

Poetry Series

Masharia kanyari
- poems -

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Masharia kanyari()

I live for the those few seconds of inspiration, I am driven by the colour of life and preserved by the grace of God.

Masharia Monologues

I am not better than anybody is,
I am simply further up the right direction,
I am not happier than you are
I only exist in another dimension
I am blunt; excuse my mind speech
Although I prefer it to my reflection
My aim lies not in out-doing anybody but myself
I don't seek to be the best
I thirst not for medals
All I need is perfection
To thrive in my time
And live like nobody else
thus it is not entirely about paper dreams
It is more about progression
I love what I am becoming
And who I was;
I admire and respect
One day my soul will applaud my body
For having stood the adversities
Pursuing an elusive dream
Journeying to this destination
The attainment of perfection.

Masharia kanyari

Mazeltov

No glasses will be breaking,
Excuse the expression,
It matters not the time,
Life is a celebration,

Cheers to human being
the best form of existence
Sip this wine with me
watch as it takes effect
Drink to your partners eyes
thank God for the moment

Watch as reality sets in
The sense of the situation to heighten
Into a haze in your mind
ride on the wave, surf with your head
The sun shines on us now
lets make a life before sunset
Die after having lived
attain immaculate beauty and remain perfect with impunity
at death

Masharia kanyari

My Nirvana

I want to live a life
Devoid of Naive hope & fear
I wish for a wife
One that I can hold dear
I want less anxiety
To see the future clearer
I need to be less sensitive
Better equipped
To handle success
And bear with Failure
It is then-
and only then
That I will wish for wealth
For I will be built mentally
To handle all that strength
All that power

Masharia kanyari

Our Days Of Yore

In those days before the wind
Blew away our innocence
By the shade of the sycamore tree
So we kissed, so we laughed,
So we were bound

Time in our world didn't exist
And we surfed through the seasons
we were lost in our bliss
Our nirvana; our bubble of peace

We didn't realise the music stopping
So was the Dance
There was this fundamental truth
Which we ignored
That death was not something you caught
It is not a disease
It is in someone you meet

Death is something more profound
Private and unique to every man
Our deaths were like tokens
That we carried around
And the very moment we met,
The clock be began ticking
and so when time came,
We died...

Masharia kanyari

Sunset Dirge

I dedicate this to the day's end,
As nobody weeps for the death of the day,
No candles are lit,
No songs are composed,
No tears wept,
The world simply goes to bed.

Few rejoice in the rising of the moon,
or its cold blue silvery light,
That bathes the earth,
And its distant aloofness,
We fail to embrace the cold night,
Or acknowledge the day's end,
All too busy fighting to live,
Hope fuels us from one day to the next,

We should borrow a leaf from the trees,
Celebrate every single sunset,
For the trees are wise,
Their wisdom lies in their silence,
So evening I take a moment,
I breath. I listen.
To the whisper of the trees,
Music from the creaking, swaying branches,
That creates the magical somberness,
Of sweet and mellow sunset

The trees are old and wise,
They figured out the gist of existence,
Living and letting live,
Enjoying life by the second,
And that a day's beginning
Is way less better than its end.

Masharia kanyari

The Big Secret

Allow me to share something you shouldn't know,
I am really building myself a cottage,
Its just that I lay each brick with so much purpose,
as I craft the comouflage to pretend its a castle,
so when my time comes to die I shall be proud,
Embrace the tomb I shall have built for myself,
A place my spirit can visit and watch my body decompose...

Masharia kanyari

The Odd Fish

It is okay to be female,
Okay to be temperamental,
and God given right to have mood swings,
Its okay to believe you are fine or even awesome,
and its more okay if you're rich along with it,
Its okay to enjoy your work whether you are a pornstar, or you spend your work
hours shearing sheep,
It is definitely okay to be Jesse Macharia,
but it is actually greater a reward to be me,
It is okay to be whoever you are,
provided it is so you act, so you feel and so you are,
For in this aquarium they call life,
long after applause has drowned the whisper of skeptics,
The medals go to the odd fish...

Masharia kanyari

The Script

I live by the book
But I am the author
That is the key to being me
That is what I am about
See, I am of the opinion
That it not only makes life-
Easy and worth living
It also makes life fun!
And like the jews
I also believe
That living is not really living
If life is devoid of leisure

Masharia kanyari

Yes, Dear

I am Masharia Kanyari,
My own master,
The men you have known,
And you have been with,
I am not like them

They are so polished and considerate,
I bet you know dozens,
Most women like that type,
They are safer; easier to predict,
I am not like them

I ain't so tough, but I'm strong,
I don't give, I take,
You could love me to death,
Because baby I'm addictive,
I am not like them,

I am wild- Hunt me,
Tame me; then enjoy the revels,
I am Masharia Kanyari,
My own master,
I am not like them...

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