  
Whether this union  
Would die or end well.  
Dead is the scion.

Today alone we walk  
Each going their way  
What happened to talk?  
Anguish holds hearts in sway.

Ahead we trek so fast  
Forgetting that to go far  
Only two can. Must  
It grow dim, the star?

The night is so dark  
It's robbed off stars and moon  
The wilderness is wildly wide  
Yet there is no turning back.

kelvin karani

# Nostalgic

In my solitary walks yester night  
I saw pretty twinkling stars  
And thought of the one who has my heart  
Stolen through her bedroom eyes  
The cool night breeze  
Made me a trembling leaf  
I longed for warmth  
Your warmth.  
On benches sat lovers  
Holding; eating each others lips  
And I wished for the return  
Of our departed fun  
How we held each other,  
Oh! I miss the olden days.

kelvin karani

# Not Yet...

NOT YET...□

1.

It's a century now  
Since sand sucked blood  
And ate antagonizing ants  
As a people not so brave  
Took to the tiny forests,  
Afraid of civilization

A good chief died diligently  
Leading to arrest of the Six.  
Forest dwellers intensified  
Their madness and confusion  
Butchering and eating oppression  
And all its annoying apologists.

Fifty two sired sixty three  
And hope greatly germinated  
But years, not even three  
Passed before a beastly grin  
Replaced leaves lusciously green.  
The tree sprouted to wither.

Leaders lauded before parturition  
Left humanity at their doors  
And devoured the delicacies  
Never throwing a crumb to masses.  
Tired, disgruntled, disillusioned  
Wanjiku wailed silently, "it's hopeless."

Seventy five trudged in quietly  
Carrying with it a bud of hope  
But as the flower readied to blossom□  
Down it dived in a deadly drop.  
Hope hurriedly ran to its home  
Leaving Wanjiku at her sudden stop

The tree three and one years later  
Nursed another bud- equally promising.

But as the sun shone, sadly it died  
And again angry Wanjiku wailed  
Bitter at life and her sickly self  
Life is carried like a madman's rags.

Days crawled for the poor woman  
Bringing no ray of hope with them  
She craved for a messiah, the chosen one  
To rescue her from her trivial troubles  
She was Ramah ages and ages away  
Wailing in the wilderness for rescuing.

Like an eruption of a dead volcano  
Eighty two marked another era  
Guns grimly flowered furtively  
And died before full blossom  
Leaving carcasses fit for hounds  
To adorn the blood red earth.

In eighty eight they queued  
In the hope of a new epoch  
But a season of luck denied  
Marched majestically in  
Trampling all hope underfoot.  
Despair drenched desperate souls.

2.

Night almost led to day  
As a new wave wrought 92'  
But when all sweat dried  
Many cowards were fried  
It was like everything lay ahead  
And yet, even that, was dead.

The night was all darkness  
Its stars were all vandalized  
The moon was a shy mistress  
Whose manners had been stripped  
The sun scorched the long days

And earth became a parched heart

Darkness furiously blossomed  
Becoming one mighty flower  
Its scent scared some into cowardice  
Making them join the enemy  
But for some, they were happy  
Seeing stars when it got darker

Saba saba marked another dawn  
For a smile would replace a frown  
Kamukunjis sprouted spiritedly.  
As the flame flourished nationally  
Incinerating all the oppressors ideology  
Nyayo House opened doors for lunatics

3.

Then came the year of reckoning  
And the wretched of the earth,  
The people for too long oppressed,  
They all were ecstatic for the new era.  
But before bright smiles transcended  
Their broad faces, they were wailing.

The bright illusion faded before them.  
All along as they walked to the mirage  
They hoped to trap it with their souls  
But as higher to the sun they went  
Dreams of `morrow froze in the cold.  
It was a paradox, an irony yet untold.

When Wanjiku in 2007 decided  
She was certain the code was cracked  
But before ballot licked black box  
All the hubristic hunters were protesting.  
Blood burrowed earth forming seas  
And Kenya drowned in its wickedness.  
&#297; r&#297; Nyaga

Wanjiku moves to the unknown  
Ever praying history repeats not  
She seeks a third and final liberation

And seems not to mind all the heat  
That can culminate into a revolution.  
Many rivers of protest still flow...

kelvin karani



# Ode To Freedom Fighters

When the mzungu came  
With a sword in one hand  
And the holy bible in the other  
Asking our people in prayer to close eyes  
Opening to realize the land isn't theirs  
You said no, you took your arms.

Hours of hazards endless  
Pricked the life that was yours  
Long laborious days and nights sleepless  
All endured for us  
Drought, disease and death  
Shook not an inch of you  
Father (and mother) founders  
I hereby humbly salute you

Serpents, spiders and spies  
Boredom, blood and bombs  
Scared you not  
With eyes on the new earth  
You hungered, bled and died  
So that Canaan would be ours

What, who could compare to you  
Longsuffering, simple and sincere  
Great heroes of a nation; patriots so true  
But life has its surprises

Your children keep dying  
Of disease and starvation  
Of exploitation and neocolonization  
Oppressed by their very own

kelvin karani

# Ode To Kibaki

Receiving my belated congratulations  
For taking it after almost forty years  
In `05 they should have come sir  
But you see I knew not how to write  
Accept as they are shining star  
And please continue just like that

Its only you sir who  
At the height of Kenya despondency  
Rekindled an optimism which burnt blue  
Way back in `03 to date  
Every thing has been done in great style

It was great sir if you ask me  
Not to honor the MOU that brought  
You into power, the office that you always wanted  
Because as all could see  
It had already served its purpose  
And justifies the means- kind of!

And then came `05 referendum  
You fed Kenyans with bananas  
And rightly convinced us  
Bananas had primacy over a constitution  
For that is what economist and natives say

`07 was a great year especially its end  
For it helped them proof them wrong  
All those who from your party defected  
Your political faculties were still intact  
That accident did you no harm-just bruises

As co2wards shouted themselves hoarse  
Somewhere in KICC with hero Kivuitu  
You sat somewhere in statehouse sipping something  
And of course, reciting your winners speech

In style you took your vow to presidency  
The darkness seemed to mean  
Well, lets leave out any dark symbolism

All the white Kenya was painted red  
As those in love celebrated the valentine  
With swords and guns and all  
With the fire being their moon no sun!

Then Annan with his octogenarians came  
And pacified a country which  
Was exercising its democratic rights  
Of every man with himself and at times  
With his tribe the other way round

And today, a year later sir  
You have just signed the gag media bill  
It still shines bright your star  
The media now will have to report  
Only that which is reportable  
And leave out the NTBB staff

In history you will be remembered  
As the greatest president, alongside  
The Arturs, Mungatana, Kimunya, Patni, Moi, Kivuitu, Karua  
Biwott and all those who sold terrorist to whites  
The Kimathi's, Kariuki's, Mboya's, Ouko's and them!

kelvin karani

# Ode To Uncle Sam

Fat delinquent adolescent  
Its good that you've shown us  
You are growing, you are a young adult  
This time you did things with no fuss  
And that for the inebriate kid you are  
Is no mean achievement, ha ha ha!

There were times kid  
You disgusted the world proper  
Hoodwinked many with good but secrets hid  
Neutralized many leaving others cower  
At the power of your arms and  
Your dollar, the necessary devil.

Embodied in you were all evils  
Racism, greed, cultural imperialism  
Insolent pride, treachery, blah blah blah!  
You were an evil doer of sorts- aagh!

But kid, this time round  
With your 44th president's election  
You have made the world proud  
At least there is hope for a better world.

But will he kid, this president of yours  
Be unlike the many before him  
Do the right thing and not  
Steal peoples oil, gold and what not  
Fatten you with stolen treasures?  
Let's hope so!

kelvin karani

# Of Poets, Priest And Politicians

My lines lie there, impotent  
Meaningless monologue to disinterested listeners  
The wise fools piously defy the gospel of the poet  
People prefer priests and politicians  
They love the lies they are told  
We are pilgrims here on earth, says the priest  
A new earth! shouts the politician; its gone, the old!  
They go home to boiled mangoes and savor the feast.

The sheep are about in wolves skins  
The antichrist looks like Jesus twin  
He heals the sick, the blind see; miracles!  
The wolves preach salvation to all who want to sin.

Courageous cowards march with the antichrist  
They choke in the dust of priests and politicians  
Singing empty songs of redemption down the street  
Waiting for a kind of second coming; fools!

When the day bids them farewell  
They troop to their inhabitable hives  
Vagabonds lie on the streets. Their heads  
Swell with pains and problems untold. Helpless  
they lie, wishing for another death.

What is a poet and writer to do  
When all the ink in his pen  
Is wasted on paper people won't go through  
I'll rather board an imaginary plane  
Fly to a land where people listen  
Where poets and writers  
Are the only priests and politicians!

kelvin karani

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Karani Kelvin.

kelvin karani

# One Country

One country but different people  
One class has,  
The other, well, doesn't.

One country  
Some dying of hunger  
Others from obesity.

One country of beggars  
Some with rusty tin plates  
Others in three piece suits  
With golden international begging bowls.

One country with different people  
Some boiling mangoes and paw paws  
For breakest, lunch and supper  
Others savor all manner of delicacies  
Caring not about the other.

One country indeed  
Of those who have  
And those who have not.  
A country of classes  
Where there peasants little  
Is a stream in the Sahara  
Flowing into the rich's Atlantic.

kelvin karani

# Our Africa

OUR AFRICA

\*for David Diop, 'Africa'

This is Africa,  
your Africa  
With an arc of a back  
Tilling with thick fingers  
For new masters

The white flower died  
to live differently  
It always blossomed  
amid pale and sickly  
Black, Black flowers

The blood in your veins  
once aroused you  
to die for posterity  
So with a love true  
you died for our prosperity

But amongst us  
sellouts emerged  
selling Africa for a pence  
like you in antiquity  
in the malls of mercantility

Yes, this is Africa  
Yours, mine, ours  
But not the replica  
of the one with warriors  
Cowardice here reigns

There's a hope though  
that the warrior blood  
now flowing in us  
will not clot and rot  
making us the impotent man  
before a newly married wife



kelvin karani

# Poet Incarnate

POET INCARNATE

What is poetry friend?

If not the pieces I write

'Trash! '

You are being too harsh!

Critique constructively; shed some light

Look at this one, yes this one

'Amateurish! '

Friend, why this fight?

Okay, okay; but what of this?

'Closer to the mark; a little close! '

But how close? This is my finest

'Finest? Such childish finesse! '

Hold it! Show me yours, show me!

Others are great; others fret and still

Some are great incarnates

Like me,

Poet incarnate.

kelvin karani

# Poet Incarnate Reloaded

I have written poems before  
Some very personal others not  
In poemhunter I found a store  
And a place to be taught too  
By great poets like you  
Who keep me on my toes  
With their ever incisive comments

I have written poems before  
For my people in their praise  
Others criticizing them, asking them to arise  
And those who read me have made me remain true  
To the suffering of the proletariat masses  
To their oppression courtesy of the bourgeoisie  
To them my heartfelt gratitude

I wrote poem incarnate first  
For I was not so sure of my poetic ability  
But those who read me encourage me  
Now a footing I suppose I have  
People like you mad me think different

I'll be grateful forever  
To whoever started the site, to you  
For here I found a publisher  
And a readership that I always needed  
So tears of not getting published  
And of a coveted readership I wipe away

So I, this poet incarnate reloaded  
Will be writing here for long  
For my publisher poemhunter and you my reader

kelvin karani

# Poet's Cry

I sit here wondering

Where the words

Whose torrent once

Formed a turbulent river

That swept me into

Into creativity sea went

I have now turned barren

For my earlier pieces

Sit sadly like a lone child

Troubled by feelings unknown.

And I the parent,

Is afraid of loosing the child.

kelvin karani

# Returned

what one remembers  
is not the excitement of the moment  
but the consequences  
the aftermath of the passing reality.

the gift carefully wrapped  
not with anything material  
but the silky emotions  
that had inspired  
its being given out at first.

the unmoved recipient  
unwrapped the gift  
shredding the silky emotions  
and then said:  
'Return to sender'.

the sender disappointed  
looked at the priceless gift  
his heart shedding tears  
and looked at the receiver  
in unspoken words said:  
'I'll keep this love for me'.

kelvin karani

# Rosy Questions

Helen,

Are you soft

Very fecund

Like this rose

Whose redness

Makes me yearn

For love, true love?

Are you sweet

Like its aroma

Which cuts into

My heart and yet,

Does not bleed?

Are you beautiful

Like it dear?

Because its beauty

Has left me wordless.

Even without

Being told, I know

You are like this rose.

No! you are a rose!

kelvin karani

# Searching

though you elude me  
defy my not intricate charms  
code your waves subtly  
my antennae is doing the rounds  
searching  
for your network.

kelvin karani



# See You Then

Go in peace dear aunt  
A life well lived yours was  
A widow who takes care of her own  
Is great like Mother Theresa

We loved you  
Paid you visits when we could  
Your home was ours too  
We were yours and you were ours  
You were our mother, so true

Rumours are going round  
About how you died  
Poisoned they say you were  
In your own homestead, how sad  
But we will avenge not  
For you taught us that  
Forgiveness is the biggest punishment

We will be brave during this hard time  
We will be strong and standing tall  
We will do all these things auntie  
Because that's what you were in difficulty

This time tomorrow  
You'll finally be laid to rest  
Go in peace dear one  
Travel well auntie  
We will join you when our time comes  
But for now,  
We love you, miss you  
See you then

kelvin karani

# Sir No Sir

Get my children from school  
When you get home, to my place,  
Take mama watoto to the saloon  
And come back here to take  
Me to the pub! Understood officer!  
    Sir, yes sir!

You lazy nitwit  
I leave my phone on the desk  
And you don't bring it  
Quickly officer I'm getting late  
I must be in time for the date  
Now run to the office. Run!  
    Sir, yes sir!

My concubine is sick  
But I have my needs, you know!  
Go to koinange and bring me one  
You know my test don't you?  
Now get into that landrover and run!  
    Sir, yes sir!

Just the other day we shot some  
Mungiki and the other gangs  
If its not them it's the students, or workers  
Lets go and teach them a lesson  
Never again will they come to the streets  
"Our rights! Our rights! "-What nonsense!  
Officer. I said lets go!  
    Sir, no sir!

Did I hear you right?  
Refusing an order  
What became of you officer?  
You know where that can land you?  
Now move it! To the streets!  
    Sir, no sir!

What?

Sir, I cannot; not anymore  
Say yes to killing the innocent  
No. No violence against the nonviolent. No.

Send me to Koinange  
Send me to get your kids, wife  
Make me your servant  
But sir, don't send me to kill my own  
They are my people; innocent  
Fighting for their rights; our rights  
No more impunity. No more.

kelvin karani

# Slept With Royalty

\* the Swazi affair

&#8303;

an ant stands higher  
than the earth beneath  
but things much taller  
still exist, each in its place

but you, chief, justice minister  
in the warmth of a queen's thigh  
got dumb after a dip  
and forgot to rise early

your crime, common as it is  
attracts severe consequences  
royalty stands desecrated,  
the king mourns agitated&#8302;

kelvin karani

# Stereotypical Man

## STEREOTYPICAL MAN

Man says,

That just because I'm from the ridges

I'm a thief

And my sister?

Materialistic henpecker

Loving what they have, not they.

Man says,

That just because I'm from the lakeside

I've not undergone the cut

But must I?

And my sister?

Sexy yes, but pretty dirty!

Man says,

That just because I'm from the rift

I'm always fighting; creating rifts

And my sister?

She's a pig

And likes lots children

Man says,

That just because I'm from the coast

I commune with spirits and stuff

And my sister?

Not different from I and lazy

And with a knack for what is tasty.

Man says,

That just because I'm from Kambaland

My family are witches, and so am I

And my sister?

Nice in bed but with lots of charm

Man says,

That just because I'm from the North

I'm a bandit and a cattle rustler

And my sister?

Dirty and a bag of bones!

kelvin karani

# Still Singing The National Anthem

We still sing the national anthem

On national days for national reasons

With detached intellectual abstraction

We remember the struggles of our forbears:

Ho! How they fought and died bravely!

On those big days we sit indifferently;

The poor down here the rich up there

As we reminiscence that distant history

Mangy dogs hungrily sniff the poor bottoms

Well, its their way of building the nation.....

When it gets too hot drinks are served

Soda and bottled water for 'wenyENCHI'

'chang'aa' and 'busaa' for wananchi

The opposing camps is a sight to behold

Especially when pretence is highest.

Speeches at times get a little boring

Especially when the speaker knows not about them



And the hearer cannot fathom the language used.

A latecomer in the fight for freedom

Is dog-handled to break the monotony!

We still sing our national song these days

And yet, we know not what it tells us to do.

Nobody cares about its message anymore.

Where are they those who have been chosen

And called the sons and daughters of our country?

kelvin karani

# Still Waiting

Four decades  
is not enough time  
for this beautiful wife  
to conceive a child.

Back in the sixties  
We said 'I do'  
And other trivialities  
For better or worse.

Night turned into day  
Month into year  
And my patience did stay  
Strengthened at times by fear.

Like ten wise virgins  
My lamp has enough oil  
To light the valleys and plains  
Of my prized fertile soil.

Three diviners now I have seen

All saying nothing is wrong

Old Sarah patient had been

Till she celebrated her son in song..

I would wait no doubt

Till this wife with sagging breasts

Brings forth a child

The joy of my old age.

My darling Kenya

Let us face the mountain

Praying for change together

Till night gives way to day.

kelvin karani

# Tell The Tales

Now that the seas do not allow

For us to ferry people for sale

In the malls of South America

North America and Europe

Let us sit and tell tales:

Old men and women,

Call your grandchildren

Around a log fire and tell them

Of the joy our ancestors enjoyed

In the hands of slave traders.

Now that the gun and sword

Of the imperialists army and church

Have rusted all over and function no more;

Let us sit and tell tales:

Let us narrate the epic struggles

Of the mau mau and maji maji

Of Frelimo and Soweto fighters

And many other heroic struggles

That freed us from bondage.

Now that we sing to the tall masts

That show off colored cloth,

Let us sit and tell tales:

Of our betrayal by our own people

Who like leeches are sticking to our wealth

Fervently sucking it till kingdom come.

(if ever it will!)

kelvin karani

# Thank You Mama

Looking back into the past  
My life is a rain forest  
A desert, bigger than the Sahara  
And I, an almost lone sojourner

My life is a Greek puzzle  
Cryptic and not for my kind  
No clues and I can't fill it  
For I'm a kindergartener

I am just but a grown up toddler  
Having no knowledge of reality  
I stumble and fall

It was not enough for her  
For nine months to carry me  
The kicks and aagh, the labor  
My diapers and that awful cry

The innumerable problems she's been through  
Because of me, for me  
Oh! The pains yet always true  
So many problems but she didn't flee

Always there she has been  
Through childhood and the teens  
No greater love have I seen  
Than this of a mother so good

Mama, oh mama Africa  
How do I, your child  
Be good like you, be your replica  
To say thank you, thank you to you.

kelvin karani

# That Day

That day I shall see you again  
The cacophony in me will be quelled  
For your presence will erase all pain  
And extricate I from the loneliness in which I'm condemned

When that day comes for you and I to meet  
My heart will sing a joyous song  
I can hear the symphony of the harmonious beat  
Of my trembling heart reaching out to you

When that day comes around  
I shall walk, nay, run to you  
I will wet your shoulders as you wet mine  
With tears of love so true  
Then hand in hand we shall walk  
To the place we have always known  
Home we shall go as we talk,  
Of that other day-the day of consummation,  
Of the passion, desire inside us

The other day unlike any other  
Will be remembered not just by us but all  
Who will be present to witness us  
As we take the sacred vows  
In sickness and in good health

But now I have to wait  
Patiently like a hunter who has set a trap  
Pray I will and hope also  
For that day, for you and I

kelvin karani

# That Evening

That evening she came  
When electric lights ran out of petrol  
(As they are wont to)  
She came for dinner  
As promised.

But, ...  
In her room unknown to her  
Blazed hot the cooking coil  
Which came alive after  
Some lax fellow refueled electricity

Beneath doors smoke entered  
Choking occupants therein  
Alarming them, scaring them  
It wasn't much but you see  
It was a ladies hostel

That evening  
Fright of a burning room  
Consumed yours truly and her  
It was too terrible a possibility  
Mmhh. That evening!

kelvin karani



# The Beggar

On the pavements  
Of international streets  
Outside the big banks  
Sits the beggar. Pecuniary problems  
Back home, have sunk him into the abyss  
Of utter need and ignominies

In the fifties and sixties  
And even times after that  
There were uprisings  
Everybody explaining that their hut  
Was for them. But now the absurdities

O! The politicians of today's Africa  
Confused. Not the firebrand of days gone  
Nor a semblance of its replica  
On the streets sitting- but not alone  
Are beggars from the East and Jamaica  
All third worldners. People with hearts of stone

But behold the paradoxes  
So much oil and other minerals  
O! The fertile lands- great lands  
Yet, hunger sculptures sadistic smiles  
On the faces of its people  
Their leaders- if you call them dirt  
Languish in excesses  
As people eat dirt.

Aagh. This beggar  
In three piece-and gold jewellery  
Flying in sleek fuel guzzlers. A dark star  
Is shining in this period of history.

kelvin karani

# The Beginning... The End

The signs are there in plenty-

Wars floods earthquakes and what not.

It is certainly coming to an end

These are the very last days

The conclusion of the system of things.

The old earth and heaven are passing away

And behold, new ones coming to take their place

No more pain and suffering to humanity

God is now extending his sovereignty.

Shall we all say: " It is finished"!

Still, a question floats in the air

When did this system start?

At creation- a most likely answer.

Then it is asked: when was that?

Exchange dumb glances and go into prayer.

Logic and common sense demand that,

Until we know exactly when it all started,

We can pretend to know when it will end,  
If the beginning stretches into past infinitely,  
The end must stretch into future eternity!

kelvin karani

# The Friendly Sun

the friendly sun  
that once smiled on us  
is disappearing behind  
the clouds of solitude.  
soon it will be no more.

at the dawn of our friendship  
it rose mightily up the sky  
brightening your face and mine.  
but behold the darkness  
that gloom on our faces is.

without warning it got lost  
loosing us in the darkness  
of being busy now and then.

kelvin karani

# The Problems Of Africa

Poverty

The absence of all

Ignorance

The knowledge of nothing

Disease

These are our problems

Or so we are told

But hail Kwasi Miredu

Great Ghanaian cum African Philosopher

For thinking about us; for us

And identifying our real problems

Authoritarianism

The obsession with power

Supernaturalism

Notoriously religious people

Anachronism

Seeing as good that which is not

Insurmountable our problems are not

With due diligence and positive sin

We can change this sad plot

Our way out is through African socialization

Creating not the material wealth

But happiness in each and all

kelvin karani

# The Shadow

I have been chasing  
A shadow  
Something temporarily existing  
Tiring the marrow  
My dreams of a good life  
Idyllic inside and outside  
So pure without strife  
Were all incarnations of the shadow  
Something that has left me hollow  
I preferred the other in lieu of the self  
I loved the shadow not substance  
And that was my folly; my undoing.  
Its cowardice not wisdom  
To try to approach horizon.

kelvin karani

# The Streets Are Calling

I hear their cry  
Dejected and lonely they are  
Wanting company; our company  
They are not there anymore  
Those couples that were always present  
From end to end its clear  
Oh! Wake up and lets go dear  
Come out of your layers of beddings  
In which you hide from cold of loneliness  
And i will come out too  
From these blankets that suffocate  
Hand in hand we will walk  
To and fro on these lonely streets  
Lit by smiling moon and stars.

kelvin karani

# Their Time Had Come

In my dream,

The future leaders

Who had been prophesied about

Took over the mantle of leadership-

The steering wheel of our country.

The messiahs' time had come

To eat drink and sleep

Not alone in their mansions

But in the villages and slums

With the people of the nation.

First things first they said:

Their salaries were reduced

Allowances were scrapped

All privileges abolished

And taxes were now paid!

Second things certainly followed:

Free quality education for all



No mercantilism in any hospital

Employment was now available

And fairer prices in every stall!

Things hitherto unprecedented

Gained normalcy in no time

Wanjiku was now happy

The barns and sheds were full

And so were the children.

kelvin karani

# They Call It Life

the elusive mirage  
was my lifetime dream.  
its trembling beauty  
drew me to the horizon  
only for it to recede  
until it vanished.

memories of the past  
of us enchanting each other  
so much pain bring to my chest.  
what we had went under  
though it seemed so blest  
the winds finally swept  
our house on sandy soil.  
they call it life!

kelvin karani

# Thoughtful

Thoughts flood my mind  
Questions turn things downside up  
The rains of uncertainty  
Join to form turbulent rivers  
Which drown my spirit  
To far away lands.

Wonder what will happen  
When on the altar of God knows what  
These feelings buffeting me  
Are laid- perhaps to rest.

Will it still hold  
This friendship that binds us  
Or will it be shattered glass  
Hit by a stone.

The gazes, will they change  
The talk and the visits  
Will everything be the same  
Or will everything change  
For the better  
Or for the worse.

I'll wait and learn  
Bid time to let things fold  
In their own time  
And hope  
Hope for the...

Karani Kelvin

kelvin karani

# Time Alone Knows

TIME ALONE KNOWS

Time alone knows  
When we beyond words  
And these facelessness  
Will even just once meet

A day like no other it will be  
When two friends meet  
United by a golden handshake  
A warm embracing hug  
And oh, a blissful peck.

East and West can get along  
So let's celebrate us with song  
A little dance though i be rigid  
Making our union more vivid.

kelvin karani

# Torn Between

There is no greater dilemma  
That ht of a man unsure  
Of the girl to love between,  
To pretty ones- in almost all ways

What is a man supposed to do  
When he has one and wants the other  
Yet he is not sure if it is true  
And so, between the two girls  
He is torn between, loving them both  
Or something of the sort!

There is one that  
Has a very sick father  
Dying of fear and owns personal inadequacies  
Always thinking that his daughter  
Will repeat the mistake of gone days

So he sets up intelligence centers  
Which the day monitors girls movements  
And hands into him substantive reports  
Of where she went, who she walked with

The result?  
She cannot get close with boyfriend  
No time at all for the usual  
So the boy thinks he will understand  
But the time factor is causing problems  
He needs her, she is not there  
Its hard; he is loosing to her

Then there is this other girl  
Years younger unlike the other  
Who is a year older  
With clean record so far  
Innocent until proven guilty-sort of!

She's nice, good looking and intelligent

At per her with the firs Give  
But having all the time in the world  
To spend with his guy, anytime  
And this is the course of it all,  
It's the incarnation of his inner conflict

So the man is torn between  
Time is making him like girl number two  
He is in a quagmire; about to commit a sin  
But in all this he prays for strength to go trough  
And when it comes to recounting how his life had been  
He hopes in his heart he will remain true

kelvin karani

# Tragic Encounter

TRAGIC ENCOUNTER

His heart was crushed,  
to smithereens, to nothingness.

His mind?

Disoriented.

His insides?

Withered.

All because of the tragic sight

Earlier on a girl had stood

Before him, facing another man

She looked familiar

But girls always are!

She was unimaginably sexy

And beautiful like the morning star

He had noted the slender legs

The inner thighs stretched

By her wearing stilettos

Popping outside her mini

He wanted to touch them

They drew him, they all do!

He noted too,

The beauty of the bubble behind

Rocking whenever she

Moved a little; just a little

He was liking the sight

He was falling in love with it!

Then,

The world stood still

Time refused to move

And consciousness deserted him

How terrible it was

To see his fiancée

Kiss so deeply

Another man, not him

If only she couldn't

Have turned while he stared



Maybe there could have been

A chance for everything

kelvin karani

# Travellers

We are travelers  
Journeying into the future.  
We stand at the bus stage of life  
Inside the bus love  
Hoping to there will be no strife.  
Oh. My pretty dove  
Am happy that you are by my side  
Ready to travel with me.  
For that and much more,  
I love you so!

This Valentine's day  
Will be our petrol station  
To refuel and take for days to come.

But first,  
Let's enter hotel love  
And partake of trust  
Companionship  
Kisses and so much else.

kelvin karani

# Unapologising

Critics and literary under-weights

(I meant lightweights)

Keep telling us off for our un-creativity.

Our writing is the epitome of futility-

Very literal feigning literariness

And full of tired and sickly expressions

I pity them for their myopia.

When things are so clear

In logic fact and/or otherwise

And you still question them,

You are but the delinquent puppy

Who farts into the fire to extinguish it.

When gluttons like Achebe

Ngugi Lo Liyong p'Bitek and others

Share a bowl, do they leave anything?

All the words and expressions

Have already been used by them.

Now they are all cliché.

Since as time changes so do man  
Critics and literary lightweights  
Would rather get along with the journales  
Than try swallowing they clenched fists.  
There was a time for obscurity-  
That coveted saint called literariness,  
But now its time for literalness!

kelvin karani

# We Shall Overcome

So much suffering on the land  
Dying of hunger the children are  
The old too cannot withstand  
The famine and deaths□

To schools they are going not  
All atop the tree with bitter fruits of independence  
How sweet! On account of this the old fought  
And now they too, walk in the nightmare of our independence

They left those barbaric whites  
Who with religion destroyed us  
Earthly possessions mattered not they said  
There are mansions up there

But today,  
Some dark skinned nitwits  
Are swallowing the resources equitably  
Every region is represented

Yes, that's why everywhere there are deaths  
Everywhere schools are empty  
Everywhere people are suffering

But Kenya shall overcome  
Colonialists were defeated and so will they  
Who make the most of ignorant masses

I hear Kenya weeping  
My children are no more she says  
No mother, we are here  
Kenya, we shall overcome

kelvin karani

# What A Sight

First December zero eight  
Twenty -two thirty or thereabout  
I came out of the MTL  
A camera phone please, a girl yelled

My eyes to the sky rose  
And oh my, the sight  
Star, moon, star- so close  
A sight so resplendent!

If it was in those golden days  
When myths and superstitions  
Were rife, much could be said

Somebody great is being born  
Or another equally great is leaving  
Or a great thing was about to happen

But I'll not be surprised  
To wake up to the great news  
The rapture is about to happen!  
Today's people are superstitious too  
But on a different plane!

kelvin karani

# When I'll Have My Dream

I read about MLK junior  
His dreams in Birmingham and on the streets  
I followed the words and tone clear  
Still I hear his cry for a just society I his s[peeches  
He fought for the proletariat with his life  
Took a bullet for people he knew  
Not in person but for problems shared  
A great man who'll live forever  
Should have been his epitaph

But as for me and my house- me myself and I  
Shall bid time waiting for my dream  
Up in the mountains in skies blue  
My dream shall come from  
I beg it be released  
So that I can change destiny  
Of Kenya, my Africa

I'm not Obama getting a dream from his father  
Not a freedom fighter forty years ago  
Dreaming for a free Kenya, Africa  
By their blood freedom was recaptured  
But lo! The betrayal that is the aftermath  
Impotent post-independence ashes are about

Kenya my Kenya please forgive me your son  
Africa my Africa inspire me  
I need a dream now to save all  
Children dying hungry learning not ABC

kelvin karani

# Where Is My Fire Extinguisher?

My house is ablaze  
Set on fire by my own kids  
Who are fire playing with fire  
But are arrogantly so  
Burning their own mother inside

From corner to corner and rummage  
Looking for my fire extinguisher  
Under the bed; behind the charcoal  
I search everywhere but find it not

And then I opened the flour drum  
There lay mixed in the maize flour  
The extinguisher while I  
All the while, burning in the fire  
Choke in the smoke.

Through the kitchen window I escape  
Breaking my limbs after the great fall  
Leaving in hell my other children  
Roasting in the fire their siblings had lit  
Crying out for help from their helpless mother

I in turn had to call for help  
Neighbors from far and near headed  
My good neighbor Koffi Annan came  
Oh! The imported fire extinguisher!  
Thank you sir for saving us

But now, let me bury some  
Of my kids who burnt alive  
As I remember that golden handshake!

kelvin karani



# Where Is The Fire?

Where is the fire  
That burnt in freedom fighters  
Making them selfless  
Dying for our independence

Where is the fire  
That burnt in J.M and Ouko  
And others who were felled  
Making them love truth  
For it, paying the ultimate price

Where is the fire  
That burnt in the then leaders  
Making them fearless  
Suffering for multiparty politics

Where is the fire  
That burnt in civil rights activists  
The poor peoples defenders  
And others who attended kamukunjis

Where is the fire  
That burnt individualism  
In dire times of crises

Where is the fire?

kelvin karani

# Wishful

Time and circumstance

Have denied us a chance

Even if it be just once

To be one, united

By feelings now suppressed.

In our dreams

We hold each other tight

Frolicking in wild emotions

As we take our love-flight

Through the clouds of passion

Now we are christened

Best friends forever

Forgetting the un-consummated

Feelings we have for each other

Still, we wish for that other life

kelvin karani

# Women's Lib

WOMEN'S LIB

Dress appropriately

To propitiate the sex stars

Pundits in carnal warfare

Yes, show them all you got

Let none create fuss

What comes first is your welfare

Same schools for the sexes

Same jobs with equal pay

Whatever good the men get

The women should get also

But that which agonizes them

Well, that's for them only!

Equality is so old school

A battle won long time ago

So let's show them us

For this is the new women's' lib

Expose your all, you lass

And men will praise you with the nib

This is the new definition

Of women's' lib; it's so indescribable

Show them that cleavage girl

And those yummy boobs-so touchable!

And that bottom girl, parade it!

Rise higher on the social strata

Using that gem as your weapon

To conquer, to subdue and to destroy

That which on your path standeth upon

Fight sister. Fight

Support the movement, please do

And a new order we'll create

That puts us not on a pedestal

Touching neither sky nor earth; degenerate

So that problems together we forestall

In the spirit of new women's' lib.

kelvin karani

# Yester Night

By Karani Kelvin 15/09/2008

Last night was fresher's night  
But that perhaps counted not  
Compared to my elation which soared like a kite  
All because of this girl, sexy-just hot!  
A few times I danced with boys  
But this gave me no satisfaction  
So I found a sit and listened to stories  
And watched others dance to my gratification  
A few tunes played again  
Making me feel like dancing  
But with whom? A thought so vain  
Alas! To me a girl's hand was extending  
Can we dance? She asked  
Her voice so seductive, irresistible  
It could melt a heart of stone, hardened  
It melted mine, I was so vulnerable  
So I and this girl Magi  
Danced to the music, to our bodies rhythm  
So close, so damn close; oh we!  
So sexy, so damn dirty; what a dance!

Slowly her bubble bottom gyrated  
At the shrubbery of the shrine of the royal python  
Hitting the python slowly on the head  
Awakening it, awakening it!

Oh! The events of yester night  
Can I forget? You bet I won't  
For indeed it was a first  
In this campus; with girls so hot

kelvin karani