

Poetry Series

**Wesongah David**  
**- poems -**

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## Wesongah David(5th september 1985)

Referred to as The People's Poet, Wesongah, Eastlandah David was born in Kenya. A poet since a tender age, he came of age exploring Shakespeare and loving Langston Hughes. He says of Hughes 'I always admired the morality of his poems'.

He was greatly influenced by the classic poets, but has some fond spot for the present too. He says of Maya Angelou, 'If there is a poet I would love to meet, and tell I have risen, is Maya. She is one poet who has made me. Most people will tell me she is a feminist, she is writing for the likes of Vagina monologues, but I tell them in poetry, it is never written for self extraction only, it is written for any heart, soul, or mind that can put the message into perspective.'

David admits to being a strong admirer of Malcolm X, and quotes 'By any means necessary' one of the most meaningful struggle sentiments of all time.

Wesongah says quit college at Daystar university due to a difference of opinion with what the system was pushing for as education material. He joined the Nation media group and later founded Eastlandah- the company.

At one time chronicled as the future of Kenyan journalism, Wesongah pioneered urban youth 'revo-journalism' first as a freelance for media houses as SABC before finally taking his place at the then Radio Simba-Kenya. He says it is at this time that the youth flooded the media in Kenya and he set about creating a new thumb-mark of journalism- giving an ear to the story, before putting it into perspective. He says of his brand...'I have always seen people make news, but rarely are they given a chance to be part of the news in delivery, to be the news they make. I want to let them tell the story.' And that is exactly what he did as a reporter.

Wesonga won the 2008 Adeste prize, a recognition of the justice his works of art do to the advancement of a positive society, and countly dedicated the award to the streets.

At present concentrating on his first novel, a collection of poems and his autobiography, titled 'familiar territory, unfamiliar terrain, Wesongah is a self confessed hopeless Romantic-and sees himself sort of a star-crossed lover and thus is justified single.

We can still expect more 'revolutionariness' from the voice of the people, the

echo of the streets-Wesongah David.

(Bio done and edited by jamie)

complementary bio at:

# A Line To Infinity. And Beyond

Cross the sign, feel the flutter of my heartbeat,  
A closeness best beat, wrought to my own feat.

That whenever we come, home to a labor's roost  
The piety of it all, an imagination I saw not all out.

And when eyes a mist shed, tears loll on the inside of my pain,  
The knowledge that we might be never, hunting me to the innate of infinity.

Of what you hold dear, virtues extolled in haggardness,  
Doled out measure for measure, a piece by each wont to ruin.

And I said my heart for the taking, walloped donkey in saddle,  
Up in on my chest an armored knight, riding on to a wanton abyss.

The respect is a discharge, unto infinity and yonder,  
Wonder if I had you to myself, but might never be.

What you hold as belief, a barrier by us,  
Might never be what fate holds for us.

Wesongah David

# A Primus Of Thought

I sit and watch my salt come of age,  
Watch as life worthy men humble,  
And streets reduce bastards to mumble,  
Then take on a wild stallion and hop a chord,  
Comes with being taught values by Hercules,  
That everything wrong is right!  
And a generation's supposed to come of age?  
pray my may I just hold my daughter's hand and show her the way.

The shine stopped at the end of the road,  
And the rain started fainting on them poor souls.  
Saying a peak at my life is as good as an insight,  
And this is not the way it should be,  
Showing the wicked smile daddy bequeathed on you.  
If I live not to see you bread and toast down miserable wretches,  
Will be watching on you smiling on a legacy left undone.

If blood lace the value of my hands,  
Be it transferred to third and even fifth of generations,  
Be sure it is a legends path-the untoward path-  
The less traveled road that leadeth us to uncharted glories,  
For a lass my age that swines with opulence,  
And a neophyte your age that swayeth with Narcissus,  
It was for a daughter's eyes they all wanted like mine,  
A naughty note to a sleepy dreamy weary land that was the eye,  
Devouring the weak making them loud thugs gargle like your chattel,  
For all its worth thats a fortune for an unborn daughter.

Wesongah David

# A Sad Poesy

To say I never loved, would be a lie.  
And from experience can do a sad love poem,  
Say,

In the deep of the moonless night,  
When winds howl and Hyena's scamper in fright,  
I still think of how I used to cling tight to you.

Say,

When the owls scream in mating glee,  
And I would look into your large liquid eyes,  
Making love to you in a passionate hold of understanding.

Say,

To think I don't have you any longer,  
And feel like I've lost you, definitely lost myself,  
In pity I still don't even know the way forward without you.

To still write a sad poem the whole night,  
Hearing the singing at a distance all washed out,  
And the night more onerous without your presence.

But of what help will it be burning the midnight owl,  
Thinking of the endless waltzes in the spring of eternity,  
And see my soul wither, all lost without you.

A searching heart bleeding at the innocence of,  
A ripe night in the presence of a tear filled bed,  
Dying slowly at the thought of your lips on someone else's.

I still love you, intensity same as before but,  
The wonder of a lasting oblivion buries me,  
A lost soul without you.

And the wish it is the last plea,  
A pain I never experience again,  
This making it the last ever sad poesy for you.



# A Serenade To The Streets

Can't you dance no more,  
Like you used to in your maiden days?  
Can't you waltz no more,  
Like you used to in your boyhood?  
And for how long shall you ring alarm bells,  
Over the sweet boiling blood under the street lights?  
For how much longer,  
Shall you hold us hostage to your monotones?  
We need to shout 'ole ole'  
To the passing sirens of the Black Maria,  
Defeated unto blackness,  
And recite the Ave Maria in the after eulogy!  
We need to scream mama mia,  
To the gunshots rent through the air,  
Rendering 7th avenue gross but glossy.

Shall you not make life hell for me,  
Like you did in your concrete days?  
Shall you not make days for me,  
Longer than the equinoxes and solstices' combined?  
I need to feel you to the bone,  
Chilling and trashing like you did,  
The yesteryears now pure nostalgia,  
That my future generations shall attentively,  
Be lulled to sleep with thereafter.

Shall we not join hands,  
And hope, hope, like we did?  
For a better 'morrow down our asses?  
Shall we not sit in gloom,  
At the sound of the garbage tracks,  
Filling the quota to rations of the hounds?  
Shall we not run-hop and die thereafter,  
Sweetened by the site of our struggles,  
Remedied by the belief of a concrete flower garden,  
In heaven!  
Sweet love by thee we submit,  
In heaven



W.08

Wesongah David

# A Sonnet In Solitude

I yearn your husky voice in my ear, your touch,  
Slow and punishing, in want of more,  
An arm around me, nourishment to the wake of day  
Hunting for hidden pleasures yonder.

I crave for your passionate hug into one of us,  
Your eyes a reflex of a pained ignorance,  
Clamoring for a truth I still have not,  
Waiting for the opportune time to shed a crust.

I thirst of your fingers delicate on my lips,  
A ratified end to mosses of arrogance seeping of me,  
Making me think of the sensual touch in yacht regions nether.

Watching pained your heavenly body glorious in the nude,  
I hunt endlessly for your soul, a burning desire,  
Like a pilgrim in amazed humility.

Wesongah David

# A Teen On Not Knowing

I don't know,  
I said I don't know,  
And how would I know?  
If you never told me anyway,  
But told me I know instead?

Wesongah David

# A Wrath to None

Should you for a single day,  
Forget me.

You know all you promised me,  
And not that I expect it all to come true,  
But in a fair equality of Jove's own wrath,  
Forget me on a slow autumn morning,  
In the arms of one else from me,  
Then let sails break forth in sunken winds,  
And fold you to an untoward shell,  
Should you forget me.

Should you For a single day,  
Forget me.

In keeping a faith alive,  
The knowledge I shall never forget you,  
In the mad estates of bedlam,  
Walking on those isles of rugged inspiration,  
Swept ashore by mermaids in disbelief,  
Then face the wrath of irreverence alone.  
And waddle deep into neglected sanities,  
Of self adoration and narcissistic ablution,  
Should you forget me.

Should you for a single day,  
Forget me

In the wake of a covering realization,  
Destined fate sealed on my finger,  
A raw sweetness rosier by fancy,  
And pretend,  
To forget me in a dire epitomes of self dalliance,  
For a truth in me that will never come to a close,  
Is a chapter of you, and you and me,  
A love fed on your passion,  
A passion ignited by your love,  
Then,

Just come back to me.

Wesongah David

# Ah! The Good Life

When I come through broads rock the lock,  
When it's deal cut straight out of hell tied on a block,  
Check the rain coats for a click of the powder,  
And then you listen up to the high hill,  
Shrills cutting through the reels of adage,  
That we made in a world where we're hated,  
Still come through ounce for an ounce,  
And pound it home rammed to the crammed brains.

Incinerated in an abyss,  
Lowered on a platform cut out of curt,  
Devil's own on hills of plander,  
But still can't wiggle the nozzle to face me!  
Once lost out on a win weighed in on our pasts,  
Blown out of proportion by the inconsiderate streets,  
Never seen you knees buckled down by the street light,  
Just finish up your prayer dog before the bark comes out-  
And still I will be clocking glocks in my inner pockets,  
Involuntary muscles struggled out of a verbal inferno,  
Risen on a cross star autographed for a mean,  
Ending on a tagged contract of mutual smoking guns,  
Ditto!

Ignorance in bliss, greed by the ass,  
Still hell blown in a cup of Hennessey,  
And call the bloom off the flowers!  
Magic wands strewn all over the palace,  
A place for queen bee the grand daughter,  
But still the legal game calls Illuminati,  
And then a shot in a dark alley graved,  
Ah! sigh the good life.

Wesongah David

# Coming Through

Show me a dastard that still believes in love,  
I will thus take it upon myself,  
To bring forth thousand a bastards that still defileth love,  
By Jove!

Wesongah David

# Dancing To My Lonely Pains

I walk proudly as a gathering storm,  
Floating over the insidious valleys yonder,  
And I see the faces remark how happy am be,  
A bunch of golden daffodils brazen –that’s me!  
Flutter and sad that’s me at heart,  
For I never saw a heart revel in loneliness.

Lined up like gloomy stars on a starry night,  
Blazing angrily on a shadowed milky way,  
On and never ending eyes that lurk beneath my soul,  
Ten thousand more stairs and I still can’t concede love;  
In a sober voice am an immature rose,  
Sprouting cheekily, in a vineyard solitary

The waves dance gay in my mind,  
But never outdo that voice in glee,  
'And you have to keep hoping and press on! '  
What a wealth to me sprinkled by them,  
And lest be seen pressing on too rosily,  
By any other name-still by Jove

It is so-oft when dreaming and happen to think,  
Incidental it happens be you,  
And calling on the last reserves in a bliss of solitude,  
I smile that be it so it, you?  
And such an entertaining notion my heart abounds with pleasure,  
And leaps a joy to the beat of the coming pain

W.08

Wesongah David



# Fixation

I felt the pain when you looked at me,  
And dismissed me with your stare.  
I felt pained when you talked to me,  
And made me feel like less a man.  
And I felt it when you twisted your hips,  
And crushed me to the mirth of your heart!

I felt used when you laughed like the devil,  
And shifted whatever the label was- prada,  
Sighed with satisfaction,  
Wanting to know what sort of man I was,  
You looked sideways-swore to file legal proceedings.  
Added advantage- you are a woman!

I felt useless when you asked where to drop me,  
Naked-ashamed, asking how much you will pay me!  
Licking me inside out- thought it was pleasure?  
And crushing me in your waxing full jetisoned abode,  
As you whimpered like an overfed happy dog,  
And made me sink further into your sinfull abyss- of torments,  
I was fixated you reckoned!

And when I clutched my leather jacket,  
I was cheap ofcourse!  
The Humiliation, pain, anger-  
The end justifies..... you said.  
So you thought I wanted a ride in your hummer?  
Wrong!  
Wrong!  
I shall walk all the way,  
I shall walk to the very end!  
Am fixated on walking, and to walk I shall.  
Of my pains-humiliation-rides of passion,  
By jove I shall walk-man or less man!

Wesongah David

# Flesh For Flesh, Blood For Blood!

She takes little tottering steps towards daddy,  
Little necklace locket in her tiny hands,  
Laced with a 'for my unborn daughter' signage,  
'Daddy it's me' she seems to be saying,  
But wait daddy is writing prose for posterity's sake,  
Daddy wants to win a Caine maybe a Nobel,  
The smile comes on to haunt him,  
She smiles and blooms to life,  
Daddy sees mummy in her eyes,  
Daddy sees self in her smile,  
'Daddy where's mummy?  
But she still can't pronounce the noun,  
And daddy breaks down crying,  
Uhm, when it's done it will be said,  
Blood for blood, flesh for flesh!

Daddy looks down on the notes on the table,  
Sees her daughter turn away locket in hand,  
'Am I dreaming or it's a farce in my writing? '  
But it can't be fate still on the little dimples,  
'little angel daddy loves you  
Mummy loves you but could never be here,  
Mummy has to be on the front pages of the O! magazine,  
But I hope you will be more than just a front page girl,  
Coz daddy didn't do the money on stash fronting on drugs  
And when daddy says it he means it, '  
For daddy you are flesh for flesh, blood for blood.

'For Karma's sake daddy wants to teach you,  
Little locket in daddy's heart you are,  
Never what daddy went through  
For what daddy never had but mummy thought he had,  
Lost it all in the little smile tottering towards daddy,  
Never a tear down the dreary paths of confusion,  
Tears will kill daddy much as daddy wants the locket never parted with,  
Daddy was not the one who construed it,  
What goes around comes around is been there for ages,  
But if you have to be like daddy then you'll know it,  
Be better than daddy or worse than he was,

To call shots rugged spines downing on your sorrow,  
If pain comes around let the blood show in your eyes,  
Soiled hands for a dead generation,  
And the buck had to stop somewhere,  
With daddy smiling down on you,  
For daddy you are flesh for flesh,  
And daddy you are blood for blood! '

Wesongah David

# Flight Of Love

How can I forget,  
The way your fingers moved me,  
Toyed with my illusion of love,  
The silly little glitter that was your nail,  
Digging deeper into my flesh,  
And tearing apart my heart.  
Brevity my dear, brevity.  
How can I forget,  
That you my little darling,  
Has redefined my view of cupid?  
And made me see in torrents,  
the flight of love in  
Pursuit of Errant love.

Wesongah David

# For All The Love None The Matter

His eyes are misty, palms clasped,  
Downcast are the eyes,  
Praying for a bountiful  
Curses an idiom beheld by acclamation,  
Wishing he'd shut the world out,  
'let me roast in peace! '  
A mirage costly to infamy,  
Heartless humanity, I care about me

Tears down his eyes, a statement made to none,  
Listening to self, piety unto the bloodied streets,  
Hands to the skies, lord can you hear me!  
And the sweltering mist, comforting the none,  
Nonetheless held a piece, hundred shekels to his head,  
A bounty no less Judas Iscariot, for whom shall we blame?

The scars a manifest of reality,  
Heart seeming cold, dear to the loved,  
A life unto whose the world pegs hope,  
Infinity a sacrilegious doubt, to a bottomless abyss,  
Cast for the evil of survival, a prayer for liberation,  
Ditto and call for action, the gospel that hurts most,  
Preached nevertheless the more.

And he calleth you brother, you sister,  
For all the love, none the matter  
Heart to heart, soul to soul  
In which depths rests his case, my case,  
For all the love, none the matter

Wesongah David

# For All The Love, None

I know coz we've been there,  
What?  
Believing in stones shot stuck in a barrel,  
Putting me at 6 when am 5.....  
Deal am a man earlier than I should be,  
For all the love just give me a barrel  
Hook and get the canister rolling,  
Actions becoming bolder enough to realize  
You are a soldier am the Armour,  
Shielding the fall slip a little bit under  
For all the love a point 35 slugged on a colt.

No more so you ought to know,  
Nothing for love respect a definite resolution,  
Aimed straight at your chest and now you flip over,  
Can I twist it a tag bit under the hood?  
Might be slipping but I ain't falling,  
Won't act big when am all humble,  
Viced to believe you could turn out a tad smarter,  
Know better than outwit thy master,  
So here see the red dot on your head,  
Moving down better hands up a bit higher,  
Dire constraints down the straits of your mind.  
Blow and meet your maker  
BLOW!

Now you can't see me,  
Now you can't even follow me,  
Say me say you learned from the best,  
For all the love None down the bastard road.  
One to cross and am living your filth to the streets.  
Blow and am all love gone down the twisted metal Barrel.

Wesongah David

# For Whom Shall We Sing?

Were they not birds in full flight?  
Were they not so musical,  
But rest they do,  
With lots of music in their heads.

For whom shall we sing,  
The lullabies of the tender heart?  
If they never listened to the tune.  
For whom shall we sing,  
The serenades of our time,  
By the flowing winds,  
In the swing of the full loins?

I distanced myself,  
And left the kindred souls dead weary,  
and while they willed their youths away,  
They wished they could sing,  
Listen to a tune,  
But for whom shall we sing now,  
If they all aren't here?  
For whom shall we sing?

Wesongah David

# For Whom We Loved

So many friends we had,  
So many friends we lost,  
Somewhere along the way,  
The many we loved,  
Cherished tender flowers in a blizzard-  
All gone, gone, gone with the wind,  
But for all whom we loved thus,  
And chose to adore,  
A tear and a smile-  
For what we had- and shared,  
But will never be again.

Wesongah David



# I Crave

I crave the imaginable- and the unimaginable too-  
Because-I know not how to put it, typical,  
Days are long-and wish I could be waiting for you,  
Or find you somewhere, under the starry skies at twilight  
But is it just my mind-playing one too many?

Thinking of the possible-into the depths of an abyss,  
Then the drops of anguish gather –insurmountable,  
The roaming smoke looking for a home drift unto me,  
Choking on a palatable one this time round  
That it's cupid-yes, but am just a friend!

Your silhouette illuminates my backdrop,  
A flutter in an empty distance triggers an emotion,  
Is it love?  
Friendship at the behest of seasons,  
For old times' sake-'morrow's sadness  
And madness I know not in lust,  
For a friend?

Loyalty pre-defined with an essence,  
Ignorance in love more of my bliss,  
Didn't I envisage this?  
Wanting more than I could kiss,  
A crave demolishing my morals,  
Eroding my heart –cupid's hands  
And still I crave,  
For a friend in love- just a friend,  
That I think is imaginable,  
Unimaginable.

W.08

Wesongah David

# I Shall Return.

I shall return,  
To walk by the cool streams barefoot,  
And munch on the thick grasses,  
Listening to the lullabies of the birds,  
I shall surely return.

To fall asleep in the open fields,  
and let thy dreams wander..  
I shall write again,  
With understanding,  
Of the bountiness of the wisdom of the sages,  
And for posterity's sake,  
Be chronicled in the epics of the ages,  
I shall be back once more-  
To love with maturity,  
And share pieces of my heart,  
Bites of my anguish,  
And cakes of happiness.

I shall return,  
My soul tendered to humanity,  
And blossom like a flower -in bloom.  
A gift I too shan't be denied-devoid of carcasses of pain.  
And weep for people's withering by,  
That forgot the passion of heroism.  
I shall return.  
I shall return,  
I shall return.  
To the deep rooted mantra of,  
I shall return.

W.07

Wesongah David

# I Stand Tall-Yet Again

From the gloom that you dumped me,  
The unfathomable abyss I was thrust into,  
I exonerate myself of ambiance, heavenly disguise.  
Disgusted you were with my pride,  
And you let the onus fall much heavier,  
But I still stand tall.

Are you surprised to see me?  
You thought the swagger was gone?  
You forgot of the coming of seasons,  
Like summer, in winter it looks far off,  
But like the high tides, it comes to pass,  
And so shall I stand tall again.

You expected me begging for a pittance,  
Sunken eyes laboring for pity,  
Ribs through my tattered shirt,  
Ego battered and bruised by time,  
And my conscience blurred,  
Like a fogged out Mountain View!

You pushed me down the gutter,  
Struck axes of words at my patience,  
And thought it soluble to deface my manhood,  
Lest some royal lass begot sassy offspring like me,  
But in the very unfamiliar and harsh terrain you thrust me,  
I still walk tall like I got a gold field down there in my body.

What history begot,  
I stand tall still again.  
The frightening violent sea that swelled on me,  
To the shore I stand tall.  
From a dreary night cold and noisy with silence,  
Into a cheery day clear of worries,  
I walk tall yet again.  
I talk big yet again.  
I smile huge yet again.  
And laugh even louder yet again.  
I stand tall, tall yet again.

W07

Wesongah David

# Inferno

Who ever stood aside and watched,  
Cheered on the raze in the lazes  
And said yes,  
It deserved to burn,  
My house deserved a severe burning?

Wesongah David

# Last Night

Standing on a hung pedestal,  
Obliqued by a perpetual shadow,  
To suffice a navel thought,  
Figurines hugging and kissing 'do me'!  
And I wish you still were in my arms,  
For a recoup of last night.

Cried out to the allure,  
Of having a toast to your ring,  
Circled bloom round your heart,  
Tightened by a bond by Jove,  
Strung on a dovetailed rocket,  
To fly yonder kissed by teary clouds,  
Calling on cupids unstrung bow,  
And waking up looking up your face,  
Ready for a recap of last night.

To tender a caress,  
In a tendered model of temptation,  
Lithe resignations of a souled out heart,  
A modicum of Calm in rejuvenated springs,  
Played on maidens in virgin meditation,  
Laced hair twirled on my fingers,  
A tender recoup of last night,  
For a stand we took, we have to take,  
On last night.

Wesongah David

## Little Kissings

We recouped on the lost love,  
Where fountains rained into rivers,  
And Oceans poured grief onto the reefs.  
Wondered of the mix of heavens and emotions,  
And the divine laws of sacred kisses.  
But wondered wherein befits the little kissings.

We saw the mountains hug the clouds  
And reach higher to kiss the skies.  
Heard the miffled cry of the clasped flowers,  
As the sun caressed the other rose in bloom.  
Smelt the aura of love in the offing,  
And wondered to ourselves the value of the kisses,  
As we welcomed our own little kissings.

Wesongah David

# Locks

For whom shall I confess?  
The burning urge that bars me,  
Whither a rose by any other name,  
That be my passion for thee maiden?

C.08

Wesongah David



# Love Monologues

Let me feel your cheeks,  
Kiss me then.  
Feel the depths of your tongue in me,  
Lost in an innate desire.  
And feel the shadow of a heavenly tremor,  
The thought that it is love, drives in me-  
Delirious is best for me.

Hold my palm tender,  
Let me caress the fingers  
Feel the flow of you in me,  
An otherwise sharp rapture,  
Don't you feel the lovely pain?

To say that I love,  
Mooted in a feeling you know best.  
Feeling the drizzle down my spine,  
Wallowing in a shade shadowed blissfully,  
By the curvature of unreasoned logic,  
Of sharp nipples and blunted egos,  
That immature bliss in a mature passion,

Held together by a mutual concession,  
The thought that you are mine,  
Though never been,  
Am yours in a raucous tide of raw emotions.  
Impaled on your heart.  
Am I just dreaming?

W.08

Wesongah David

## Love Save For Love

I love you save for the fact that it is adoration,  
A mutual cognizance of a fact that you are gone,  
And as I go from planet to planet in obeisance  
My heart grows colder on wanton temperatures of self destruction-Love.

I cherish you save for the fact I don't know if it is an end,  
Hate you with a passion filthy enough to turn into unwavering love,  
And label it a blind eye to a truth,  
That I am a blind man in a one eyed people's kingdom.

As spring sprouts forth,  
And summers brazen flow comes to light,  
A calm obsession takes over,  
And still the beauty of love from me,  
Swept away into the gloomy blues of a coming storm.

Wesongah David

# Love, Exodus

Unto the streets,  
Dark, barren, lovingly hostile,  
Back dropped by the sounds of a kissing gun,  
Fancied by the dogs-hounds of seventh incineration,  
That was me loving a rose in heathen bloom.  
Bound by the blood I seen flow,  
An immortal oath taken under the merciless street lights,  
Mortal petals ashen by the lure of the cold rivers  
Flowing irrepressibly down Seventh Street,  
A cascade of heavenly bliss under a façade,  
Of it was meant to be.  
Exotic principles orient in origin  
Never for an uncultured rascal  
Prudent-a matter of all occasions,  
That I love thee now-love you then-and,  
Afterwards will take care of self.

Dropping on my knees on the concrete,  
Just enough time for a prayer,  
Say I to my redeemer,  
Save thee from paranoia,  
That I love love from hence onwards,  
Passion for the crude naïve love of the avenues  
That knows not beds roses or condominiums  
Raw and unscripted, for the hounds over carcasses  
Till then hope and pray that mature it not,  
Remembered for lust's aggressive will  
Unscrupulous kisses and drunken love  
For the metallic feel of a trigger  
Pull a smooth one and am done forever,  
Love nevertheless.

W.08

Wesongah David

# Momentary Qualm

Do you remember me?  
In your singular trains of prevail,  
Do you recall us then?  
Do you ever wish we had made a right decision?  
Do you pray for a day that we never had,  
But is so deeply ingrained in your head?  
Do you ever see us,  
In your solemn thoughts,  
or is it always you?  
Do you ever come alive at the thought,  
Of us being like we are supposed to,  
But held back by a difference slighting?  
And then somebody,  
Do you?

Wesongah David

# Monday Morning In My House

Riiiiiiiiing riiiiing,  
There goes the alarm,  
Ahhh! ! ! our tired yawns as we open an eye,  
Then the other later.

'Dearie, wake up the children'  
There shouts my wife without the slightest decorum.  
'Who left the water tap running? '  
'Have you seen my toothbrush? '  
And I wait for my cuppa' coffee,

'Who did my shoes this shoddy? '  
'My watch was just here right now'  
'Honey, we'll be late, '  
'Am checking my hair darling, a minute, '  
God-its' been an hour and a half behind the mirror,  
Kids dressed for school start dozing off,  
I cough a tad too loud and artificial,  
'Just a second honey! ', comes the intonation.

Clang! ! clang! ! ! !  
The house help drops utensils in the kitchen,  
I curse under my breath watching the kids,  
Just in case I become a poor influence-God forbid.  
Half past seven,  
'Daddy, kiddy stole my dolly marion'  
'Ok! huge mouth, am a boy, what would I do with a doll? '  
'Ok. Ok.' There goes me.  
Promise new dolls and a football-calm restored.

'Honey'....'darling'.....'dearie'  
Ten to eight,  
The car won't just start,  
It is a Monday morning in my house!

Wesongah David

# Of Hearts And Epochs Pained

(To the pained one, and for angel in bloom)

A life churned on a loved glock,  
Promised an understanding lock,  
Expressed by woe, though unto fine a maiden,  
Just like the sad daffodils dancing by my window,  
Of life on labor's own portraits confessing – a coming.

Sadness inherently fluid and pure,  
A demand withered on a lulled bloom,  
Whether a classic serenade tucked in the hearts,  
A sound justice unto mankind for your life's worth,  
As urge tempts solid grains of tears to futility.

The need a loyal command to buds,  
Drawn on a heightened chalice of pain,  
A life maligned to an enduring grace in the rain,  
Oft nicked to trends and anniversaries roughed by terrain,  
And the likes of somber heavens to which I' incline.

Whether plain thoroughbreds nosed to Bacchus own swings,  
Wined on rowdy lengths of the deeds by your heart,  
And a state of mind blown by sods of depth tender,  
Sadly the many of which we can relate to,  
On gloomy scythes calling out the golden grasses.

W.© 2009

Wesongah David

## Of Pitiful Love

That we loveth with an open eye,  
Lies- shrieking romantics-Hopeless!  
Did you see it coming?  
Never! ! I scream again and again,  
Can never be me.  
It's not me.  
Was never meant- never,  
To be anywhere near love  
Pity!

W.08

Wesongah David

# On The Part Of The Fore

What have I to give,  
For the ills of a whole generation,  
Filtered to the sane and in relativity,  
A deuce discarded truth of a heaven's marrow.  
Seeking the glories of tomorrow,  
In a world filled with stinking filth,  
To high heavens a half eaten human hand  
Void and please likened to a hallowed plea.  
It might be for the sane of it- unto records,  
But a whole generation died with the birth of our fathers.

It is not the way it is to be,  
For the little daughters fathoming a free society,  
The dreams of un-begotten daughters,  
Heavenlies of our unborn daughters,  
The mists of the mothers' eyes,  
Singing a song-one for sorrow,  
Borrowed from the hallows of the exodus,  
By the rivers of Babylon and unto the eyes of the sages,  
'How shall we sing....in foreign lands? '  
Influences of a rotten generation,  
Left to thrive at birth of our fathers.

To the crystals of mortality  
Bequeathed unto laces of immortality,  
Raw and uncut-  
On a precipice for a swallowed disaster,  
And watching on from the low heavens,  
Eyes filled with blood,  
And hands of a mouth smirking in satisfaction,  
'On whose blood have you just feasted? '  
Of which an answer is blown in the wind,  
And a proposal to clear thy eyes,  
And see,  
The death of yet another generation,  
Inspired by the death of another.

Wesongah David



# One For Sure (The Oath)

This I sure have,  
To let it off me.

Should you decide to quit,  
Decide that am no longer good for,  
Then rest assured that,  
As much as I shall be heartbroken,  
I shall as well quit on you the very said moment.

And if you decide to,  
Kill me slowly -painfully,  
Smiling as you tear away at  
Pieces of my feeble heart,  
Then one for sure,  
There will be no more heart to love you.

If I stand unpalatable to you,  
Under the winter storms,  
That you no longer need my warmth,  
Then by jove I swear,  
By the fireside that will -  
My hands keep warm, shall,  
Forget your warmth as the wood to ashes!

And if by shame you run ahead,  
Leave me naked in the open streets searching  
For an open island then,  
One for sure when accommodated,  
Shall never remember your once,  
Inculpable accommodation.

But If with each passing season,  
Each gliding day,  
You keep reaching for me,  
Coming closer to the central shrub of the soul,  
Eternal glide as in your lips,  
Climbing like a curly predator,  
And seeking thy passion,  
One for sure in me,

Same is repeated,  
And never shall I let your hand go.

Wesongah David

# Passion On A Broken Petal

The thought of you turns up at oddest of hours,  
When the turbulent seas seem to settle at my laughter at most.

Left to the virgin planets like the little princes,  
It is the pain and a void of loneliness dear little one.

The sullen moon illuminates a ruminant past,  
A carved arch bowed from a palm island with only us.

In essence you settled a debit and saw dreams take to flight,  
A clipped derrière sheathed to end a stolen dream.

In the midst of my innocence I came,  
A discovered a paradise in you I got lost.

A stupor drenched to never awaken from,  
Of girded sorrows no muse can tell of.

Of my woman in whom I crave,  
Oh! Flesh summoned in the moist whispers loved.

A quenched thirst in unabashed shame,  
Of infinite oblivion a jarred genie in a bottle.

There was the solitude of our infinite silences,  
And there was the fortitude of your exhilarating love.

Ah! The pleasures, how could you rope me  
In the abyss of your heart, and let me down on a free fall!

A bouquet of roses awaits a destiny,  
The blooming briefs a green patch in the fields.

The tender piece of genius and ingenuity,  
A black hole we merged, I never to come out!

Still insisting on eying the cold stare of the stars,  
Pale pain engulfs the teary eyes I hath wrought unto self!

Left to an own treacherous end, on a forbidden path,  
A leaning twist to a truth I can't afford to come to terms with.

In an hour of lonely meditation, of intrepid thoughts in abundance,  
I can fathom no further gloom in life than this.

It is the sad hour of precipitation, on a culpable platter of desolateness.  
It is the sad hour of calling it a frill fearful departure.

Wesongah David

# Should You Take My Hand

Should you take my hand,  
Ever dare take my hand,  
In Holy Matrimony,  
Never Let go-Never ever let go.  
Should you Find it too wrinkly,  
Never dare dropp it,  
Should you discover its coarseness,  
Just in case you didn't know,  
Never stop Holding it.  
For Thee's sake, never!

Should you take my hand in association,  
Eloping or marriage civil,  
Never let go, Never ever let go.  
For should you volunteer to,  
Then bound by thee for hell or heaven,  
The fury that we face hand in hand,  
Just never think of letting go.

But should you take my hand,  
And let go,  
Then God Forbid! ! !  
For all the trouble of having taken it.  
For if you let go, ever let go,  
Then you shall know no peace.  
Never Know peace,  
If you let my hand go.  
By Eros,  
Never know peace!

W.2007

Wesongah David

# Sights Serenity

Out of concrete, a garden to behold  
A golden sight set to man's imagination.  
Sprouting proudly, womanhood attained.  
Beyond the wildest of measures.  
You come on, on to me like you wanted to,  
The full blossom of a bosom,  
An apple restored to self virginity,  
And I hold my breath, eyes, in awe.  
Slight sigh, smile,  
And you're gone.

Setting loins on a wildfire,  
Serendipity guised in your curvaceous glory,  
Heaping lame to blame, a want uncovered,  
A smile once again hither,  
And you're gone.

c.08

Wesongah David

## Simple Verses- Seasons For All We Had.

It's still over where you left me,  
Cries hidden by the falling rain,  
The drops pounding like the shake on my pillow,  
For the love I gave you in vain,  
But poor sordid heart never learning,  
And still waiting on you,  
Hoping you will come back and kiss away the pain,  
The Love I never really knew,  
Left neglected and torn in by the slew,  
Holding on to all I had.

The words come out not any longer,  
Like they used to,  
Walking by and getting cold,  
All I needed was a 'hello'  
Passing on like I we never were,  
A simple ruse played to infinity,  
Flashes of brilliance left me neglected,  
Will I heed the call of the hearts you broke?  
A question tallied to time,  
And a scar I know not where it lies,  
Cancerous enough to blight the angel,  
For the simple verse of all I had.

Am lying to myself some more,  
That probably you needed flints of time,  
A carat of rendezvous to knock off a tat,  
That I will down myself on a jerk knee,  
And come back to feeling the scents of our times.  
Gets harder each day,  
Passing by the memories of yesterday,  
And asking questions puzzled on instincts,  
A simple verse torn in between,  
On what I had and never gave you,  
But still calling on 'morrow,  
And the bright heart never willing,  
And wiling away on flints of eloquence,  
Hinging on you coming back,  
For the second part of the season,

A simple verse!

Wesongah David



# Solitary Bloom

I cry for the bloodied womb of my mother,  
Bore unto the world a bloodied street,  
Sprouting from where lies buried the chord,  
That for the sake's of a forgotten son,  
And another long lost son,  
For whom logic is a live by the day die by night a nigh,  
That she will die a sorrow is a curse unto the bundles of joy,  
Lest we not forget the bind of ignominy

When a heart went out threefold,  
By night cried for a struck by out petal,  
Shredded onto the streets knifed,  
Parts strewn by a sight for hounds and vampires,  
Blood feisty red on blood hacked from thy womb,  
That womanhood shall know no peace thereafter.

And the future holds for a lost generation,  
The revelation spirit of a hell bound nature,  
Spitting, crying for me, you  
For defiling a mother's insidiousness,  
Spitting on a seat that hosts the high priest,  
Doomed! By jove we shall seek love,  
Never to find it! ! Shrieks the pariah,  
And never shall we know a haven for ours insipidness,  
And beholden out of favour toil our barren lands,  
For a cast, half of what we plant!

Till the red bloodied streets quell in anger,  
Till the boiling thirsty streets abate in anger,  
Till the son on whose blood hounds survived on shall rise,  
Till the flowers bloom off the concrete garden,  
Till then the cast ons and ons.

Wesongah David

# Tales Hinged On A Portrait

I saw the face on crayon-based weave,  
High cheekbones and sweet mauve lips,  
I saw the struggle and the will to battle eve,  
And the smile waned by the roughshod seas.  
But the eye told more of a jove's delight.

Lost in a screaming wilderness,  
The faint call whispered yonder the water-based,  
Falling to hither and sound crayons,  
And blood stood still at the tender marvel.  
Staring at hindered terrains off the road ahead,  
The call ignored at a sounder's own peril!

A summer's day wrought to mankind pain,  
To never love the bears of a mother's pain,  
Suckled and primed beyond the coming of age,  
And innocence coupled on rosy smiles drawn,  
Of black pious beauteous elegance withdrawn,  
And ball along I did,  
To tears I never knew I'd shed!

I saw the face smiling on oil based,  
And now I see the face in front of me consoling the whiskers,  
Of fifty men on a caravan to Tasmanian illusions,  
The rose that told the tale ridiculed beyond measure,  
And holding on wailing for the womb of burden,  
A misty haze I can't forget forever!

Making sense of a void left begging,  
Filled sanguine 'in the nudes' of laughter across,  
For I knew not,  
And Might never know ever,  
The Golden chances of which we now exhibit,  
In the gloried pantheon of the greats,  
Oil based or water based,  
The tale will alter a course nature can't reign in!

W.© 2009



# The Denouement

The guns were laid, planes too were laid,  
Leaves no longer rustled, grass no longer burned  
People shook hands, armies used bands,  
the army shook off explosives,  
It was meretricious,  
but a denouement in anyways,

expeditons were called back,  
filibustering tactics were employed,  
Did they succeed? it was time for change,  
The grand finale was nearing,  
light at the end of the tunnel,  
flippancy wasn't needed,  
The world powers had achieveds their goal,  
everyone was free, everyone was hurt,  
If not infected then affected,  
the onus was clearly felt,  
For they had caused alot of gyp,  
in the name of liberation,  
To destroy weapons of mass destruction,  
but this was a denouement alright.

W.07

Wesongah David

# The Denouement -For Kenya 2008

(For a bleeding Kenya-2008)

The guns were laid, planes too were laid,  
Leaves no longer rustled, grass no longer burned  
People shook hands, armies used bands,  
the army shook off explosives,  
It was meretricious,  
but a denouement in anyways,

expeditions were called back,  
filibustering tactics were employed,  
Did they succeed? it was time for change,  
The grand finale was nearing,  
light at the end of the tunnel,  
flippancy wasn't needed,  
Ends had been reached, odds brokered.  
The thin smiles a barren womb,  
And the stories- a novel idea never to be remembered  
everyone was free, everyone was hurt,  
If not infected then affected,  
the onus was clearly felt, If not carried by everyone,  
For they had caused a lot of gyp,  
in the name of liberation, Otherwise a cleansing of sorts,  
Toast to another version of democracy,  
And the questions remained, were we ready anyway?  
But this was a denouement alright

Wesongah David

# The Heart By Itself

7 morn,  
Going on to the break of shine,  
Looking on to a perfect proposal,  
Down on my knees,  
Words fail my splendor,  
But the heart speaks for self.

7 dusk,  
The beauty of failure evades me,  
My juvenescence a reticence,  
Wishes a mounted horse,  
Pray, would you love?  
Questions a clouded notion,  
But the heart speaketh for self.

7 at point,  
Your lure a common drug,  
Drugged to tender extremes,  
Sexual healing a bored mien,  
Forget the sweet deceit,  
Tabooed from the onset,  
Fruits of a spurned loom,  
Labors love rewarded,  
But still of unspoken feelings,  
A love yielded deeper,  
Held by a mortal bud,  
But still on and goes say without,  
The heart speaks for self better.

Wesongah David

# The People I Trust

They are not the most adorable,  
And are a bunch,  
Either of liars or a poor delegation of sectarians.

They are an army of pests,  
Out to thrive on my blood-  
First to go under though when in liquidation,  
But trust them nevertheless.

They readily break peace,  
Turn all into dishevelled pieces.  
Turn me inside out,  
Only to stay out when I go in.

They readily act as sidekicks,  
Pushing me lightly to sunlight,  
More vigourously into darkness,  
especially more when eve the moon's stopped shining.

They laugh and pat my back,  
Discuss politics, life everything over the table.  
And pass the bill with a light touch!

They comment on everything,  
Quibble over anything,  
Making sense on generally nothing.

They are the people I trust,  
Most Ironic of humankind,  
But natural for flowers in bloom,  
Withering in gloomy seasons!  
After all! !

W.07

Wesongah David

# The Unflinching Eye

The depression marked yet another meltdown,  
And the streets figured a triple six figure,  
Growing up in fortitude never wrought a man,  
But guns were the petals of a bloomed avenue.  
Taught values by oft repulsed twin drones,  
But down there broken homes were never a criteria,  
Never a popping pain in a battered ass.

When pride matured to humility,  
Cases of win-win processed a furore,  
weaned on twin colts,  
The six angled star rose again,  
From love of all quarters the dogs round the block,  
Seraphim bowed at their iniquities blown on a rock,  
Cherubim struggled to restrain yet another fall out,  
But to rise and influence a whole new era,  
It was an excess of our own wanting,  
Bowed down in a futile supreme of solitary gloom.

All that was wrote hath prospered,  
To the third and even fourth generations it was written,  
And the voice heard weeping-from Ramah,  
For the children of her tearful womb,  
For the sins of the fathers.  
But round the rights avenue,  
The eyes never go to sleep,  
And a time shall come-they proclaim,  
When thy mother's womb shall pain no longer,  
And the ills of a layered generation revised.

And in the winds floweth their only hope,  
An answer to the question only whispered,  
For fear of attracting the unflinching eye,  
Red bloodied for all the fallen soldiers,  
For whom a cross lies uneven,  
The thug on the side asking for a piece of Heaven!  
Today, you shall be with me,  
And a past shall be reckoned with,  
For your blood floweth on the streets not for nothing,



And your glock rests not in it's holster for nothing,  
Truth will get its fair share of the blood in the chalice.

Wesongah David

# Victim Of My Own Wanting

Didn't you see me standing there while you cried?  
And passed me the red flower from you tiny fingers?

And were you not around when I drew first blood?  
And you cheered wildly when I yelled victory?

Fallacy-how long will you stare?  
Keep piercing my conscience with your hideous eyes?

Tiny blue soft eyes,  
that calleth my torments to totality.

Die Villain! die!  
Close those starry eyes.

Ah! ! ! shriek! Victim of my own lust.  
Victim of my own wanting.

Wesongah David

# Was Battered, And Bruised

For the late jimmy

They said I was too slow,  
Wondered when i'd learn,  
Though they never taught me.  
Said I was rude to matters of principle,  
And read my elegy before my epilogue.  
Battered my weary spirit - and will,  
Tore my single soul into shreds,  
All I managed was barely a whisper - Oh my God!  
By my very own that i loved,  
whose very blood flows red like venom,  
in my dark withered veins,  
Was left for the double edged streets,  
Lessons in the offing-cruel to the Dogs,  
But now I stand on my two legs,  
Like I never dreamt before,  
Radiating illuminating strength,  
Bettered by the bruises of battering,  
And shaped by the avengers of yester'morrow,  
By whom I was battered and bruised.

Wesongah David

# We Shall Be Again

I know all about the feeling,  
That coming to a close is gloom,  
But by Jove I shall return,  
To walk the naked streets again,  
Sweat in the glaring cold,  
And smile in the shuddering sun.  
I shall return to watch you laugh,  
And be a part of the laughter,  
Stand close to you in the sullen traffic,  
Straining to hear you just again,  
And be a worthy companion.  
Then we shall be again,  
To lie next to each other in understanding,  
In the hush green fields by,  
Watched over by immortals.  
To wash our feet in the clear streams,  
And drink from each other's lips!  
Because we shall be again,  
Hearts bleeding in unison,  
Star-crossed by the apothecaries herbs,  
That we forever will always be-Again,  
In perfect understanding of the smiles,  
Shrouded in a dark secret cloud of smoke,  
In perfect mutual appreciation of nature, and art,  
For never to see the homeliness of being lonely.  
When I shall have returned,  
Together to share the joys and the pains,  
Peace be art thou peace!  
To wipe off your tears,  
And peck at your lips- again.

Wesongah David

# We Were Then, Now

We talked of love,  
Held hands and walked the talk,  
Loved at the stake,  
And kissed the tears away  
We were loving.

Then we laughed,  
Roamed the free streams,  
Hope aplenty in our virgin souls  
Maiden caresses, a loose cannon  
Thereafter  
We were in love.

We cried at the ideas,  
Sadistic- tied together by the heart,  
Damning that the stars could harbor,  
An idea so profane as separation,  
Weren't we just so lovable?

Then the birds sang,  
Songs of piety-a righteous affair,  
And we embraced-the glare a nightmare,  
Prayed it would last,  
We were at cross roads  
In love.

Then,  
We say,  
It is a longing-a deep wanting,  
Convenience discarded.  
Thinking with our hearts,  
Living by our souls.  
Was bound to be-a matter of time,  
And we called it....  
Love.

W08



# When The Trumpet Goes

Am supposed to be that guy,  
Who never shoulders a fear,  
Who never falls for tears,  
So how will them know am human?  
I just want to put the lace in that drink,  
But still why would I destroy what my blood build?  
Still waiting on 'morrow,  
Potent liquids flowing in my vein,  
A pained arse ready to throw a weight under,  
But responsibilities to be shouldered,  
There are lines you never cross in the game,  
'I brought him up and he was a good boy! '  
Some lines I just never want to hear,  
Pop off a huge bill of life and Hail Mary!  
I should have taught him then the pain of blow up!  
Tot off a bloodline and I still want them old days,  
That used to be times when you kept a reserve,  
Lethal is not the word we label everyday,  
For the innocence in my eyes spell Venom,  
A viper holier on murdered dreams,  
Strictly meant for the future daughters of Zion,  
That will proudly wear the lapels up on their necks,  
And still bear generations for a livid state,  
Step by step a point of note,  
Torn apart by shattered wombs,  
Lost generations of morons bequeathed,  
The tears of a rising sun bathed in a hallo,  
Running mouths verbals in a basin,  
A nude fluke that saved my life and am still rising,  
And you play ball with rude blows of informity,  
A formality screwed up tight under a rose,  
Shady enough to thrive on the hazard streets,  
The dukes come calling and it's a knighted affair,  
I pop the G.3 down the boiling abyss,  
And hell comes calling afraid of the verdict,  
On a high seat judgment bestowed upon the hairs,  
Lost souls of bandano a created infallibility,  
Potent they still usher in a guidance,  
And bow to an order they know not even,

Split up fifty fifty and the red carpet is torn,  
It's about time you stood up,  
For when the trumpet goes we all have to go,  
For when the trumpet goes the time goes,  
For when the trumpet goes I come through.

Wesongah David



# Whom Shall We Stand For?

When we spoke, we wanted them to listen,  
And when we spoke, we spoke nothing.  
We cried, and yearned for a second liberation,  
Blood, sweat, tears, toil gone for nothing  
And when we stood tall and spoke not,  
They all paid attention!

It was never an option,  
Silence never an answer,  
Taken for granted, our word against them,  
Stand tall and die on my feet,  
Never lean on affirmative,  
What do you take me for?  
The look of a mother that can't feed her children,  
Crawling, crawling, crawling on no feet!  
And all we can do is cry?

For how long shall we chant freedom songs,  
That bore no meaning then, now?  
Freedom songs under a cloud of ignorance,  
My roots my foot!

When I stood in the open fields,  
And made my undue submission,  
My argument weak unto itself,  
A weakness unto myself,  
A wavering voice pained to the brim,  
A tantrum throwing papa denied teenage,  
An ego filled youth ready to fly on no premise,  
But that was a weakness,  
Unto itself. Unto thyself.

The pain in my laughter has no love,  
Lost in a pool of lust for pain, for hunger,  
That I know not the depth of my sullenness,  
A shame to behold in ignorant bliss,  
That you, you can point a finger and say,  
I knew not. I knew not!  
The virgin depths of my adulterated thoughts,

And Ideas,  
I know not. Of which we know not.  
But for whom shall we stand for?

Wesongah David