

Poetry Series

**Pius Didier**  
**- poems -**

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## Pius Didier(20th march,1992)

Pius Didier Kithome was born on the twentieth day of March,1992 in Kenya. As a high school teacher, he owns a Grammar and Literature degree, currently pursuing a masters degree in Literature. He has written a number of poetry and memoirs. In 2015, his poem, 'African Diary' won a title in the Kenya national Music Awards. He is also a distinguished writer in the platform. His poetry has proved him a critic and an anti-misogynist. Argumentatively, he considers writing a good blog to fight the ineffectual strongholds.

# A Senior Citizen

Today is our day  
a day that succeeds yesterday  
the day of the African man  
that entails of the forbidden triumph  
and unveils this that they did to us  
living the generation arena  
to tell those tales of Tina Turna  
this day our day  
we are the senior citizens

Today is our day  
the day we celebrate everyday  
living each moment at a time  
our thoughts moving in a rhyme  
remember when we were called to surrender  
with their roar loud than that of lion  
we teased and greased in rebellion  
till today when we felt the trauma  
to join and applause in caccapuo  
we are the senior citizens

Today is our day  
when we joins to focus miles away  
as our smiles fades in a shuffle  
analysing what's in our minutes  
for we've laid an impermeable foundation  
even as we join the dead  
this day today our day  
it shall be a great day  
for we are the senior citizens

appreciating the good work of our African patriots who fought for our freedom.

Pius Didier

# Because I'm A Woman!

Dear God,  
The sun hasn't yet set,  
But I still write, just like the other day,  
You made me beautiful before man,  
But he belittles me a baby bat,  
To him I'm a natty natter altogether.  
Remember the day of creation God,  
You made me after a man,  
Could it be the reason he willingly warps?  
Because I am a woman!

Dear God,  
I am a jew,  
No, a Samaritan amongst the Jews,  
But I still live, live and lean on their linens,  
Even my own people like it, that I leave, my own people.  
To leave and live in another household, where I'm a bother.  
But remember God,  
It's written in the scripture, that a woman shall leave her own people.  
Could it be the reason why I always weep?  
Because I am a woman!

Dear God,  
Today I woke up early,  
No, awoken up early, early like a caged bird,  
(Because yester night I slept a bit late...)  
To serve and strive in the dark morning.  
As I sing a hymn alongside the humiliating snores,  
But it is all I have to, all I have to love  
But remember God,  
Even Eve's main call was to help her man.  
And it's the reason why am ain't exceptional.  
Because I am a woman.

Pius Didier

# Double Entendre

Let the kid cry,  
For we too used to cry,  
But today we cry no more.  
The cry.

Tonight it's extremely hot,  
I feel superfluously hot,  
But yester night It felt more.  
The sun.

Hear the calf suck  
Isn't good to suck?  
Even the folks do it more.  
The milk.

I madly need it,  
She promised to give it,  
For hers fits me more.  
The dress.

Pius Didier

## Five Words

Listen poor brilliant rater  
Words so designative  
I have one word for you  
    -Wonderful-  
For it portrays the duality  
Between you and ewe  
These things papa told me  
True love lies beyond pennilessness

Listen poor humble creature  
Before am taken to serve in custody  
I have two words for you  
    -Thank you-  
Don't you remember valentina,  
Whose love shed blood?  
How immensely if paid homage  
Today the valentine

Listen poor hearted angel  
Wear and broadly fear dignity  
I have three words for you  
    -I love you-  
These things mama said  
A moment seen to coax  
Love is blind  
But blindness is curable

Listen poor daring rose  
The calm heartbeat  
I have four words for you  
    -Do not forget me-  
For this love is prevailing  
Just like the monsoon  
Even when standing afar  
It's all you feel

Listen poor interesting chap  
How loud my heart beats  
I have five words for you

-I really need your company-  
When alone remember  
We will once win  
With those crescent smiles  
We can fly miles

Pius Didier

# Gone Too Soon

once one retrenches  
their spirits seeks remuneration  
for their souls roams with us  
out of a gone too soon goodie  
from which they were besieged  
(for the soul doesn't wither)  
with them takes the intelligence  
and the trees sways in their absence  
'gone too soon'  
though left in anticipating grief  
with durges of commemoration in all avenues  
our long lived life continues

when one retrenches  
in our hearts leaves an obstructed aisle  
the vacuum left seems widening  
the connotative angle in your eulogy  
every word praises a well laid legacy  
and masks any rusted Syd of it  
'gone too soon'  
though left your timed time  
your momentous epoch dwells with us  
but our long lived life continues.

once one retrenches  
drop drop cheeks are visible  
but its effect short lasts  
as the crack keeps filling  
the distorted memories nourishes  
and the past encounter is forgone  
'gone too soon'  
your spirit dwells in eternity  
whence was your heart  
whence did you cometh  
whence ll'you replenish the gap  
fare thee well gone too soon  
Though our long lived and laid life continues





# How I Met Your Mom

It's an interesting story,  
How manifested I left weary,  
That time when we were young,  
For I knew not how to clang.  
She called me and held me strip,  
From then we hooked up,  
Especially when mom bye'd us,  
We're left tossing till loose.  
How vividly we dual recall,  
Certain time grandmas sent for parcel,  
And gave out a silver note,  
I persuasively took her for a tot,  
A party that lasted on heat.  
Went mocking and laughing scornfully at night,  
That jeer took us high blended,  
And a punishment we couldn't evade,  
But found ourselves engaged,  
After a short while we married,  
Exact 'fiction' of my 'eerie' bloom,  
But truly how I met your mom

Pius Didier

I

I

I alone  
like a lone ranger  
I have a log in my own eye  
But am ain't trending here alone  
Am ain't, but am in a great-lone danger.  
Alternatively, I am in a situation so high  
I have to keep and weep in low tone  
And lie on grass like a hopper  
when the veins of my thigh  
are hereby clot and torn  
I yell like a lover  
Yes, i  
I  
I alone  
then choose my amour  
To love and cherish, but why! ?  
why would one wish to be a dragon..  
To be pulled and pushed like a stranger.  
if you wanna trace a lost arrow Pie  
Shoot another one in the same,  
direction of the lost  
you will find  
both  
I

Pius Didier

# I Am Ebola

I am whom I am  
My roots deep like a yam  
Every new day in exuberance  
Every moment is a good chance  
Every old night is a terrific encounter  
That entails of my conspicuous approach  
The cheer and jeer of the dynasty  
Afraid of my cannibalistic exorbitance  
For I am the unmanly bitch  
Shhhhh! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !  
Listen to that old chap

'E'bla! You vile witch  
E'bla! You the most cursed  
E'bla! You lack consciousness  
E'bla! You've demented me  
E'bla! You threatening tragedy  
E'bla! Bring back my big ones  
E'blaaaa! Ooh! Its disgusting  
Return me my departed niece  
I'm on my knees'

Ouch! Your yowl so touching  
But you have turned me a melioration  
Haven't I gained a negative connotation,  
In the entire country  
tomorrow will be a new day  
An hour before midday  
Immediately you illuminate the room  
Remember to turn on the button  
I'll be the breaking Ebola  
Not the frustrating 'E'bla'  
For I'm the biggest ailment  
That cracks the bare land  
And erodes the entire interest  
I'll be back with a thud  
To evade and terrorise the quarantine  
For I am whom I am



# I Depart

You took our lives shabaab  
With a miserable desire to curb  
You took my life willingly  
With your masks marked ugly  
You caught me verily untold  
And connotatively swept my threshold  
If your consciousness was indeed complete  
Why did you leave my heart split?  
You caused the flooded stream:  
Having had a forgone and shut dream  
When alone remember  
All about the promised harbour  
For you only shut my flesh berate  
But my soul will thereafter perambulate  
For you only stopped my thud and blood  
Though my soul shall hereafter crowd  
Yes, it shall impale and comfort  
Am proud to have seen the century lot  
Thus departed are we you caused  
I will live, and of course I wide  
Through the Father  
Through the Son  
And the ever present spirits,  
I depart brethren.

Pius Didier

# I Just Grew Old

I just grew old  
That my teeth no longer hold  
That my defaced face is annul  
Once I was a heavy bull  
Strong than most of you  
From the beauty that I grew

Old is pricey  
Have seen much on the way  
With those pointed nipple  
And a forward-looking pintle  
You ain't enough to becall my wit  
Not until you're set to epithet

Pius Didier

# If I Were A Girl

If I were a girl,  
I would come home late like papa,  
I would snore all night long,  
I would wake late like papa,  
I would keep my beard...

Yesterday I wrote of the gubbins  
And the crisscrossing of the dolphins  
Today I woke up early before dawn  
To write on the things we do guilelessly  
With my mild dark and torn diaries in tacked  
Then read loud like a caged bird

'(Do not hold me mama,  
do not bold me papa,  
do not even, even my brethren,  
from the things you fear, in your  
ears.

From the things you hear, in your  
hearts.

since I'm near...)'

Since I was a kid  
Since I was a boy  
(And today I am a man)  
Even when I'm dead rot,  
I wanted and will want to be a girl,  
But...

The boy and man in me said,  
'You cannot be a girl,  
since your eyebrows can't curl,  
since your tears can't freely flow,  
since your hair can't grow soft,  
since your voice can't break soft,  
neither can your belated back ache,  
nor your shadow shape for a  
double entendre  
only your lips... but you're a boy.'

If I were a girl,  
Only for a night,  
Only for a fortnight,



I wouldn't only be a knight,  
But benevolently behave like a might,  
But I am a boy.

If I were a girl,  
I wouldn't race all day long, but play the candies every day.  
A wouldn't summon papa for a toy gun, but ask mama for a doll girl.  
I wouldn't throw stones at every puppy, but draw peace to mama's utensils.  
I wouldn't only conceive kids, but bore bouncy babies  
I wouldn't have written this much wishing to be a girl.  
I would colour the sky blue.  
I would make the nights true.  
I would turn round the world, to paint every imaginary line,  
With my natural red colourful paint,  
A paint that I welcome every month.  
But I am a boy.

If I were a girl,  
I would come home late like papa,  
I would snore all night long,  
I would wake late like papa,  
I would keep my beard like a monk,  
I would sleep on the risky side of bed,  
I would wait till the sun is set and gone,  
Then come home late and drunk,  
and ask for a glass of water to cool,  
Before ending to bed to bow.  
But I am a boy.

Pius Didier

# If The Trumpet Is Blown

If the trumpet is blown today  
I wonder what we would say  
For Christ would be confronted,  
By a generation that is profaned.  
By a couple of all round preachers,  
On their classical varied garments.  
On whom a lost herd of sheep,  
On whom weakened and cheap,  
Poor hearts of blind believers followed.  
I wonder!

For Messiah would be confronted,  
By a congregation which has weakened,  
Who can never keep an eye all night long,  
Like Peter and Simon neither can they sing,  
Who can't wear the long temple ropes,  
But an equivalent of the boots in the soaps,  
Who speaks in tongues filled with blasphemy,  
And connotatively humiliates even their enemy.  
A congregation that revenge, crucifies and judges.  
I wonder!

For the Son man would be met,  
By young men and women with disrespect,  
Whose ignorant nature disturbs.  
Whose minds, morals and motives are eroded  
Who cannot contemplate the scripture,  
But finds an excuse to evade it's teaching,  
UnGodly generation  
Undesirable sons of men  
A generation who've found pleasure in sin.  
I wonder!

Pius Didier

# In Broad Daylight

In openness they danced  
their deodorant fortunes overturned  
in hiccups they devoted  
'curiously they bent'  
um' in broad daylight

They woke of a quenched thirst  
and dusted the dirty mat,  
before varnishing like a wavelet  
'furiously they went'  
um' in broad daylight

Pius Didier

# It's Not Easy

It is not easy  
And it hasn't been easy  
It hasn't been easy being my fathers child  
The only thing I considered hard  
For my dad is a rock.

It hasn't been easy to belong to father  
Since one has to weigh like a feather  
Since one has to belong like a baby  
However tall or eerie you've let your body  
All you've is to belong.

It is not easy to believe  
Not at all however naive  
For believing means unwavering faith  
Being in God and on his path  
To keep and uphold all the teachings.

It is not easy to be a man  
That you split keenly all that you earn  
And accept to carry a heavy-set cross  
To be called a dad and a father of sons  
Yes! A father of many.

Pius Didier

# It's Now Uhuru

Again I revise my essays  
For I'm not much of an escapist  
Till now I remember  
Last season in December  
While in your gear to replenish the chamber  
Your reminiscence words did reminiscent  
Of a time shaping our decent  
And warned against their clumpy,  
cock-up attributes  
Whose ability didn't oversee solidarity  
What went waiving so unique  
The particular angle of your communiqué  
Not only did it imply a compact remit,  
but also its ambiguity shook the Diaspora  
With a story so interesting  
About a country so sovereign  
Its now fifty erratic pillars since independence  
Describing a nation of confidence  
A Kenya with a strong foundation  
Standing on her fiftieth explicable edition  
Laid with an exacerbating but strong eviction  
By those MauMau's in Mau and Maimahiu'  
When the Arabs arouse the era of arraignment  
They had the ease to freeze the beast  
Am delighted to excavate our wrath in dismay,  
we of K'nya born again as Kenya today  
When you sternly stood to evoke the articles  
That contradicted their erroneous obstacles  
For your ego was an ergonomic stew  
The wear and tear on economic view  
The days of 'Not yet Uhuru'  
've seen the return of 'It's now Uhuru'

Pius Didier

# Kenya On Gear To Import Ebola

## KENYA ON GEAR TO IMPORT EBOLA VIRUS

This isn't a poem, but an opinion. Am sure you're a reader and good readers read anything positive on their look at this...

Am a critic and in deed an analyst, i writes of a passion and concern for everyone, am deeply informed of possible outcomes of this my today's article, nevertheless I had to write this...

Am not ashamed to quote these cock-up attributes, propagandas and baseless arguments that Kenya can contain the might be able or not, but the trend is clear that Ebola is an epidemic that is getting out of hands each writing with a special concern that some individuals seem to be in gear to test their 'already set laboratories' in other words TO TEST THEIR PREPAREDNESS.

The eyes of kenyans are watching, we've been of late unable to control Bacteria's, who on earth will believe their 's be realistic in that no matter the number of trainees, specialist's or Experts we send to west Africa to explore more of Ebola, their outcome won't outdo the efforts deployed by partner countries such as USA among the end of the day we will be the sufferers.

Am not against getting prepared for Ebola virus But let it be Known THAT KENYA WE'RE NOT READY FOR your deliberate ize Gingers ns are dying of mere Malaria.I love Kenya

Pius Didier

## Letter To My Lulu.

I have blocked my ear,  
For a forfeited sake my dear.  
I have stood still without fear,  
A lonely Mediterranean deer.  
That someday I will bear,  
Holding a torn oath and swear,  
I  
-not a lie-  
Till the day I'll die  
For you, I'll forever vie.

I've known mammoths and mermaids,  
Met beautiful nuns and dark maids.  
I've sang the song of the chains,  
Danced the al-capela of the teens,  
Tried gymnastics and took to tattoos,  
But your music is more than the blues.  
I  
-not a lie-  
Till the day I'll die  
For you, I'll forever vie.

I'll challenge mountainous ranges Lulu,  
I'll fight the bitter battle.  
I'll cross the feared dangerous Amazon  
Follow risky routes to stop tornadoes,  
I'll wail loud before a court of justice,  
Defending your heartily course Lulu.  
I  
-not a lie-  
Till the day I'll die  
For you, I'll forever vie.

Pius Didier

# Making Knowledge Ubiquitous [mku]

Like the cape ranges of the south,  
We stand high amidst the east  
With our peaks visible from west.  
For their glacier is the "oasis of north";  
We wakes the half-dead nightmares  
To dream and trim their futures,  
And celebrate the abyss of passion.  
For we are... what we are...  
Mount Kenya University.

□

It began like a joke,  
A poke and now the big talk.  
Our future is broad and untamed.  
Our dreams are loud and valid.  
Our music is in apogee and visible.  
We will wait and long all day...  
For a time reconvening our destiny.  
For we are... what we are...  
Mount Kenya University.

INSPIRED BY AN HONOUR GRADED TO ME BY THE UNIVERSITY MARKETING STAFF, WAS CALLED TO WRITE A VERSE FOR THE INSTITUTION. THEREFORE I HAD OPTION.

Pius Didier



# Midnight Decision

Over a delayed tussle it longs  
Against the seen and unseen  
About us, with us and for us  
Telling the tales of tete atete  
And how beautiful a chance might feel  
The night sings odiously with joy  
As stars twinkle twinkles brighter  
(Clinging hard with nostalgia)  
To harmonize the Unforsaken times  
Or else the clinging attempts as felt  
When and how shall I wide up  
Up Up if new moments shall count  
My every taste seems undesirable  
Though I won't quit nor shall I shy  
Just release your ears for the heart  
And shut your eyes for the mind  
Then forsake the odds with a node  
With your stands spread and bent  
Over a decision made to man  
How good it is to know my way  
The way to the Goodie's  
The way to the Unknown  
The way to the Amazon's  
The way to the Unseen World  
The way to the 'How i feel'.  
Yes, the way you make me feel.

Pius Didier

# Misogyny

Yesterday I wrote of the Gubbins  
And the criss-crossing of the dolphins  
These things we do guilelessly  
I wake before the crimson rays  
But my thoughts are not necessarily synonymous  
As a woman of the black island  
Living amongst misogynists  
If I cannot account for my sellotape  
The ebullient of my people  
Is this not misogyny!

Its ten years down the line  
Born in a family of vine  
These things I vividly recall with nostalgia  
A peasant girl in my apogee  
What my father begun like a joke  
A talk and now the poke  
Everyday I frowned on seeing ships multiply  
With his voice hoarse, endowed with reason  
But my mom looked in aggression  
For what echoed the oppression  
I packed and joined my man  
My eyes in dismay  
Although it wasn't eccentric  
Is this not misogyny

Six years in covenant  
Submerged in operant conditioning  
Everyday the gap goes widening  
While my belly protrudes everyday  
Every then is a prowl day  
With what seems overwhelming  
Who will wipe my tears  
When lonely I remember  
All about the amber  
When it descends upon the chamber  
For it has been hereditary ambit  
Is this not misogyny

My elder sister is a trainer  
Her own thoughts are edible  
Whenever she tables her perspective  
Their translation is incredible  
Prejudgement is the bandit  
Undermining our gender  
That erodes the justice  
And capsizes our laid reputation  
Denying our being rights  
Yet gender equity has been the subject  
Who has the revelation?  
If this not misogyny

Misogyny means natural hatred for ially in a societal setting where women are oppressed. black island indicates Africa.

Pius Didier

# My Dad

My daddy is a soldier

Pius Didier

# My Husband Snores All Night

TROUBLES OF WAYUA (episode 1)

I sleeps by his loud right,  
My husband snores all night.  
Nights are sweet no more,  
Believe, not like long time ago,  
He snores loud like a posho mill.  
My loving husband Mbila,  
Am married to a vuvuzela.

My own children loves it,  
The quite man at their sight,  
My husband Mbila, a carpenter,  
He makes beds and suit suspender...  
He snores loud than the village bus.  
That every snorting night i wakes,  
To put cotton wool in my ears.

Whenever i wake to complain,  
I risk being mishaply slain,  
Whenever i brief my inlaws,  
His own mother says i lack morals,  
He snores loud like a loudspeaker.  
I once bought a big sewing needle,  
But my husband Mbila hid the stitching rope.

To be continued...

Pius Didier

# Once The Rain Rains

Once the rain rains,  
Awake me of these odious stains  
Remind to drape and dance  
The song of a deserted nature  
That marks the end of desiccated season

Once the rain rains  
Of all odds I will impale my roots  
To attract every drop flawlessly  
And hide it under my armpit  
For tomorrow awaits the days

Once the rain rains  
Tell the dispersed to sprout  
For the dormancy is broken  
Go grow and grow young giants  
Until you reach the pretty skies

Once the rain rains  
I will wake of a quenched thirst  
To dance and dance till dawn  
The song that appeals and reveals  
The song of thunder.

Pius Didier

# Petitioner

My worries my woes  
My troubles my shoes  
The trial of a critic  
In hectic chamber of sycophants  
My eyes stares so dim  
As lies protrudes the justice  
I'm an Italiano  
In an island of no ethnicity  
Fighting below the triumph  
My words moving in a shuffle  
A smile of contradiction  
Unfolding the unmasked petition  
Over the tyranny of masses  
the chamber was called to order  
The fright of an anxious crowd  
Gazing at the economy of truth  
Jurisdiction and justice in the ruling of my lord  
A whirlwind went waving across  
Another busy day in the office yard  
In the open island allergic to malpractice  
But my worries and my woes persist

Pius Didier

# Poor Birds Of Cage

All caged birds sing  
a melody bound to remind  
in honour, glamour and humour  
they narrates the joy of loneliness  
with happiness sends a shivering tilt  
of their endeavors in the cage  
weary of the interrogative taboos  
the source of their woes  
Poor birds of cage

Every caged bird cling  
On brethren who hails fame  
these birds of cage suits the tact  
for they are best for display  
and their tunes are defined  
from a state of deflagration  
on what appears creepy and eerie  
nevertheless their sub acute tips are friendly, and their flat claws intact  
bleached by their master's litigious activism  
Poor birds of cage

every caged bird swing  
with their backs spread apart  
to form a colourful featherbed  
a sip every chap admires  
their eyes glitters like diamonds  
besides them stays a packed dinner  
all to dishabituate the atrocities of cage  
but when lonely they remembers  
the fluctuation of the ambers  
for when it descends upon chambers  
the sweet melodies belabours creed cries  
Who will wipe their tears?  
Poor birds of cage.

Pius Didier



# Reincarnated

Ever listened to her steps  
As she perambulates down and ups  
She wears a weary look  
On her coiled face forms a nook  
Especially when pin- pricked  
No doubt mama is reincarnated  
Some days she took fascinating  
Today her thoughts are flabbergasting  
For she has refrained from her joy  
At a time her aggression aggravates  
Switching the talk into agitate chant  
No doubt mama is reincarnated  
Isn't what keeps her spouse aghast  
Of her gewgaw giggle like spate?  
Yet she's a phenomenal woman  
But life has unfolded her untold  
It is their time in marriage  
That has reformed her a mileage  
The masked tip in 'the couple life'  
Which he forgo while briefing her in engagement  
Its ruthless claws has kept her in punishment  
Some days she was attracting  
What made him freeze flattering  
The then what was seen as 'a no crap'  
Today has remained a flirt trap  
He looked like a pillar with ability  
That in a style corrupted her Fidelity  
Who will wipe her tears  
Who will prune her fears  
Or discharge her of abomination  
For a woman is the Nation  
When she withers she takes with her the vision  
She is changed, yes  
No doubt mama is reincarnated

explaining how good people are abruptly changed by marriage, the brutality and hatred witnessed in couples transforms one from his traits to a different creature and vise Verser.

Pius Didier

# Rest In Peace Lad

Rest in peace Nick, my heart is full of ease  
You taught me how to wait and wait, then sit and wait the whole day  
With my head and toes tight, to sit and wait for my day  
For I'm a rope long and wide, with a big empty knot on it  
Whence cometh from my Nick, your days were loud and visible  
I'll slow and bow by the verge, to watch and catch the moon divide  
Who will wash my cheeks dry, fare thee well brother.

Rest in peace Nick, with this tale of Tina Turner  
Was is not for His tick, I'd tussle hot to hold you within  
When alone remember, last season that just ended  
You told me to impale deep, for the roots of life are deep  
Now that you're gone I weep, loud and loud to awake your soul  
If at all you'd bye'd your twin, my Nick my Nick my Nick  
I would've had an idea my dear, of how eerie is your world

Rest in peace my Nick, for the sun is no more hot  
And the stars are bright, bright also is path you led  
By this side of bed you slept, I'll rest my thumb then blend  
With those tides and waves, everyday shall be a lonely day  
With those hymns and columns, every night shall be a dark night  
With those words and words, every moment shall be a crash moment  
Remember to send back a sign, fare thee well my Nick.

Rest in peace my Nick, with that breeze indeed  
Rest assured we'll meet, to replant a levee again lad  
Even as I drape you over and over, it's unfortunate you went dumb  
If God is really for us, who can be against us Nick?  
That good taketh the good Lord, and with Him keeps a sight  
Once you arrive rest for a while, then update the dreaded diary  
Whence cometh from lad, rest in peace my Nick

Pius Didier

# She Is Gone

Then I sat hanging like a bat  
As the moon brightly shone the clouds  
And the monsoons swayed the Acacia  
She was gone, gone not to come  
All I remember was the bitter tears  
And a sharp cry that cut my heart apart  
Though insignificant the claim felt  
I knew she made a sense  
But she was lost, lost in the darkness  
For when pain of love supasses reason  
Fear and doubt becomes an option  
She needed to be all alone,  
Though it wasn't the best she'd opted  
But my mistakes had taken the rough queue  
She let my hand go, pulling her fingers away  
Gentle they felt, from where I knelt  
She slapped me twice, yelled and ran  
The slap that awoke my conscience  
But she was gone, lost in darkness  
How I wish...  
How I wish she'd slapped me earlier  
For she was a reasonable girl.

Pius Didier

# She Taught Me Everything

She always told me to pray before I sleep  
I knew how to pray but I didn't  
I ignored and went to sleep.

She always told me to pray before meals  
I knew how to pray but I didn't  
I ignored and to ate

She always encouraged me to love schooling  
'It's the only way to a better future'  
I ignored and loved my 'unlovable'

She always insisted on thanksgiving  
Even when I lacked everything  
I ignored and left searing

She always told me to stand for an adult to sit  
Even when aboard a train  
I ignored and took my seat

She always discouraged me against girls till I grow  
I knew what it meant to zip  
I ignored and took it to grow

She always insisted not to dine with the wicked  
Not alone walking in their ways  
I ignored and took the trend

She always awoke me early on Sundays  
Then prepared me for Sunday school  
I ignored and ran from everything

I ignored  
I ignored and ignored  
I ignored even everything  
I didn't know that I ignored  
I didn't know what I ignored  
Until when I was all alone  
When I heard the siren surmount

That the world is full of everything  
Everything that I ignored.

Pius Didier

# Soon

It's seven minutes to dawn,  
Soon the sun will heat the cold,  
Shine the horizon before setting,  
And the birds will be happy.

Ouch! Ouch! Good heaven!  
To cry is to push... let her be.  
soon the baby will be born,  
Her name will be Magdalene.

Behold... thus says the Lord,  
That the two shall be one,  
Soon the girl will be wedding,  
And forever she'll be worried,

A few minutes past six,  
The Sagittarius will darken,  
Soon the girl will be no more,  
We'll weep all night long.

Pius Didier

# Stay Away From My Grave

Stay away from my grave  
Though I left you in anticipating grief  
I left? ! ...Yes I left  
But there dwells not your wave  
A moment before I left  
I misplaced my will  
Wasn't it revolting to you taste,  
When you sat weary celebrating?  
I saw you sat in smiles  
As she recited my eulogy

Stay away from my grave  
Before the crack widens  
For I speak with great plainness  
I didn't rest in peace I died  
Peace I left my son Lawedo  
He who saw the siren surmount  
And collapsed to lament  
When he regains from comma  
Tell him my nature has shrunk  
With peculiar sensitiveness  
Address him to re-dig these soil  
And free me from this golden box

Stay away from my grave  
You bewildered black witch  
Take that to poor Lawedo  
Tell him to sell the casket  
But not to the village carpenter  
And top up life balances  
Drape me lad over and over  
Then toil me with bare soil  
How dare they do that to you?  
Read not Lawedo that obituary  
For am not gone I'll return  
Fare thee well am your dad  
Don't call me late lawedo  
For I was always on time  
Even if you see her in double-life



Tell her right there  
To stay away from my grave

Pius Didier

# Take The Blame

Why should we lean on the frame,  
Like zombies down the stream,  
Because of the virtues we overcame,  
To live and rave in bold shame,  
My dear brother, Take the blame.

Why should we act Jerry and Tom,  
Inside the shadow of the room,  
Talking so fast to keep the warm,  
Rules ain't simple at all at home,  
My dear sister, take the blame.

Why should we wait to whim,  
Over the waters we took to swim,  
That when drown we seek to hum,  
But suppose onlookers won't come,  
My dear daring, take the blame.

Be discerning like a flame,  
Then stand careful to trim,  
Anything that equals sweet shame,  
Happy are those who aspire doom,  
For they shall take the blame.

Pius Didier

# Tell That Man...

Tell that Man  
That he saw and paw me naked,  
I am not wicked,  
For there is much about me,  
For there is much he didn't see,  
'Did you see my mind naked? '  
Why should you walk scornfully,  
With a poignant tug like you've won nobel  
That was just but a piece of my beauty  
Why wail at every moving ear?

Tell that Man,  
He knows very little about me,  
Now that I fell short to match his wee,  
'Did you see my heart naked? '  
That went beating inside that thatched hut,  
It's emblems and loving nature,  
That I pity even his easily hated nature,  
Poor are those whose motives are evil  
For they shall be shortlived, .  
Why should you venom my good heart?

Tell that Man,  
I didn't know it would get to this,  
Nor do I regret, no not at all,  
'Did you see my dreams naked? '  
Disgraced is his little ability,  
That says our every minute with insanity,  
My dreams a loud and valid,  
I just used you as stepping solid,  
That you're a bold man doing chauvinism  
I brand you misogynist and a blind pauper.

Pius Didier

# The African Diary

5 o'clock in Nairobi

Traffic jam is the morning hymn  
The early birds are up for their batch  
And the city terminus are dense of sunset crowds  
Some undecided on 'What next'  
Though found their way in the Nation quarters  
The air seems contented with the hooting dialect  
And the tyranny of numbers in the busy street

8 O'clock in Lagos

Tick! Tick! Tick! The city clock ticks  
As old chaps ramble on their classical garments  
Solicitous applicant's queues outside a 'CLOSED TODAY' door  
Wasn't it an advert in 'The Truth'?  
The political structure busy on mediation talks  
Based on stabilizing the ineffectual insurgents  
The engine besides the power agents

10 o'clock in Johannesburg

Streets floods of people in demonstration  
A peace campaign on environmental conservation  
The illegitimacy beyond industrialization  
Their faces are coveted by a memorial sombre cloud  
In ease not to subvert 'The departed's dream'  
Solidarity is the song of oneness  
And the bond that belabours betweeness

12 o'clock in Harare

The opposition meets in their chambers  
To summon the elevated sycophancy  
These things that the world is deaf and dumb about  
How the court adjourns their petition  
Of the filed procedural impeachment  
But their bellow is an untimely tussle  
The tyranny of financial muscle

1 o'clock in Mogadishu

Clear atmosphere is triggered by hyperactive call of reason  
As the troops gather alert around the synagogues

And jovial saints alludes along the ruins  
Their hearts and souls set for prayers  
(Behond shall they be set free, says Alla')  
For blessed is the city that worships  
His blistering love shall capsize their enemies warship's

4 o'clock in Cairo

The Nile waters flows slowly with zeal  
With it carries the joy of the loaded land  
And reflects the peculiar image of peasantry  
The great pyramids stand still with great succession  
Each new day they yearn to tell the untold tale  
Of how unmeasurable it pays to praise peace  
And cease from the cock-up attributes that pierce

9 o'clock in Africa

The land is as dark as Sagittarius  
Every activity is in its humble dénouement  
(As it was, is and garbled shall be)  
I illuminates my hut and gawps at my articles  
And conscientiously folds the African Diary  
My eyes dims and decisively curls in peace  
Another busy day in the office

Pius Didier

# The Bed My Husband Made

TROUBLES OF WAYUA (episode 2)

Even today my back ache,  
Especially when i bent to bake,  
My husband Mbila, a carpenter,  
Made a bed that troubles Wayua,  
Since it broke and hurt my back,  
He supported it with a stone at the back,  
And spread a lion skin at the right.

The bed my husband made,  
Has turned my left ribs a cage,  
My husband sleeps at the side of the wall,  
For he fears i might badly fall,  
Everynight we vacates to the floor,  
(Afraid they might differentiate the snore) ,  
The bed my husband... It cries when it gets dark,

The bed my husband made,  
Has a tall pole at the front,  
Where my husband mbila hangs his hat,  
And a deep linning at the veneer centre,  
Where mbila and i meet at wee hours,  
It has a hook to hang a water jerican,  
To extinguish the fire when his ciger lights the grass.

To be continued...

Pius Didier

# The Clause

Thankyou, my purported inlaws  
Before we read and lead the clause  
As we are sat in rows  
Lets lackadaisically trim our claws

No my intended lad  
Today you're susceptible mad  
This clause ain't in any way absurd  
Why do you make me sad.

It concerns that we're weary  
But those made mortal must worry  
Look, the girl is a queen to marry  
But inlaws, the clause on dowry...

'A queen of..., ' her beauty lights up the world  
Her price should be at gold  
Worth the tête-a-tête to drive the cold  
The hitherto naught clause should be fold

Where we went wrong my in-law  
On disputed clause indicated below  
How will the young couple's fate flow?  
If you demand a gold from a stake too small...

Insane! How can a boat sail,  
Upon feat to persuade the owner fail  
This queen studied in Chancellorville  
Her whole wit is a pinned pale.

And so education matters to me  
I spent silver and gold for my degree  
So the queen and king's price agree  
A notion my in-laws should decree

The son-in- law is good for no better  
What we demand deem dims no harder  
A token of ghee and a tin of butter  
And the queen is yours for that matter.

To be continued...

Pius Didier



# The Devil Details

The devil's is a dogmatic epoch,  
His deprived ways ain't analgesic,  
And his days are a defined epic, he  
Disunites,  
Incapacitates  
And divides,  
The evading reason behind our havoc,  
Creating an awful lot of junk,  
To ground atrocious events in the attic,  
For the details of the devil are demonic.  
The devil is an approved liar,  
And we are too big for him,  
His destiny is defined by fire,  
Each time he bows to retrench,  
And wakes of an erroneous directive, to  
Steal,  
Destroy  
And kill.  
Every day he remains a mighty imbecile,  
To tell of his illusory tales.  
The devil is a fictitious agent,  
He captures the wind and mind,  
For his details are dispensable,  
When arraigned and feel demented,  
Dare deny he wears a weary look, to  
Tear,  
Torment  
And discern spirits,  
That consistently induces incendiary,  
When they perish we plant an obelisk.  
The devil's is a vague way,  
Wide,  
Attractive  
And persuasive,  
Whose terminus are petrified,  
He kips red shawl on his neck,  
To evoke the mind of a believer,  
For the devil details are mysterious.



# The Forgotten Preacher

During a lecture  
Learning architecture  
Then entered our teacher  
Carrying a bold structure  
Which looked like a creature  
-then we're held in an overture...-  
He took a brush from his faint paint pitcher  
And drew a picture  
Of the forgotten preacher  
Who taught the scripture  
Who taught like a teacher  
To the poorer and the richer  
Who affirmed the scripture  
That during the day of exposure  
There would be a great rupture  
Where every created creature  
Shall absurdly measure  
Before the Master.

Pius Didier

# The Lilac Flower

In the morning before dispatch  
The little lilac flower flourished  
With a sweet nectar seen via a glade  
Its smell awakes the bees  
That profoundly launches a prodigious dance  
A dance to welcome the born  
The little lilac flower

In the afternoon's glare  
The little lilac flower mature  
Its petals stares colourfully bright  
And filaments sharp and straight intact  
Its scent disseminates around  
Around and around to remind the bees  
The little lilac flower

In the evenings shadow  
The little lilac flower falls low  
With a thud then withers  
For the bees broke its filament  
And tore the membrane nonchalant  
Blase to sip and dry the nectar  
The little lilac flower rancors

Pius Didier

# The Teacher

The horizon is beautiful  
So the Labour of the teacher

The forest is thick  
So the pavement of the teacher

The river is dip and shallow  
So the fruits of the teacher

The sun is high and bright  
And so, is the love of the teacher

The mines are huge and derelict  
Derelict, also, is the belly of the teacher

The ocean is broad  
So are the conditions of the teacher

The mountains are steep and calm  
and so is the patience of the teacher

The nature is hilly and amazing  
Hilly and amazing, also, is the spirit of the teacher

Pius Didier

# The Way To Holland

Run run ruthless child  
A mile away awaits your guard  
Carry the crown besides you  
For the path of righteous is due  
Past the hills see the island  
There is the path to Holland  
Take the gaud for a sip  
That will revive your swollen rib  
With the spear and the shield held  
Carefully perambulate with your arm folded  
Hear the cheer and jeer of the crooked?  
If any questions your destination  
Scare them away like a lion  
The chosen don't share villas  
Each moment the clock ticks  
Impale the spear and make an alter  
Then look aside for a bowl of water  
Then proceed of quenched thirst  
Keep walking  
keep fasting  
keep repenting  
Keep sacrificing  
For the land of Holland is any moment  
Good luck lad you're blessed.

Pius Didier

# The Weed

This unveils the generations gone  
Of the weed that sprung amongst us  
Our land was as rich as Croesus,  
With cutoffs clean without blemish.  
Pass this to the generations hereafter,  
The seeds and weed are intruders,  
They sprung amongst the sorghum,  
And illusorily expanded apart.  
Our voices to excavate were futile,  
Until we solemnly faded dreaming,  
We departed.  
Uphold the established blow,  
And proun their prompt attempts to grow,  
For weed is an untimely squirrel.  
Cultivate our great land with optimism,  
Impaling their roots over,  
Drape the soils over and over,  
Plant a levee on it then creep,  
Our great land.  
Our thick mud.  
Our sieved sand.  
Cleanse it of the weed  
For there lays our creed...

Pius Didier

# Thee Alone

Great is my faithful  
Oh! Thee so fruitful  
As I bow my head everyday  
Thou art your holy ghost have your way  
Let Justice and promise  
Become my social embrace  
For my house is your house  
My love reason me to applause  
Because my people are your people  
Let your grace heal my cripple  
I just need thee alone  
For your heavens means done  
I offer my heart as a present  
Let thy grace be sufficient  
For great is my faithful  
Oh! Thee so fruitful  
- - -AMEN- - -

Pius Didier



# This Ain'T My World

Did i choose this World?  
Or did we loose our world?  
To a place resembling our world  
Where words of mouth ain't fecund  
Nor calm enough to fist the wind  
Someone come for my sake  
Come, come back my place.

Did i choose this path?  
If yes, where on Earth...  
Where on earth do i belong?  
If this is indeed my way  
I might have forfeited my rights,  
My right and fright to be taken serious  
For this ain't the right way

Did i choose my name?  
That libellously fades away my fame,  
'I, do dishonour it odiously'  
For it's only a bare title,  
What if my stand is defective?  
What entails my documented cards?  
Come, come and rescue me from myself.

Did i choose my topic...  
Then literally mock my points?  
Since it stands factitious?  
Oh! Then you're fagged to read my way  
Or rather informed to believe my way  
For am held custody by my world  
Come my place, this ain't my world.

Pius Didier

# Vows Unbroken

Isn't it a good thing  
How awesome we long for life  
With lots of courage  
Still have an awful lot to gage  
For the life holds lots of junk  
Since we ain't deprived  
Neither are our minds depraved  
We may commence a journey too early  
Only to arrive and wait  
Or rather;  
We may set a foot on a path  
Too narrow and long for us  
Since our miniature fade frame  
Can send one into snitches  
Oh! My ribs hurts till now  
From a talk that binds bonds  
To a feeling that relieves  
And the heart's are big secrets  
Before you act villain in a scene  
Vindicate why the villein lives Short  
One sum one for two  
Once in paper not in heart  
And a woman shall live to man's  
Where one sum one for one once  
Their lyrics too loud and visible  
And joggingly life trends  
Thereafter;  
Love and peace prevails invasively  
A union worth all bronze  
A mountain full of lava  
A valley full of glacier  
A forest full of cyprus  
Rich like the Amazon dew  
Whose value can't be ruled  
Like a cluster of diamonds dropping down a deep sea  
Neither do its verdict have jurisdiction  
Till death parts them  
If one shall love  
Then i

If one shall be entrenched  
Then you  
If angels shall dance  
Then we  
Vows and vows untamed  
For birds that fly  
With a straight cloud above  
The wild dance and dance  
Shades sway  
And not shades of grey  
Leaves move and ducks fly  
Flies high and high  
Higher like the butterflies  
For a man is worth a promise  
And a basket full of stones  
One by one till dawn  
He throws them miles away  
Then he smiles to hit a day  
A day of his days  
A day of his fortune  
Not a single day shall he tire  
Of creeping to keep the flower fresh  
To keep a vow  
Vows and vows all along  
Vows unbroken  
And the days hereafter...

Pius Didier

# What Is Justice

What is justice  
If not a sip in chalice  
If not a cloud above clouds,  
Above where reaches the winds.

What is justice  
Or that big mass of ice  
That floats around the Bermuda  
Even when the sky darkens in winter

What is justice  
It's an attempt to undo malice  
Or a polished pin dropped in the Atlantic  
Where the aquatic keeps their taboos and organic

What is justice  
I will ask before sunrise  
Could it be that big sea sealed in Mars?  
If not, my gods will seeks thy audience Lords

Pius Didier

# What You Mean To Me

When I first saw your face  
My heart my soul, altogether  
Were heavily tuned your way  
I stood staring amid and said  
It is indeed my turn to tiptoe  
For I couldn't enough retrace,  
The source of my thirst.  
That no river could at all quench  
Neither could the tears re-unite  
In such a moving glance  
I longed for a day where night will never be

To raise and approve our days  
Shinning my magnifique love your way  
And move for a new day together  
Where I shall sit with you forever  
This is what you mean to me  
Even when storms strikes  
I will still cling your way darling  
To crisscross the tiding wave  
What will it be when we get off for a young day  
This just what you mean to me

We shall all sing with joy  
To join the stronger abiding bond  
And sail in the deepest sea  
We great our loved ones altogether  
For the day our day shall have set  
The day meant to unveil your face  
A lovely time full of joy and honour  
As we drink from a common chalice  
As they crown us for kingdom  
I will be there  
I will bear the your tag  
This is just what you mean to me

Pius Didier

# When I Die A Teacher

when I die a teacher  
tell my wife I wasn't a blither  
to re-dig and blip those contours  
that I had opted for the community  
last season that ended in may  
tell my sunshine not to look in blimey  
for I viewed it a blind alley

when I die a teacher  
tell my kids I was a contender  
in a meretricious encounter  
that built up my assertiveness  
yowl not you young ones  
precut your share and invest  
if at all I could stand vociferous  
I would have left you estates

when I die a teacher  
address the community in my eulogy  
that my life was full of constraint  
by loyal employer whose thoughts were  
conspiratorial  
who corrupted my conscience  
and unlimited my liable liabilities  
do they remember the days?  
when peasantry gave without giving up

when I die a teacher  
dare think of my liberal mind  
the essence and impact I had for change  
even as my eyes fade in dismay  
my life as a teacher  
active politics were precarious  
as a trainer of critic  
the mind of a poet does pratfalls

Pius Didier

# Who Knows?

Who knows why we exist?  
Who knows why we insist?  
To be shown why and where,  
Why the stars during daytime don't appear,  
Where the sun hides when darkness appear...  
If we don't make out,  
Then gods must be crazy.

Who knows why we smile?  
Who knows why we walk a mile?  
To be shown why and how,  
Why the heart shivers and tear glands blow,  
How we get fond of them with devotion and...  
If we don't make out,  
Then love is easy.

Who knows why we sing?  
Who knows why we stand to sing?  
To be shown when and which,  
When is the best time to warble much,  
Which is the best tune to hum and match...  
If we don't make out,  
Then music is how we feel.

Who knows why the sky is blue?  
Who knows why we yearn to be true?  
To be shown to whom and whose,  
To whom the clouds belongs  
Whose direction the heavens and earth faces...  
If we don't make out,  
Then this ain't our place.

Who knows why we read?  
Who knows why we always plead?  
To be shown in which and why,  
In which shelf are the good books shelved,  
Why the pious sentiments takes us so high...  
If we don't make out,  
Then who are we?

Pius Didier



## Who Makes Me Lie?

It's twelve past nine, watching Wild  
In the plasma next to my liquor, it's cold  
My friend and I ain't moved, as we sing  
All over sudden it stops, my phone ring  
The thing sitted on me stretch, to answer  
As I struggle something hit me out, bouncer  
-held in the super jam, my sweet pie,  
Twelve to ten I'll arrive, I lie-  
Why do you make me lie?

It's winter again in north, unbearable  
We charcoal to warm, with my apple  
Then a beep vibrates abruptly, a text  
-when is the next meeting, my pet? -  
Unmoved she questions, the berry  
(its a concerned servant, my Secretary)  
-We shall wait for winter to go, I reply-  
But my apple chuckles to swallow, the lie  
Why do you make me lie?  
Pius Didier

Pius Didier

# Woman

Before I bite the dust a man  
It's weighty I die for a woman  
I have had this desirable lot before  
A lot I've christened 'adore'  
Until when shall we narrow our sight  
That these Goddess are a true deity  
For instance:  
My granny was a woman,  
My mother is a woman,  
My sister is a woman,  
Even my wife is a woman,  
The only women in my room,  
And I keep them as my blossom,  
Someday I wake to cluster  
That the world would be weaker  
That the world without a woman  
Would be a cheap weak declension  
Who would uphold the demented morals;  
What about the loud fictitious perils  
Ain't the man's fugitive unseen needs?  
(Especially with the perishable Nymphets)  
But a woman is tall and precise  
Could they be of black or white race  
They all ought to praise peace with gritty  
And make the world be like a family Kitty.  
Before I bite the dust a man  
It's weighty I die for a woman  
Like the woman in my own house  
She is at time better than the cocky rose  
At dawn she wakes up untamed  
To look after and cook for our kid  
When our Ivy is high and fully set for the day  
She then multi tasks to see me on my way  
Like a woman she clings and sings felicitously  
On busy dawn commanding the army  
But before i die a man  
It's weighty i do it for a woman.



# Yes I Do!

Wait! Wait! Wait!

The clock hasn't yet stopped,  
Though the mouth is dry and chopped,  
But the ears are flat and open.  
Hear the scripture reads...  
Here the norm advocates;  
Do you agree with the face?  
Yes I do!

It's is okay!

Doesn't the sky also appear grey?  
But before we close our eyes to prey,  
And now that it's truly 'your' face,  
The very real nibble you embrace  
Before the lord and god of your faith,  
Do you accept to love, cherish...  
Yes I do!

Hold on!

Hold on your claps and yells,  
Blessed is the heart that loves.  
And you yoked yam,  
You've just heard him surmount  
He who makes things feel right,  
Even when you know they are wrong...  
Yes I do.

Well! Well!

To love is to dig a well,  
So well you decide from nowhere.  
To love is like to invest in a venture,  
So you choose to risk losing your fate.  
Then follows the journey hereafter,  
Since so simple to say is the saying,  
Yes I do.

Pius Didier