

Poetry Series

**Charles Jagongo**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Charles Jagongo(1972)

The Author of 'Magic in Woman', Charles Jagongo Ogola was born in the Country side of Kenya, Africa in 1972. Charles is a freelance writer and Poet. He has contributed many articles in Kenyan local dailies and Partner News Magazine for Ms- Danish Development partners to the south. Charles likes music, Drawing and painting with water colors.

Charles is also a community development worker.

He lives in Niarobi, Kenya.

His latest book is 'Stories From Our Grandmother's Hut'.

Contact.

charlesjagongo@

# A Cry From The Gate

A belly, heaving, a body that shivered in cold  
A cry so distant, piecing hearts gone cold  
Its head, veins ran like ropes, tying fire wood

An alarm it raised, a siren it blew  
A mother, cold hearted, a mother who knew  
The initial journey, when it started out of blue.

A life, brought, to a world, his dreams knew not  
Instinctual desires, comprehension, not  
Reflex for survival, steamed, energized, death, here, not

A nun, a Virgin Mary, had never experienced child making  
A cry from the gate, pieced her heart, in sanctity, reached, and carrying  
The baby, in her armpits, forehead kissed, a new window opening.

Charles Jagongo

# A Farmer's Song

One, two and three  
Its dawn, and cows are mooing,  
cocks are crowing,  
a dog is barking,  
a new day, welcoming.

Four, five and six  
The sun is up, plants are healthy  
On goes the counting, hens eggs they lay  
Manure is turned for decay,  
Cows fed with hay.

Six, seven and eight  
Milkman returns pails for day  
Cake done, ghee and butter,  
Egg trays for this, has made a day  
Fruits flourish for better

Nine ends with ten  
To, West the Sun retires  
Clutter clang, tools return to stores  
Dogs released from kennels  
Radio some news it blares,  
A way the cold is driven with fires.

Charles Jagongo

# A Mile Before I Sleep

Lights are off, pistons are resting  
The Discotheque has stopped,  
One in two had been done or waiting for tomorrow  
My mind journeys, to space and time of acts  
To friends and adversaries, my soul seeks God  
My eyes, are heavy, I pull a pillow  
I see your eyes, painted is a star of hope  
I drift to Slumber land, peacefully.

Charles Jagongo

# A Scar Not Healing!

Blank horizon, swashing waves,  
A tear dropp mixes  
With ash, heavy heart bleeds  
Mound on earth, beneath lies  
One whose struggles  
One whose sacrifices  
Fed me,  
Gave me,  
Light and bread  
Hollow is my heart, mound on earth  
A scar not healing, dad, buried on earth!

Charles Jagongo

# Aah Me!

That, birds sing songs they sing  
I listen and know, a blessed day in song  
That winds howl and sails fly  
The deeps call and fishes glide as flies fly  
All in horizon are lives in a storm.

Aaah me!  
It is not the sacred fires that burn  
Or my nerves that ache and burn  
Clouds will not fog my way  
My soul captain knows the way  
In a bird's song, and a fly's dance for calm!

Charles Jagongo

## Across The Stream.

In a flowing rainbow dress  
You laughed and sang across the stream,  
Your long and silvery dark hair swayed in the wind  
Splish splosh the waves called  
Swallows flew and danced in the air  
Gazelles hopped by in the green grass  
Eyes dazzling like stars in a clear sky  
As your eyes shone like sunrise rays over the hills  
You beckoned that I cross  
As cotton white doves joined  
Flowers sprouted and bloomed  
I awoke in my bed  
A cross the stream I longed.

Charles Jagongo



# Again We Pick Flowers

As the heart yearns  
Amid drum throbs of yester-pains  
Bitter leaves in sweet tongue  
Your angelic face mocks my soul  
Tears cleanse my soul  
Your alluring dawn bird voice  
All refill me whole  
Here I take your hand  
Again we shall pick flowers  
My brittle one.

Charles Jagongo

# Anyango

Rivers wail and tears flow  
Winds howl sounds mystic  
Anyango has flown to the sky  
She who brewed fermented millet  
And gave to in-laws with pride  
She who made groundnut mash  
And gave to in laws with joy  
She who whose hands fed  
A household so large as chicken feathers  
Where have you flown to?  
That we shall not see the grace of your stride  
That we shall never again you sing dudu songs  
Scent of ghee you left in kitchen is still fresh.  
We shudder at the mound of earth on you  
Rivers wail and tears flow  
Winds howl sounds mystic  
Anyango has flown to the sky.

Charles Jagongo

# Bad Wind

Thu, thu, thu  
Bad wind  
Go to West  
Go to Yimbo  
Bad wind  
Let the  
Sun set  
Peace to rein  
Thu thu thu

Charles Jagongo

# Beat Of Love

Drums, trumpets, jingles and  
Flowers, colours and  
A union born.

Take my hand  
Straight like a torch illuminating a stream  
Appetizing as beef stew in steam

Take my hand  
I'm up in universe and  
Your pulse, my beat.

Charles Jagongo

# Bloody Banana Leaf, Confirmation!

They had brought her here, would sing and dance  
Her peers would add wood to fire  
A night so divine, a wedding of time  
A wedding mark in space bound for  
White linen sheets spread, the banana leaves ready  
She timid and anxious, womanhood journey begins  
In his closet  
Warrior in him, anxiety concealed  
Outside they would sing  
He would grab her, a beauty so delicate, a virgin so pretty  
They would sing and drums beat, a night in hearts would stick  
She would submit to him, her world, where none had walked  
In crescendo blood would get away, she would moan  
In delight she would pull and wrap blood in the banana leaf  
Her trophy, the bloody banana leaf  
Confirmation stamp, virginity preserved for show!  
Happily after they would count moons and sunsets.

Charles Jagongo

# Book Of Love

You giggle and your white teeth show  
Your eyes so bright and want that I saw  
Your voice so honeyed reads for me a story  
I listen in ecstasy so expectant my heart flows  
Your flowery words read your heart, it's a story

I'm won by this book, my head in pillow  
So sweet the lullabies of a mother's baby days  
A longing with power overtaking a soul's clouds  
Warm as nectar birds' nest in cold days  
I'm in a fort and in comfort all in this story  
Fold not the book, read it over and over, it fills my soul.

Charles Jagongo

# Bounce Bounce!

Waves calling and laughing  
Waves ebb and flow  
Waves rolling splashing  
sandy remnants on the beach.

Bounce Bounce and bouncing  
Bounce beats infectious  
Bounce arms up and about  
Its a dance re-energized

Ball on wall bouncing  
Ball hits so hard on wall  
Ball bounce taken with ease  
Its to hearts sweet infection

Bounce bounce on waves  
Bounce Bounce dance re-energized  
Bounce like a ball on a wall  
As hearts that yearn life is GOLD!

Charles Jagongo

# Bring Back My Past

I remember tales, riddles and jokes  
From my granny's, huts  
And enjoyed, pounded nuts.

I remember we swam, in streams  
And played, with mud, sinking muddy vessels  
And laughed, cried, when we won and had losses.

I remember father's and mother's, praises and teases  
For scores we made, and naïve made faults  
Bring back my past, who can make for dice

I remember well for this, and miss,  
Gold, silver and bronze,  
None would, turn the past, as a piece!

Charles Jagongo



# Butterflies, Butterflies

Butterflies they dance  
Merrily fly in fields  
Dotting fields,  
Pink yellow and red are flowers  
Flowery butterflies  
In beautiful clothes  
We play, holding hands around them in fours  
And sing, the season's blessings.

Charles Jagongo

# Cat Struck!

Miaw, Miaw, silvery eyes  
Straightened fur, spear-like ears  
In mouth, claws  
Bone suspect. It was  
My cat, I, locked eyes  
In its mouth, went my fingers  
Pain in mouth, it struck.  
Out with bone, pain in my arm  
In relief, my toes it licked  
I nurse my arm, though contented.

Charles Jagongo

# Child, Baby And Doughnut

A penny please,  
Slim shaking cold fingers  
Stretched through the window  
In my face  
Oh! Just another one  
Me thought, 'a penny here'  
'God bless' said she  
Lying beneath a lamp light  
A baby wrapped in an old blanket.  
Cold, coughing, trembling,  
She, Five to Seven. Age,  
Picking and pecking I see  
Away our bus is pulling  
Lights, colorful lights and souls dancing  
In halls, partying.  
I see the child eating doughnut  
The baby strapped in her back  
Our bus, out of city  
Back, I see colorful lights  
Sick child, baby and doughnut. I think.

Charles Jagongo

# Clouds Shall Pass

I see clouds  
Whitish and feathery  
Cotton white and feathery  
Dark clouds, winds gather,

Winds howl, winds sweep the sky  
Sun shines, coloured rainbow bows  
little rain spatters, clouds,  
Clouds shall clear, the sun winks.

Charles Jagongo

# Come On My Love

My love I do remember you  
Every time I see colour that matches you.

My love I think of you every now and there  
Every time I read a word laced with Love.

I see a hill we used to climb with you far away  
Sunsets are counting I don't know what to say.

Text me, call me, tell me the truth  
That my heart would mend with the truth.

I see the stars that we used to watch up the sky  
I sweat in a cold night can't do with a haunting sky.

Come on my love and ease the pain  
Come on my love and ease my pain.

Charles Jagongo

# Crossroads

Cocks crow and crow  
Frogs crock and crock  
My sleep is warm and sweet  
Morning chill makes me want my bed more

The star in her eyes  
Her dark hair that flows  
So soft is her voice  
I've to make duty in or out

A weaver bird flies past the window out  
A strip of grass in beak to build a nest  
Traffic horns I hear and curses I know bread for sweat  
Chocolate sleep, beauty and pistons, I'm at crossroads

Charles Jagongo

# Dance, Dance, Dance.

Dance, Dance, Dance  
Dance your sweat away  
Dance the infectious beat  
The hall is full  
The music is great  
Thumb, thumb, thumb  
Our feet make a go  
Eyes glitter a world so great  
Voices smart and coy  
over shoulders they whisper  
Dance, Dance, Dance  
The silvery moon is up  
Stars glitter birds to nest  
It is a sweet melody  
A journey starts, Dance  
Sweet melody and breath  
A union!  
A young one will see day  
Dance, Dance, Dance.

Charles Jagongo

# Dear Pot

Not a stone  
Falling and be broken  
Unbalanced is this position  
Steadily. My desire  
In me, Water, no spill over  
This water  
Your life, it nourishes  
Out of this place  
Wish me not  
I'm your dear pot!

Charles Jagongo



# Do Not Cry Mum

I see clouds gather  
I know monkeys would cry  
Trees they call home and ever  
Would not stop a day so windy.

Mum, the horizon  
yonder would clear  
Its not the birds in cages  
But working bees I admire.

Hyenas would prey  
On peoples' blood  
Hares smart and eager to destroy  
Their game I know.

Mum, Do not Cry  
The clouds would clear  
Hyenas and Hares would not prey on us  
My nerves and soul so clear.

Charles Jagongo

# Do Not Read This!

Notice is clear in bold and block  
You can't miss and continue  
Your eyes always expectant and quick  
Swift like a released arrow from a bow  
Yes  
Its all  
But  
Garbage, still you crave its reading  
You are still reading?  
Hmnnn.  
Why did you read it?  
No,  
These lines will confuse you.  
Your brains would crack, do not read,  
Still you wouldn't stop, on you read  
Your eyes so sharp like a hawking Eagle  
That makes a hen out of grass so tall  
Steady like a preying Tiger  
This  
Is a warning sign  
But you wouldn't care  
You just read laugh or sigh  
Hmnn, you have won me over,  
You wouldn't STOP!

Charles Jagongo

# Donkey Tears

Legs follow, each, in dust  
Flies, they fly,  
Wounds they lick,  
Heavy, pregnant sacks,  
A whip cracks  
A journey from, morn to dusk  
The palate is dry,  
Wound festers, a tear drops,  
Thought I saw Donkey tears!

Charles Jagongo

# Don'T Cry, My Girl

Been away too long a time  
The waves called and the birds sung  
Dawns desolate dawns of want  
Sunsets unsettled sunsets of hope  
A world is vast a world of voyages  
My girl grass will grow  
Where fires had lit water sprinkled  
Hearts that yearn chocolates are sweet  
My Girl cry not my beloved  
A ring in your finger so cute  
Look,  
Here I am all sunsets Virgin blesses.

Charles Jagongo

# Doomsday Twenty-First December 2012!

Crack ah! A crack! Crack! Cling clang!  
Jehovah's' whip would lash  
World lamps would go off  
Jehovah's bells would toll  
All erased, a black out,  
Accept not us true what they want us.

Our world would diffuse  
Our lives quashed to infinity  
That scripture prints dictate  
Primary its not, doom prophets they are  
They had done this the same times ago  
Fear and confusion diffuse on masses days after.

Same scriptures make no judgment  
Same scriptures engraved is Jehovah's math  
Same scriptures God's time only him knows  
Sumerian Nibiyu ball of Doom Nasa commits not  
Mayan Calendar same as many a culture  
Grind fear below your feet, Doom Sayers defeat them!

Charles Jagongo

# Dove And Olive Branch

Here I kneel  
My soul lifts up  
My father, the almighty  
Snap  
Shot  
Images  
Of your beloved son, conjure  
The cup and last supper  
The thorny crown  
Crucification  
My heart beats, my deeds lie bare  
A dove and branch of olive  
Renews me whole.

Charles Jagongo

# Elephants, Elephants.

Down the valley I see a carcass  
A carcass of an Elephant with no tusks  
I hear whistles  
I know the evil poachers  
Elephants, Elephants, Elephants  
My grandfather would tell us tales  
Of trickery Hares with Elephants  
Of corn and pumpkin seeds  
That they got from dung of Elephants  
What a huge harvest there was?  
Elephants, Elephants, Elephants  
I dreamt of playing with Elephants  
They played their Trumpets  
In the wild we had a dance  
All were merry, Rhinos, gazelles and birds  
Trump, trump, trumpeter, hey what a dance  
Elephants, Elephants, Elephants  
For now my heart sinks, for man's cruel deeds  
You are all but lifeless, poachers have your tusks  
I'll drive them away poachers,  
I want to see Elephants, Elephants.

Charles Jagongo

# Face Africa

You had a face  
Africa it was face  
It glittered a star to behold  
A beaming joly it was your face.

Africa tell me papa  
Your lively face was eaten up  
Your lovely embers papa  
Your lovely treasure papa.

Africa whose bossom  
Africa whose tits  
Africa whose manhood  
Africa what made these a flash!

Your laughter has dried  
Your joys reserviors are empty  
Your drums no more one night  
Your face of mirrors gone by.

Charles Jagongo



# Feather In Universe!

Feathery, feather, feathery  
Blowing wind, it twirls and dances  
Drenching rain, oh, feather, feathery

Like the Stars, Planets, in their orbit  
Mystic and steady they go, no pillar  
A distance to cover, energized, re-energized

Hmnn, feather, feather, feathery,  
No staking, own, and alone, traversing  
A soul in the wind, in Universe, Oh, feather!

Charles Jagongo

# Fire! Fire!

A fire is lit, gleaming backs  
Drums beat, in ecstasy dancers  
Hop around the night fire  
He dipped, to be baptized,  
In water and said  
' he will come for water  
His time will change to fire'  
Fire! Fire!  
Lit in my heart, this fire  
That heals, in ecstasy, in holiness  
Universe enjoined, fire in your eyes  
Melted my heart!

Charles Jagongo

## Flowers For Me.

Here, in the green field, yonder the sky is blue  
Behind 'Ramogi' sacred hills, I see it blue

I wade past the tall, spear like flowering grass  
To, pink, red, and yellow, I pick the flowers

Up a tree I see two weaver birds building their nest  
Flowers I sample, all alone, for me, I'll bring these to my nest.

Charles Jagongo

# For My Son

That I smoke this pipe  
As smoke greets the sky  
Here I see the past  
When we did a thousand orders  
Of our elders,  
That owls would not hoot  
As our paths would be done with silver  
A ritual done for men  
That we would not wail,  
Cut, for action would make a man.  
That peace would be yours in head  
And keep it not as they loose theirs,  
Hope makes a man when all are done  
But chance would come in diguise as horror  
Pray not with head but with the heart  
For it makes your soul whole.  
I've done athousand miles.  
This button from my ancestors  
Would be yours for your children,  
To guide and for honour  
The past lies like a bow  
That throws you like an arrow.  
Take heart my son  
This world is for hearts of steel.

Charles Jagongo

# Gadhafi, Debtless Lion!

Like a lion, roaring, animals shudder  
An empire so vast, swimming in riches.

Dreamland, father of a United Africa  
Me told, Libya had no Western debt, in Africa!

Riotous, countrymen, cause, he overstayed, he had sinned  
To culvert hole, him, they followed.

Ululations, Celebrations, rocked  
Bloody mass, mute flesh, Gadhafi reduced by lead.

To second lion, whose reign shall be  
No Western debt, let Libya be!

Charles Jagongo

# Give Thanks

The sky is blue  
The fires of last night in ashes  
Your dog licks your fingers  
Give thanks to God  
For set of new day  
That you crossed beyond yesterday.

Music blares from speakers  
Wine and cheese in plenty  
As many chicken souls flew up the sky  
Your place is not read for gifts  
known company workers go with gifts  
Give thanks for to serve, you had a chance.

The yearly January approaches  
Yester-years' counts make no promise  
The granary is running empty  
As debtors come calling with twisted faces  
Pastor says you have not done good seeds  
Give thanks to your God he smiles on you.

Give thanks and give it abundantly  
That you had a mission to accomplish  
That he guided you to see another year  
When some could cross not the river  
And were swallowed by crocodiles  
Give thanks that you did not sink away.

Charles Jagongo

# God Here I Am

Had walked the path  
Had climbed this rocky mountain  
Had done with boulders  
Had done with thorn pricks

Here I am on my knees

Up the stars twinkle  
Up the moon gives a wink  
Up the clouds clear, feathery soft  
Up my arms in supplication

Here I am in between peak and sky

Voyages were done  
Voyages of a lonely soul seeking  
Voyages of time and space clouded  
Voyages where tunnel lights dimmed

Here I am in peak and a cliff dead bones below!

God here  
God there  
God for peace  
God of fate

Here I am your timely message I trumpet

Here my little wings will do  
Here my blood vessels will do  
Here my Trumpet will do  
Here my soul will fly and call for wisdom

Here at the peak I am yours as made be!

Charles Jagongo

# Gold, Gold, Gold.

Hei ho! Gold everywhere  
Gold in my garden  
Gold in my house  
Sparkling gold as my rosary  
Sparkling gold as my teeth  
Gold, gold, gold Hei ho

All a dream  
That I counted chests and chests  
Gold so full it made my heart to fly  
That we planted gold in my garden  
And we had trees with golden fruits  
Sweat all over as I awoke, all a dream.

Charles Jagongo



# Gone By The Wind

Tell me who will wake  
Up the sleeping ancestors  
For the past had taken  
Time, space, and replaced  
As a new cell,  
Tell me who will make Nile  
Back to Victoria  
And not to Mediterranean  
He will, not, but, envy  
Current, presence of grace!  
The past is gone  
By the wind, Amen.

Charles Jagongo

# Green Peace

Tall trees dance, winds sing past  
Harmonic melodica, rain greets earth from universe part  
Tall trees dance.

The fountain flows, in a winding groove a torrential chain  
From a top a mountain, down the green plains  
The fountain flows.

Nature in harmony, in contentment love of green picturesque  
Birds sing, animals count mates nature's own peace in brick  
Nature in harmony.

Green peace, heaven as stars wink and moon so bright up the sky  
Sun's yellow rays strike, greet flowers and dance this day.  
Green peace!

Charles Jagongo

# Happily Ever After

A time, your, families would be  
As great and big, our wish that be  
Yours, not yours, ours would be  
Grandsons, laughing with mirth, would be

Your growing a part  
Would make our hearts part  
Sparkling stars, would part  
A place, time, and homeliness would part

A gain our sons and daughters, yours for love  
Love not with lust, but care to love  
Lust decay, it would be, care makes true love  
Happily ever after, marriages flow with love.

Charles Jagongo

# He Bought Love

Lying in a muddy pool  
They say he was there

The glamor lights were on  
The discotheque high

She was there  
Eyes seductively inviting

He got the cue  
Thought it was love

In they got going  
Coins were plenty

Drinks and on after  
He bought Love

She said twas over  
Drinks with sleeping pills

Like a sack of potatoes  
In a muddy pool he got damped

Penniless and in cold  
He bought Love.

Charles Jagongo

# He Played To The Last String

Beads of sweat rolled, gleaming backs shook and twirled  
Logs of fire added, pure smoke rose  
In chorus, their voices went in unison, best steps competed  
The jingles punctuated, and drums went in frenzy  
His fingers danced with the harp's strings that made them wild  
Alas, in crescendo, strings gave way one after and after.  
Jingles and a string had to make it now, his voice punctuated  
Infectious, in chorus they had applauded!  
He PLAYED TO THE LAST STRING beamed the headlines.  
A role in movie popped, he signed!

Charles Jagongo

# He Was Here

With eyes angelic and piercing  
With a brain as sharp as a razor dissecting  
With fingers of a fine guitarist picking  
With cloths and jewels so bewitching.

He was here.

A threat to craft-men's souls  
A threat to speckled professors' intellectual souls  
A threat to priests' butter and souls  
They conspired, hounded and burnt his soul.

He was here.

In place, a void so vast  
They labor in a world so vast  
Magic is no more, the congregation is bored  
He was here, wandering glimpses so craved.

He was here.

Charles Jagongo

# Hear My Whisper

Here, I beckon,  
Would you sit, stand or kneel?  
Do I sit, stand or kneel?  
Hmnn, words, refuse to come.  
Who would lend me  
A box of voices?  
That you may hear me?  
Here, hear, this,  
A gape you are, eyes wide, silence  
That is not loud, I'm-mmm,  
No my heart beats, races,  
My blood boils,  
I'm gathering now,  
I L-O-V-E you!  
You heard that?  
Who said that?

Charles Jagongo

# Heavy Heart I Burry Them

Whoosh, whoosh, whap!  
A hungry Eagle destroyed their nest  
High up and up  
Their mom, captured, away from nest  
Turning back not  
Had become an Eagle's meal.  
Little ones orphaned  
Wingless and scared,  
Escape, they had tried  
Thud, had fallen to ground  
One, a leg broken, head smashed  
Another, out were intestines  
Pity, pity, up I pick them  
Cupped in my palms, lifeless  
Up, the tree  
Their nest, a ruined home  
Heavy heart heaving  
I bury them, no ceremony, nothing  
An Ant, a meal it had seen!

Charles Jagongo



# Her Lamp Glowed, Their Heads Bowed

One, two she counted.  
Three four, she moved  
Lamp in hand glowed  
No suitor, black faces  
Terrified as rats for cat  
Stared back, pleadingly  
Inside eyes, she moved on  
Her lamp teased,  
Their hearts pounded  
The pretty lass,  
stood for a kill  
Five to six lamp  
On face after face  
She sighed, her choice,  
Her type  
None could make,  
Her lamp glowed,  
Out their heads bowed.

Charles Jagongo

# His Life, A Porridge Pool

Sitting on a traditional stool  
Starring, ripples in a pool  
He stirred porridge with a wooden spoon  
Ripples, cause of his spoon  
Porridge, had become a pool  
His life, a porridge pool.

Charles Jagongo

## Hold On Hold On

Your arms ache, your feet ache  
The pain's height moves up  
Your back no more holds you up.

You stop and stare up  
In supplication, the moon is in the sky up  
Child of fate, mercy befriends door.

Hold on hold on  
You captain of your soul  
Loose not your soul.

When thorns become your mattress  
And sand become sole of your shoes  
That is when your angel would smile!

Charles Jagongo

# Holding On Climbing Up

This mountain  
So steep, so high  
My nerves are aching  
On I move with resolve.

My soul urges  
Up the mountain sits  
My holy castle, Highness  
That waits.

I see the castle  
A majesty that waits  
Holding on, climbing up  
Down, spreads, beautifully!

Charles Jagongo

# Honey Moon Forever

The bell had rang, the bride in cloud nine  
Heaven's gate a jar, the bride groom in cloud nine

Sweet is a heart that yearned, a heart that conquered  
Life of bliss, the love of sweet heart conquered

Celebration jewel in worth of sunsets wait  
Honeymoon a far, an island in Indian ocean all for wait

The bride's eyes sparkled, a step in ferry  
Bridegroom in delight sighed, with a step in ferry

Swallows flew and waves called the ferry pulled  
In hurricane, ferry with lovers in bottom sea pulled

Breaking news, everybody on board had flown to sky forever  
Tears filled cheeks, lovers in honey moon forever.

Charles Jagongo

# Hongera!

Mother Africa  
When early bird  
Sang to welcome  
The morning sun  
You were up  
Ready to brighten our day  
When it was  
Dryness all over  
When river beds  
Were thirsty  
And no drops  
Of honey down our throats  
You made us feel  
That all were there  
For your bare palms  
Hold us with warmth  
The desire for all that we dream  
The boulders on you,  
Away we will lift them  
We love you,  
Mother Africa, 'Hongera'  
Mother Africa, 'Hongera.'

Charles Jagongo

# I Got You

Yes, I remember in the deeps  
The sails blew in wind  
Where waves splashed  
And our boat rocked.

In the wilderness where  
Stars gazed bellow one clear night  
As your starlit eyes glittered  
As crickets did their song

I new I got you  
That the rain drenched your fur jacket  
That hyenas did not scare you  
That still you wrapped my hands in your heart.

Charles Jagongo

# I Miss You, I Do

Hmnn its still all fresh  
Like milk so white and fresh  
I long the taste of freshness  
All like a baby devoid of mother's presence  
I see the star  
Like a scar  
It teases and scolds  
In the roof top with us  
Darling company it was  
I see the trees  
They whisper in darkness  
Chilling and chirping are crickets  
The whispers made your honeyed voice  
My love  
Void are times and spaces  
Your images soft with smiles  
Coming and passing dawns  
Nightmares to inspiring dawns  
We looked forward to  
Show me your face again  
I'll do all to tie the knots  
My love, you are all I miss.

Charles Jagongo



# I'm Wholesomely Black!

I know that charcoal is black  
That its fire makes our beef well cooked  
I know this beauty with lips so soft and black,  
That her eyes glitter like a star in a dead night  
With eye balls resembling a pearl in a cup of milk  
A shapely frame with arms outstretched  
To receive my black wholesome skin.

I know of them in white religious 'Kanzus'  
That all evil they know as black colored  
They who have all to condemn.

While black in pure heart absorbs heat head bowed.  
It is my pride  
It is my home  
God chose this for me  
To let you know how to love.

I'm wholesomely black.

You never chose your day  
You never chose your sire  
In this wonderful world you are a child of fate,  
Evil has no boundary in your pure heart  
I'm clothed in a black suit  
Universe is diverse my arms are open.

Charles Jagongo

# I've Got The Power

Here up the mountain peak  
I see the valley spreads bellow  
Alone, herding sheep amidst the wild  
Thorny trees with juicy fruits prick  
Honey is sweet, that of bees of the wild  
Yes, I've become the captain of the wild  
That I would guide sheep to pasture  
That I would tame bees and the thorny trees,  
And to enjoy the wild, it's a power  
I've got the power.

Charles Jagongo

# I'LI Build You A House!

You lady so bewitching, is your charm,  
You lady, disarmed is me, your arrow, my heart is struck  
As weaver birds do their houses, on tree tops  
As ants make, colonies, for their queens,  
As my ancestors, spear in blood they had dipped,  
That, their grand sons, would build houses, for their loved ones  
So, I'll build you a house, my queen,  
Where my ancestors had pointed, with their walking sticks  
A place with tall grass where marks were made with sticks  
We'll watch the sunsets, and bless the rising moon.  
I'll build you a house, my queen!

Charles Jagongo

# I'M A Water Grass

Deep down, my roots  
Penetrate the river belly  
Water I brave, in vicious floods  
I flex, smart and steady  
I wouldn't loose roots  
I'm a water grass, here to stay.

Charles Jagongo

# In Blood She Sat

The machine roared into life, high spirits in a rover  
Two lovely love birds had clang to each other  
She a college fresher  
He a young village school teacher  
Yes,  
It was an outing, never to be, up and down hard  
They had met the earth, not a roar was heard  
Under the stars, she sat, in her blood  
Him, a fountain from his head, was blood.  
Hmnn!  
Help! And a slap from a would be Samaritan  
Pockets ransacked, cash and cell phones gone  
In darkness, they leaped, returning was none  
One, two, three, her lover, would not stand up, lo! It was dawn  
Yes,  
She had sat there, in blood, oblivious of her lover's departure  
Found at the break of dawn, to hospital for care  
A soul gone by the wind, was her lover,  
The times and places he would haunt, memories would linger!

Charles Jagongo

# In Flesh And Blood

Horizon ever rising,  
Darkness and light ever coming,  
The waves ever flowing,  
Words I pen, they read,  
Form of deity they see  
In a cliff I stand,  
Below, spreads the beauty  
Of flowers and ugly  
Scars pricked by vultures  
On carcasses,  
The good, the bad kisses  
Me side by side, like ants  
On fat, true, deity not I  
Here I am flesh and blood.  
Us, all, seek, in prayer,  
Whitewash the ugly,  
Wishing in, divine fruits.  
In Flesh and blood I am.

Charles Jagongo

# In Her Wings Yonder

Of colored rainbow  
A drizzle soft for slumber  
Peeled herself from the sun  
A sparkling margestic fairy  
A bird in honeyed voice  
In a sandy beach I sit  
Waves recoil and splash  
She makes spice of chocolate voice  
She laughs and in water she plays  
In unison the birds fly and chorus  
Colours fly and swim  
Her garment of rainbow I'm enwrapped  
Carried I fly over  
All in her wings Yonder.

Charles Jagongo

# In The Couch

Sweet is this juice  
In a glass at hand  
Nerves ease, my heart  
Your breath is near,  
In yours eyes  
I see for grace  
Wind blows curtain  
Rain splatters to earth  
In this couch your hand  
Makes my pillow.

Charles Jagongo



# In The Wild Sea

They laugh, shout and curse,  
One by one fishes are plucked from nets,  
Thrown for soup inside the boats.  
Big fishes give chase  
Dodging and going for algae are small fishes,  
Waves splash and roar between the rocks,  
Lying in wait for prey are the crocodiles,  
They paddle away from the deeps,  
Another day in the wild sea it was.

Charles Jagongo

# Key To My Heart

The smiles, like a goddess over mountain peak  
The smiles, that melt hearts fallen for pick

The smoke, rising up to kiss clouds underneath fire  
The smoke, that hovers over a lovely lit fire

Naïve maid, a fathers' child key to father's heart  
Naïve maid, a willing heart key to my longing heart!

Charles Jagongo

# King Beast: Jungle Africa

In clenched fist, with sweet voices  
In high raised platforms, clap clap and cheers  
In well cut suits, eyes glow powers piece the sky  
Venom eyes to adversaries, rivalry stained  
In crimson red liquid, path to state house  
Tribesmen men cheer, rivals jeer in jungle Africa  
Necks, backs, heads are smashed and brocken,  
All in ticket to seats of power, ideologies and policies see no day  
No time for ideologies, do it later though do not remind them  
The beasts have muscle; this is Africa diamonds and orange are sweet  
This jungle Africa, Subjects cow, as King devour freedom with relish  
Shsss! Talk in whispers, the head might not belong to you!

Charles Jagongo

# Kony, Bloody Fingers!

Drums beat, smoke rises,  
Encroaching is your hardened souls  
of blood, souls of darkness.

Young, old and sick, they try to run, to freedom  
and safety, for your men will, turn them  
to bloody mass of flesh and skeletons.  
The people, your people, your subjects?

To be subjects, in graves, hmnn, they still follow you!  
In whose spirit do you fight?  
Whose liberation do you want?  
Your fingers are wet, your bloody fingers,

Wipe them, your soul they continue to maul.  
Hear children cry, hear women wail,  
Your web of bloody fingers,  
Ebbing life out, and flowing in diseases of hatred.  
Let Uganda be! Papa your fingers are choking you.

Charles Jagongo

# Launched I Fly

Pulled back, the string is tensioned  
And whoosh, I fly launched  
With my razor tip, Clouds I pierce  
Waving, are flowers trees  
Birds, animals, fishes, they giggle  
Stars, beckon, universe, here I come.

Charles Jagongo

# Letter To A Secret Lover

Dear,  
Do I say my love?  
There is a vacuum in my heart  
You this, should offend not,  
My heart is void,  
Your heart it seeks  
Do I say my love?  
This I fear, might go for ruin  
Let it not, a confession it is  
A heart within, that boils,  
A heart, the cool of your soul  
It needs,  
It craves,  
Enslaved is me,

Dear,  
Call me to freedom  
Hope, you, it wouldn't hurt  
Should your heart be locked,  
Know a heart, a soul  
Under the stars  
Had cared, had loved.  
And  
My chest, it pricked  
It did, the cupid,  
Cry not, the brittle one,  
Naïve heart,  
A confession it is.  
A power beyond!

Charles Jagongo

# Letter To God

My Almighty,  
Sanctity is yours  
Seeking is me  
Wisdom is yours  
Seeking is me,  
That my adversaries,  
Would honour me  
And friends would,  
Harm me not  
The universe is infinite  
Yours  
I to live and fly.

Charles Jagongo

# Letter To My Mother

Mummy tell me, did I bother you  
While in comfort of your lovely womb  
Mummy tell me.

While dawn had opened, and a new world was created  
And the first gasps of air, I did, was my cry so loud?  
While dawn had opened.

Mummy while nothing, but a helpless bundle  
You made my bed and I sucked your breasts for life  
Mummy while nothing.

Mummy that you continue, to wish me well  
While am grown, your desire that all is well  
Mummy that you continue.

My self I pride, a journey with you in a vast universe  
A fountain and fortitude, you no worry, provision is mine.  
Myself I pride.

Charles Jagongo



# Letter To Satan

You Satan

In whose blood do you swear?

Whose bloody hand do you wear?

You Satan

The World cries

Your cold, sadistic teeth sink so deep

Carcasses lie in battle fields, eyes hauntingly sunk so deep.

The World cries.

Your Messengers

In pinstriped suits, cut deals of greed and death

The valleys, plains, stink with death!

Yours Messengers

God sees you

His time is here, your teeth in hell you'll grind

The numbers are counting; wages shall be paid in kind

God sees you!

Charles Jagongo

# Lone Sand At The Beach

Waves come calling, Seagulls call  
Heaps of fellow sand pile, washed by waves and together roll.

Two Hippos water they blow, beings are busy and pass  
Amidst these, my taste is far, I belong so far.

At night the stars would illuminate the sky  
Patterned and beautiful, my mate, I'll see scope in sky.

Charles Jagongo

# Lost In The World

He had come, a rebirth-like it was, reincarnated  
He had seen all, heard all, witnessed all, and wondered  
Couldn't believe, couldn't, comprehend.

He had seen them talk to themselves,  
Gadgets in ears, they talk to themselves,  
They box the air and talk to themselves,

He had tried to; persuade, to drive sense into them  
In air his, voice had gone, could not a waken them  
Whatever they were, all these seemed to belong to them

He had, gone for the cattle shed, not there but, a sky- scrapper  
He had, gone for the stick granaries, not there, but, a sky crapper  
He had, looked for his hut and his brothers', all, skyscrapers, skyscrapers.

He yelled, they couldn't hear, they hurried on,  
Their black paths, with moving boxes on wheels, on and on  
Up the stars, he flew, dejected, unceremoniously, on.

Charles Jagongo

# Lost Jewel

She was here  
A voice so honeyed

Her coy  
A swallow's morning welcome

So pretty and brittle  
The locusts tender wings in wind

She dropped me a message  
Her contact to other site

She the queen of letters  
A jewel for many a miss

Charles Jagongo

## Love Petals.

Love, this love  
so warm, so soft  
in wool nest I slumber.

This love,  
game is solid  
so thick and strong  
I'm in a fort  
bolted and secure.

This love,  
as wild flowers'  
scent in my nose  
are petals for me.

Charles Jagongo

# Love Suffocating!

Mmmh..I'm waiting, sitting here  
Here I'm waiting for my dear  
Cross, she will be, I can't mingle, my dear  
I can't see a bird, I'm caged, my eyes need waxing dear  
I can't be away, she will be sad, my dear  
Hens are better, my dear  
They come to roost after freedom, dear  
This love, is suffocating dear!

Charles Jagongo

# Love, Love, Love

Perched in a mother's belly  
Soft fur and breasts make comfort  
As thud of mother's gallop makes music  
A monkey's baby prettily holds on.  
Mo, mo, moo,  
A cow's longing for her young one  
In the cow's shed a farmer guides the calf,  
The cow's breast heaves and itches  
For the calf's mouth  
A mother's sight is a song to the calf.  
Give me yams, yams, yams  
That I would hunger no more  
Give me water that I would thirst no more  
It is all but food for soul  
As babies cry me warmth and nectar,  
Give me love that I would thirst  
And hunger no more  
Love, Love, Love.

Charles Jagongo

# Love, See The Moon

Here over the roof I sit  
A breeze so cool showers me  
Here over the roof I sit

My love, come see  
The crescent so clear that I see 'Madonna'  
My love, come see

Cotton feathery clouds remain  
The moon winks as light clouds pass by  
Cotton feathery clouds remain

Love, come up the stars glitter  
'Madonna' holds her child in supplication  
Love, come the stars glitter

Here take my hand  
Ladder is safe in my arm, a post, you subtle maid  
Here take my hand

Love see the moon  
In your shoulder, moon's silver gaze, a soul that blesses  
Love see the moon.

Charles Jagongo



# Loving Arms

Darling, the day is over,  
my boots, are resting in the rack,  
homely, and lovely, your eyes are.

My pen, I'm done, let my pen rest,  
the door is bolted, whose time is not?  
my eyes are heavy, the log of duty was heavy.

Darling, spread your loving arms,  
screws, in my head, let my head rest,  
in your loving arms, I slumber.

Charles Jagongo

# Machine On Mars!

The night is clear  
No sleep, my darling is away  
I see the red, star  
I'm told a machine landed there yesterday  
I see through the window, what a jewel star,  
It is there, far and away  
Either, is my love, not so near  
In Mars, my wish, me and her to stay  
A mission, the machine, would clear!

Charles Jagongo

## Mad Man, Once A Mother's Love.

In a dirty string-like cloth, bottom and chest bare  
A body in patches, and dried wounds show  
In supplication, hands held out ghostly, for food or dime  
Not food not a dime, but sadist's stone,  
His stomach rumbles, he rummages his bundle of rags  
A rotten banana peel, his lunch it makes  
Moons counted, a mother, like any other  
Got a sweet product of her womb, kissed like other  
She had loved him, yes, a bundle of joy he was.  
Powers, the times, the earth it would be drenched, her tears,  
Sight of her son, her soul sinks.

Charles Jagongo

# Make Me A Home.

A top the hills  
Where early morning sun's rays  
Like the golden God's spears  
Struck sweetly their skins  
So the kings built their palaces.

Inside the nests  
Where soft cotton-like feathers  
Did the inside walls  
And warm like linen in queens' beds  
So the weaverbirds for young ones  
They build their nests.

Inside your heart  
That your smiles reflect  
Eyes glowing and smart  
I'll love my home in your heart  
All comfort of a warm heart  
Make me a home in your heart.

Charles Jagongo

# Man In Labor Pain

The hour had come, the heart raced,  
Beads of sweat, dot the forehead  
Stomach churns and rumbles, it rests in the heart  
Eyes like a hawk's fixed and gazing in air  
A sharp sound, the ward is dead in air  
Heart leaps in mouth the room is hot  
No news everything is hot,  
A nurse appears, breaking news,  
Safe it was, baby and madam are fine,  
Sweet! Hurrah!

Charles Jagongo

# Mandela, A Star Of Hope

Yes, only him and out in open  
Could whip up their emotions  
Could make fire weaves of words  
Sweet, provocative and with taste for freedom.

Only Mandela could blow trumpets  
Only Mandela could climb the rocky mountains  
Only Mandela new love and hate he brewed  
Only Mandela could do this for freedom

Lovely family and comrade comforts  
Sweet neighbourhood grapevines  
For twenty seven years cut off  
Only Mandela would grind stones for freedom

Freedom, Freedom a dawn so sweet  
From Roben Island a head of mass  
A star of hope that glitters in the sky  
Only Mandela would lead in freedom.

Power no sugar made over  
Power taste the mighty go in knees  
A salt so powerful and addictive  
Only Mandela did it in one bundle for freedom.

Papa Mandela only one in a forest  
Papa Nelson Mandela only one voice  
Only Papa's stories rekindle the struggles  
Only Mandela did and would do it for freedom

Charles Jagongo

# Margerittea, He Butchered Her!

Widowed

A bundle of fire wood

At the market place, she sold

Her baby son, would be fed

Educated and sheltered.

Margerittea, now old,

Her baby son, grown, he had,

Her security, she had hoped

Lo! He, now man, a drunkard

Margerittea, still a bundle of firewood

She sold

This man! She fed

A night there was no food

The man, always a drunkard

Margerittea, he butchered

Margarittea, he cried

Searching for food

Margerittea, we wailed

A life without reward.

Charles Jagongo

# Me And God

Eternity is the Universe,  
Swaying are the leaves  
Rain splatters  
Around I see lives  
Wind, earth and heaven it kisses  
Lightening roars and strikes  
God, harmony, is yours  
God, fountain of life, is yours  
God, a humble soul, I'm yours.

Charles Jagongo



# Milky Eyes

I take your hand,  
You fold, and squeeze your fingers  
Into my hand,  
Waves ebb, and flow  
And splash our feet on sand,  
Your dark, cool flowing hair  
Enwrap our shoulders, blown by wind  
You laugh and chuckle  
A voice that suits, a band  
Out I pull a nut,  
You nibble it on my hand  
Your milky eyes, your breath,  
Above sea birds fly and land  
Your milky eyes kill me, I'm done, its heaven  
Landing on your shoulder is a sea bird  
To it I reach and your soft hair, I touch  
Your eyes sparkle, a wake, I crave the dreamland!

Charles Jagongo

# Mine Not Yours

All this is mine,  
You're all that you possess  
My worth of possession  
Yours not numbered in, why  
Claim and clench fist  
Born with it  
Let God sever  
My part of me,  
Would it suit you?  
Would I take your foot  
For mine to discard?  
Boulders for what in path?  
Care not my pace  
It would earn you no egg  
Won't make you a gain.  
The universe is vast  
Fishes can swim  
Birds would fly  
A lion would not  
Travel underground  
Worms would do!  
It's mine, nothing yours.

Charles Jagongo

# Mission To Earth, A Child Is Born!

Mission to Earth, mission on Earth  
A baby cries, cold air, no warmth  
No womb comfort, a life, a journey begins.

Mission to Earth, mission on Earth  
A universe spreads forth,  
Horizon, spreads a hand and boundless.

Mission to Earth, mission on Earth  
Giggles and applause, the friendly stars  
Frowns and yellow eyes, the jealous frogs

Mission to Earth, Mission on Earth  
The cross, he bears all, a thorn as crown  
A mission, to save a life, though so thankless!

Charles Jagongo

# Money God

Palms dirty and in grease  
Palms oiled and fingers tapping keys  
palms follow through pages  
The soul would get gifts so precious.

Money, the adhesive in lovers bonds  
Money, the weighing scale in relatives relations  
Money, all for the desire of their hearts  
Tell me of deals not sealed with shillings.

God!  
God, the congregation in passion stay in peace  
God, the preacher would punch and stress  
Give Caesar his belongings.

Charles Jagongo

# Morning Petals

Greenish and pinky  
Reddish and yellow flowers  
In this season blossom,  
From the East, the sun strikes  
how fine is my darling's face  
Angel face on screen, written  
The cupid re-strikes my heart,  
I'm won, here are petals,  
The morning flower petals!

Charles Jagongo

# Mother Chicken

Kut, kut, kwee, kwee, she calls  
Chicks run to mother, and flap their wings  
The mother, pecks and scratches ground for worms

Kut, kut, kwee, kwee, a sweet mother's sign  
They hop, dance, jump and run in delight  
A day is made, with a lovely mother's sign.

Kut, kut, kwee, kwee, on the ground she scratches  
Kwi, kwi, merrily they've pecked for worms  
Happy under shade, they are covered under wings.

Charles Jagongo

## 's Guest

With heads falling like cattle fodder  
Cut to clear your path to crown  
Your kinsmen's deathly anticipation  
Cleared your way to the throne.  
You dined with them, the skulls of horror  
Human feelings lost to lust for power  
Oblivious of the chief prosecutors' net  
Fishing in your bloody territory for clues  
Though as you laugh with mirth over thorny crown  
Knowing well of souls you sank,  
You have account to make at the ICC.  
That they never tasted freedom  
Their choice, hopes all went in smoke  
That you make journeys campaigning for African freedom  
From what, who and, why not you?  
My heart sinks, your bloody hand  
Chokes their voices,  
Yes, Mr. Hague's Guest.

Charles Jagongo

## Mummy. Mummy I Could Have...

Mummy, I had just become  
Could have become  
In your arms beautiful and whole  
Says this voice in me  
In the abyss it had gone  
A rapist seed planted in me  
Shattered, dreams to be  
Piteous life  
And blank mind pushed me.  
Mummy help me  
By then a cry not done  
Dreams elusive  
They had become  
Old, helpless is me  
And nagging is the voice  
Mummy, mummy I could have...

Charles Jagongo



# Music My Soul

Sounds of freedom,  
Quench my longing soul  
I'm at peace with myself  
Music cools my nerves  
My whole it renews  
Tom tom drums  
Keyboards, flutes, the rich voices  
Bring them all, I need my soul,  
I'll fly with my music to universe.

Charles Jagongo

# My Eve

Yes she to be  
My other rib  
God's gift I deserve  
A companion for sunrises  
Bubbling with energy  
Till time of sunsets  
Down to earth she is  
A missing star in sky  
We help each to find  
In a constellation so pretty.

Charles Jagongo

# My Fantasy Girl

In a rainbow dress  
Under raindrops  
Sweet chuckles  
And arm-like wings  
singing all smiles  
scribbling in glassy sheets  
Words woven like sweet flowers  
My heart did steps  
Your golden scribes  
Made a thousand hearts  
Make smiley faces.

My fantasy girl, you flew up and thundered  
I woke up and shivered!

Charles Jagongo

# My Flag My Country

Wind blows, my flag dances, in the wind  
The anthem is sang, souls in unison bond  
My flag is tough in the wind, none would  
Blow my flag a way, my country I'm proud  
Defender is me, the glory of spilled blood

During emancipation from slavery,  
The ills washed, and made white as cotton  
The struggles, the quest for victory  
My flag flies, in wholeness,  
The sweet, reminiscences of my country's history.

Charles Jagongo

# My Girl

How sweet  
How tender  
How delicate  
With  
A brain so bright  
I receive with delight  
The words so bright  
for  
My sweet girl  
Distance no wall  
Belief makes a will  
I'll  
Wait my girl  
I'll wait my girl  
I have a will.

Charles Jagongo

# My Heart Your Keeper

The forest is dense  
The mist is thick  
Curling, calling are waves

Sweet parrot  
In honeyed calls  
Cold glare silky eyes

Knocks to heart  
Acknowledgement  
Thwarted with steel

Hmnn my angel  
Times chocolate molten  
Misty no golden

Hmnn, my girl  
From my heart my song  
Flies and wander

Hmmn, my girl  
My soul yearning  
Honey in ghee so sweet

My girl  
Naïve I a promise  
You've blown the candle

My palms are bare  
My heart your keeper  
Horizon my eyes stare

Charles Jagongo

## My Love,

Its Because of You, I do it  
You had melted my rocky heart,  
Your caring words, your lines, did it,  
We were told that men,  
Their lovers, they stared stone faced  
But, here I smile, and here it flows, my heart  
We were told, not to profess our love,  
To our loved ones, that it, boredom,  
It would brood, lost would be sacredness  
But, here I do it, because of you  
The magic you cast, overpowers my soul,  
It's all but sacred.  
Yours for love, no-ops! Yes for your love  
I'll break the chain, b'cause of you,  
The chain is broken,  
My Love.

Charles Jagongo

# My Love, Don'T Make Me Cry

The stars are up, a spectacle of splendor  
The moon so clear and winks  
You said you'll be here  
And like babies would play  
In the beach, would laugh  
Scoop sand, sprinkle water for play  
Here I wait, Golden sunsets count  
Moons come as your face teases  
Your call honeyed like a bird's song  
Promise of a sweet dawn, so I'll stay  
A mother is a way, a baby would cry,  
My tender petal, don't make me cry,

Charles Jagongo



# My Soul And Drums

A cross the flowing streams  
Over the distant mountains  
Drumbeats tickle my ears.

Over meandering paths my legs fly  
Beats pull my soul strongly  
Like bees to nectar flowers they fly.

Tap, tap, tap the dancers feet in lines  
Glowing and warm are the festival fires  
In ecstasy lifting my soul are the drums.

Charles Jagongo

# Mystery Dance

Up, down, side ways they shake,  
Here, I sit, and see them, crave  
The alluring, world of fantasy,

The beats, flow, hit, they turn  
Beads of sweat, faces in ecstasy, burn  
Hearts beat, convulsions, trembles, mystic.

Wonder, I continue, they laugh, so wild  
Beats continue, beats so wild,  
Beings they move, electrified, possessed.

Music to ears, makes them pop in brain,  
The drums, cymbals, strings, harmonic chain,  
The souls, chained, made to mystery dance!

Charles Jagongo

## Not Lust, But Care.

Tell me dear, that it was all true  
That, it was not my shapely legs,  
The size of my hips  
The shape of my cheeks  
The coolness of my lips  
Nor  
The soft colour of my skin  
Tell me that you shall not bolt  
When my knees shall be knocking and weary  
When my lips shall have cracked and dry  
When my face is wrinkled and my skin dry  
You  
Shall remain to care  
and each we shall care  
For then I shall know  
It was not lust, but love.

Charles Jagongo

# Nyanam

Nyanam, daughter of the lake  
as she speaks,  
its hundhwe the song bird  
your songs I desire  
Nyanam, your eyes,  
A golden pearl they are  
Your legs, the rhythm  
Harpist's song memories, conjure  
Living and loving,  
You're my rosy petal.

Charles Jagongo

## Ojal: Lamentation

Ojal, Ojal, Ojal  
The son of the soil  
Son of the rivers,  
Son of the plains,  
Is this really you brother?  
They have done  
The best they wanted  
For and of you.  
Have you gone to glory?  
Son of Ojungo  
You have gone to the clouds  
The sky, your soul shall linger  
The stars company they make  
We will meet brother  
Ours in wait, unknown the timer.

Charles Jagongo

# One Stone

Muscles, tighten  
Up and to the pond  
I release, one stone  
Ripples, form  
Like raised voices,  
I hear, squabbles,  
Wounds open,  
Swords drawn  
All these, I see,  
Cause, my one stone  
I know water is deep!

Charles Jagongo

# One Wouldn'T Make A Three!

You write it in paper and paint it  
Glorifying abuse the way you do  
Your ink is not dry, add ink and make it bold  
Not done yet color it so, want to add what?  
You only had one, your mouth is pregnant  
You do it like a typing machine, pour vitriol  
It stares you in face, like water over a duck's back  
Would glide and remain dry, your chest is full  
You spew skeletons, in same spot it stands  
Majestic mockingly, significant other she was!  
You molest, rub dirt, do a three on one hands shaking.  
A marker writes, one wouldn't make a three!

Charles Jagongo

# Pagan Religion

Blind folded  
He is there  
Times ending  
Cut short are colorful dreams  
With swords and in masked faces  
The brave mask not their faces  
A hollow prayer is recited  
Lost in wilderness  
In camera they see him  
Family and loved ones shed tears  
They can not help him  
Serene and without tears  
He is virtually there  
Blood spills out  
His world is closed  
His head is for show  
Blood soils his white cloth  
Pagan religion soils hearts  
More anger manifested  
Another innocent blood  
Shed by death merchants.

Charles Jagongo



# Paradise Paradise

The sun rises making dawn history  
Flowers bloom, we pick and merry  
Water melons, Corns, Oranges and honey  
All in the wild for choice are many.

Paradise, Leopard the Impala it kisses  
Paradise Hare's harp dancers are snakes  
Housing Hyena's and Dik diks the tall green grass.

The Sun sets yonder  
Seas calm and birds all laughter  
Angels assemble trumpets all in prayer  
All songs of glory makes us so happier.

Charles Jagongo

# Peace In War?

So you sharpen your knives  
You also oil your guns  
What is that grenade for?  
I see, you have a jungle jacket,  
How smart?  
Tell me, would you heal the wounds?  
The wounds,  
That gape and stare at you,  
The wounds that wouldn't let  
A nap over your eyes.  
Wounds that would hollow your heart,  
Dripping bloody soiled hands  
That would make your seeds  
Sprout with fright to the wound?  
Tell me,  
Was it for peace?  
Now agape. Why?

Charles Jagongo

# Pearl Of My Heart

The sky is blue, clouds are clear  
I know the stars will do the sky,  
Here I sit and wait, for one so dear  
Pearl of my heart, so lovely and pretty.

Once I set my eyes, I knew that day,  
I saw Angle in you, twinkle in your eye  
Set my blood rolling and galloping like a Deer  
Pearl of my heart, so lovely and pretty.

In my dreams, you conquer  
I dream about outings, on beaches  
Of lovely views on mountain peaks and flowers  
I look up the sky, I'll wait, the clock ticks,  
Pearl of my heart, so lovely and pretty.

Charles Jagongo

# Pick Me Up

That my nerves, cool is misery  
That my knees, not as youth  
That my face as ploughed land  
Though  
A brain as sharp as razor  
My heart as a blossoming flower  
Your wrinkled face so tender  
Yester-sunsets  
Your voice still as a songbird  
Lifts up my soul  
Sing  
Pick me up my dear.

Charles Jagongo

# Plenty On Earth Denied.

This soil, waters and  
Endless horizon  
Vast, enormous creation

Underground, underwater  
On land, on air creatures'  
Providence chain, completed

Ours, selfishness  
In God's abundance  
And plenty, deny survival of one.

Charles Jagongo

# Polygamy Dillema

My Elders, listen to me  
By your feet, who listened, was me  
Atrophy, you got me,  
She, a virgin land, and fertile  
that, your names have come  
and their faces, stars glow, a like.

Elders, listen to me  
That, my hands I fold, down is my knee  
A trophy, I have got for me  
In her, my blood flows, Listen to me,  
Through her eyes, I see, her heart holds me  
Serene, a lone, naïve,  
Other glowing stars, a promise.

Elders, listen to me  
That your choice  
As my choice  
The same.  
That none to her lands would go  
Listen, the turn is mine, you do?

Charles Jagongo

# Praise Him, Nelson Mandela

Praise him, this son of Africa  
He withstood mudsling's of apartheid,  
From Roben Island, to lead a nation, to set a pace.  
Count him not, with other comrades,  
Who cling on, un-ashamedly,  
Till they are pulled, no sympathy  
For subjects, heads had rolled,  
Praise him, Nelson Mandela, in peace  
He knew prosperity and peace  
Who all he did for peace!

Charles Jagongo

## Praise Me Not.

Here they come, in low tones,  
Eagle eyed, prey in hearts, concealed  
He is our son, bring him up! Only ram for our ewes.

The 'Our Son, oblivious, in innocence  
Dance in a tune, made of them, in them not  
Goodies gone, in hearts, they laugh in mirth

Praise me not, the 'Our son '  
Pitied against our other sons  
In anxiety waited for a cast dice,  
To his home coming was non, in high tones sang  
One other son, crown assumed!  
Curse me, praise me not, myself I'm captain.

Charles Jagongo



# Rain, It Shall Rain

Dust rises, sky-wind snakes  
Flowers bow their heads  
Cracked are granny's lips  
Emaciated mother, a calf suckles  
Clouds form and pass

Lightening I remember  
Yester- night, horizon yonder  
Rain, it shall rain  
Beautiful flowers, cool and green  
It shall rain.

Charles Jagongo

# Rain, Rain, Rain!

Rain, rain, rain  
As kids, by then  
We played in pools  
And chased butterflies  
Beautiful were flowers  
Rain, rain, rain  
Splish, splash, splosh  
Warming is my heart, rain  
This night, all come, sleepiness  
Your song. My lullaby, rain  
Rain, rain, rain  
Happy kids and butterflies  
Rain  
Warm hearts and lullabies  
Rain, rain, rain.

Charles Jagongo

# Rainbow, Bowing Rainbow

Hai ho! Hai ho!

Rainbow, rainbow, a beautiful girl in a colorful dress  
Out-smarting each other, scrambling are the boys

Hai ho! Hai ho!

Rainbow, rainbow, a mystic bow in the sky  
Rain, in droplets fall, the horizon is foggy

Hai ho! Hai ho!

A bowing rain bow, up the sky  
In supplication, near is the mighty!

Charles Jagongo

# Ressurrection

Burning leaves,  
Stinging scent in nostrils,  
Tender leaves resurrect on Earth.

Dull feet  
Tired pistons  
Farmer throws mud caked boots  
New dawn, a bird sings.

I look for a glint of fire  
For my grandmothers pipe  
The smoke will rise,  
Mother, resurrection sits on hope.

Charles Jagongo

# Rich And Scared, Poor And Safe!

Tap tap tap he knocked  
In Kin's compound  
No soul but silence  
On the plastered gate post  
The bell button he pushed  
Minutes ticked by in peep hole  
And in camera he had been seen  
A potential trouble  
Had done no appointment, period.

He in loud silence  
His back he gave the grilled gate  
To his humble home  
A gate-less abode  
A home with no wall of stone  
His quarters where all would laugh alike  
Where in his Kins would come  
Uninvited and drinks would flow there  
And they would party till dawn brake.

Once his ancestors would curse  
Hell kin's with walls around their hearts  
For fragile is the egg's yolk in shell  
For freedom comes with no walls  
For when they were kids  
They played mother and father  
And danced to harvest time drums  
And his were theirs and theirs were his  
All now are walls, walls, walls.

Hmnnn, now would he be  
A Scared rich-man residing inside the walls  
Locked out of his Kins' and sweet past memories  
Scared that not knowing a day they come for him  
Or  
A poor and lonely man  
For only what to put on table makes him sweat  
His door ajar he sleeps till dawn?



# Rosalie

In muddy pools, soiled ourselves, naive we played  
Flowers we picked, butterflies we chased  
In muddy pools.

A to Z got to our heads, in grammar schools  
Bright, Brilliantly, papers were soups of mushroom  
A to Z got to our heads.

Rosalie, flowered soft hair, scorched grass has become  
Soft glistening skin, granny's ashes for grains' cure has become  
Rosalie.

Now you know, they played their game, care not but lust  
Naive, submissive and of want, advance of dirt  
Now you know.

Weep not Rosalie, mother's other, your kids stars will shine  
Rain shall rain, your Sun brighter still it will shine  
Weep not Rosalie.

Charles Jagongo

# Round The Trees We Run

Wild flowers we pick  
Butterflies, so colorful we chase  
Not a thorn we fear would prick  
Time in space not afraid to loose  
For all is bare, and flower-juice we lick  
You giggle, your cheek, my hand I place  
Swallows, Gazelles, and Dick-dick  
Marvell and stare, and make for glories  
Grass, green and soft, a desire to pick  
Tree leaves, they sway and dance  
Round the trees we run, loose stumps I kick  
My love, fruits we pick, heaven the place!

Charles Jagongo



## Season's Crops

On top of the mountain  
he gazed bellow, green leaves,  
Green fields painted the scenery bellow  
Up the clouds gathered,  
Black and expectant,  
Crops would feast..

He blew a song in whistle, how great  
The sign in dew, hope is in human heart  
Life is full, with a promise, so bright.

Charles Jagongo

# See The Sky

See the sky, its twinkling stars  
In majesty the moon's crystal silver  
In serene beauty, the spirit fills over  
See the sky, stars of the shepherds guide  
A mystic band of glowing flowers  
A super hand driving fires that cupid shoots  
Love, see the sky, times go by  
This moment counts history is past  
See the sky my love.

Charles Jagongo

# Shakespeare, Your Pen!

Seasons

Moons over moons

Letters

Pages over pages

Words

Quotes over quotes

Rock

Wind and rains

Ever fresh

Your penned letter, Shakespeare!

Charles Jagongo

# Silvery Eyes

Sivery eyes, twisted mouth  
Charred skins  
Body amidst bodies

Like roosted ants  
They lay, oblivious  
Of souls, sympathy sickened

Fuel pipeline had burst  
Them, fire had swallowed  
History, them had made

The corpse  
Eyes not closed  
Cold with silvery stare

Soul in need  
Earth, to the living  
Had we, done nothing?

Charles Jagongo

# Song In My Ears

My heart is filled  
tons of laughter,  
tons of merriment  
your eyes sparkle as pearl in milk.

You talk, music in my soul  
darling sweet keys on board  
my ears gobble your voice  
lullabies I drift to slumber-land

Charles Jagongo

# Sorry My Love

Halo, you have called, in your heart I stand  
Words escape me, my strength is drained  
My voice is lost, here I pour all in whisper  
Two of us, heaven could have made  
Hmnn, Sorry, sorry my love  
My heart has hit a wall, injured and bruised  
Sweet memories, in my heart engraved,  
Marvelous landscapes, cool inns, stars in the sky  
Cool petals are heart desires, blooming flowers willfully  
Hard, I'm hit, you are engaged in two  
Sorry, sorry my love, my love I'm sorry  
The elevator, me stepped in, him and you I found  
His fingers, in yours a ring he pushed, mine got lost  
Sweet nothings brewed, out in next floor I stepped  
A bull wounded, I know his gang, heads had rolled  
Bye, my heart wanders in wilderness, fire blows out  
You called, memories shall linger, sorry my love.

Charles Jagongo

# Souls In Somalia

It is a rat and cat, a play so prolonged  
A child is born, peace not in blood

Tricky game would follow, you do or be done  
That one should be, a life is gone

Ten or twelve, a friendly gun in hand  
None would help, but the gun in hand

Life is today, love is today, a soul is hardened  
For life must be lived, in jungles, so broad.

A longing, for pen and paper would cross  
Classes are a longing, a wall line hard to cross

For its fire,  
fire  
for will to live!

Charles Jagongo

# Spear Speaks

Cold and wet  
Likely birds sang their song  
Shield and I – were out  
We were out fighting  
Through thousands of hearts  
Chests and ribs  
I went through  
A battle so fought  
A battle so won  
Shield, my Master he protected  
It was cool, it was clean  
Now, here, rusty we are,  
The spoils for Master,  
I and Shield

Charles Jagongo



# Star Venus

The night is clear,  
The sky is dotted with twinkling stars,  
Amidst the star community Venus stands,  
With bright twinkling sisters,  
In their night dresses pure like pearls,  
Venus shepherds sailors  
To desired destinations.  
Have passed are generations  
Will come are generations,  
Had seen and will witness  
Her majesty star Venus.

Charles Jagongo

# Stars, Stars, Stars

Mystic universe spreads, up the sky,  
Stars like dots, mark the sky  
Twinkling, in majestic beauty

So clear is the sky,  
I beckon my love to see  
As in the moon, Maria carries, the Christ!

Charles Jagongo

# Sugar Lies

I had a dream  
Of tongues labouring for truth  
Of the axeman in dilemma  
Of a man who had no evil  
He had a job and drums would beat.

There was Peter who swore  
Though Christ knew he would lie  
Small freedom lasting not  
Tears down the cheeks would flow  
Truth all as a razor sheering hearts.

Life becomes so sweet  
With lies so true for now  
Squashed truth lingers in heart  
Under words laced sugar of lies  
Truth becoming garbage not so cool.

They lie in every inch of open mouths  
All sugar to ears  
The truth for freedom sacrifice  
Call it another name still dilemma persists  
Sugar of lies ruling the World.

Charles Jagongo

# Sunset, Golden Rays

Up the hill, we see the sun go down  
Its rays like golden sacred spears  
Illuminate the waters below,  
My love gasps, points to West, and giggles.

Charles Jagongo

# Sunshine, Sunshine

With a wink over the mountains  
With rays as pious and majestic  
Flowers munch with pride and stare  
Children marvel as lovers point and welcome  
Sunshine so cool, so sweet with a breeze  
The swallow birds flap their wings  
And sing songs of the beach so pretty  
A monitor from water climbs a rock and stare  
Over the clouds, the proud sunshine pass.

Charles Jagongo

# Sweet Angel Vanished!

Hmnn, I sigh  
No smoke rises  
Not lit are fires.

My soul is hollow  
The horizon is blurred  
Times had passed.

My sweet bird  
She had flown  
As a blown baloon.

That my voice soars  
My tears fill my cheeks  
A lone lily in Ocean.

My sweet honey  
Chocolate words gone  
Homely feathers blown.

Here I sit  
My eyes up and expectant  
The coy of your voice.

Charles Jagongo

# Sweet Bird

She, coyly, at the break of dawn, sings.  
Her honeyed voice graces my ears.

She flaps, she dances, she plays, she giggles,  
All these, I'm left breathless.

Petite, sweet bird, she dresses,  
So natural, simple elegance, fresh as flower

She sings, I whistle, she sits,  
A top a tree, castle I dream, we hold hands.

Charles Jagongo

# Sweet Mask

Hi dear, Hello dear  
I remember father telling us,  
Of girls, who hid behind curtains  
Of girls who lit fires  
On faces of, to be, bridegrooms  
Of maids who wore masks.  
And to reveal, were suitors.

The mask, I have seen  
This mask, that ye have won  
I wish I would peel  
I know, beneath lies, no stern  
Beneath, a longing, honeyed  
Heart, lies in heaven  
Ecstasy, a waits, a clock ticks  
Sweet mask, ye will, peel!

Charles Jagongo



# Sweet Whitney, Our Tears Roll

Breaking news, breaking mood  
Angelic, Whitney Houston, has left the hood

Our tears roll, a voice so graceful  
Whitney Houston, woman so beautiful

Awards so heaped, for she sang with delight  
Words were woven, for love and light

We bow, will miss, your honeyed voice  
You've left the mortals, to wander the skies.

Charles Jagongo

# Sweetie, Drives Me Away!

Sweet voice of birds, that sing and chorus  
Your voice, sweet melody chorus  
A skin that radiates, every lotions' friend.

How we talk, a blended symphony  
Your eyes, a pearl in a jar of milk,  
Hips made of God knows how, lady!

Hmnnn, but what tell me, lady  
Why, why, your breath, makes me shudder?  
A cat wouldn't nibble a thing from your palms, Why?

Sweet its true you are sweet in sight  
That I long that is right  
Just some force, not you, drives me away.

Charles Jagongo

# Syria, Drop Your Sword

Its a foetus, from a ripped up womb,  
A mother swims in her blood, gone,  
    It's a foetus.

Flies like craws, and worms  
Would feast, and dance  
    Flies like craws.

A neighbour is laughing  
Your sword, cause of your wound festering  
    A neighbour is laughing.

The universe not ours, belongs to a deity,  
Carcasses, haunt, elusive is homely,  
    The universe not ours.

In whose command do you slaughter?  
Abandon your sword, make no more slaughter.  
    In whose command?

A laugh is a sacrifice, a compromise, achieved,  
What for rights, journeyed bloodbaths, peace not achieved  
A laugh is a sacrifice.

Make peace with God, you don't like me,  
Ours is for now, others were here  
    Make peace with God!

Charles Jagongo

# Take My Hand

Take my hand  
Cool is my head  
Cool is the way to peak  
Take my hand  
Your footsteps, I'll take to peak  
A top the mountain,  
Flowers below us we'll see.  
Take my hand  
This ropy bridge is shaking  
Below, the river twirls away  
Below, I see a crocodile preying  
In this river, with a laughing bottom  
This river, the other side, beckoning  
The wild fruits, so sweet is their juice.

Take my hand.

Charles Jagongo

# Tell Me Dear

Tell me dear  
Your soft voice  
Husky and honeyed  
Shall all be mine  
Tell me  
Your eyes  
Like golden pearls  
In glasses of milk, be mine  
Tell me  
That the stars  
Ever and ever be witness,  
Union, my heart yearns  
Dear, tell me this  
Bore hole its waters  
Our thirst it shall  
Quench, ever and ever in bliss.

Charles Jagongo

# The Campus Cat

Shivering and wet  
Had been drenched by a drizzling rain  
The Campus cat waits, beneath a lamppost

She had come, to brave, the cold  
For rent has to be paid, a life is to be lived,  
The landlord, a deadline he did.

Conjuring home images, sky, the Stars lit,  
Father, mother, and siblings, faces bright  
She had passed, colours flew, a future, then, so bright.

Hmnn, in campus, Eat as you pay!  
Or rent a cube, pay, get on with life, read, pray!  
Pockets run dry, no food, just nothing, home is away!

Hmnn, a car, pulls  
The campus cat, cat walks,  
Hand beckons, door closed, tomorrow, lectures!

Charles Jagongo

# The Moutain Cloud

Clouds gather, the monkeys gawk over the trees  
With fright, cover their babies on bellies  
A lone bird flaps its wings away to nest  
The dark clouds gather over the mountain  
People point with glee, the drought be would over  
Trees sway and dance, the storm so strong  
Lightening spits fire with golden streaks  
Patter patter, patter patter, heaven gates open  
Rivers flow with gusto, farmers sing with passion  
As monkeys curse, the birds sleep with glee.

Charles Jagongo

# The Shrine

Three rocks, rocks scorched, aged  
In the undergrowth, they lie  
Oblivious of time  
Passed, histories made,  
Unaware of ceremonies, done,  
To be done  
Here, between these rocks  
The ashes, testimony, to sacrificial  
Cattle and birds  
Atop this mountain they,  
Yes, they had come, and prayed,  
And cleansed,  
Their sons, who conquered  
The, below picturesque land  
That kisses Lake Victoria,  
Yes,  
This is the shrine  
That the high priest would pray,  
And harvest would be, and diseases would impede!  
Here  
In its mystic form I sit, cross my legs  
Birds chirp, slithering are Lizards  
Pssss! Thought I heard a serpent hiss  
No!  
Nothing, just what they said,  
Here, green grass  
Surrounding, grotesque rocks  
Down a beautiful land spreads,  
I descend!

Charles Jagongo



# The Silver Crescent

Up the sky  
I point my finger up the sky  
The majestic moon sits well up the sky  
Its silvery curve makes king of stars up the sky

My baby son  
Sees my finger, the moon up the sky  
My baby son's eyes glitter  
So happily  
The baby chuckles.

Charles Jagongo

# The Village Pond

Here, there, women, children and men  
Talk animatedly, little water waves disrupted by scooping  
Water vessels, the faded green water lilies, shoved aside.

Cows moo, the goats bleat,  
School children scramble for a spill,  
The edges, slippery and muddy, non of a bother.

The gold, liquid of life, simmers under the hot sun,  
Though, shrinking in size, by every draw,  
The earth is bare, the pond tags their hope.

Here in the pond, they see, sigh and fall  
The feminine and masculine bodies attract  
The gossip, filters, confirmed, a new life sees dawn.

Wild tree fruits, like monsters surround the village pond  
I'm told the fruits, purify the village pond  
Lives ruled, made to see day, Honor to the village pond.

Charles Jagongo

# Thought I Got You

Darling you made me  
King of the mountains  
I knew I was next to sky  
Your woven lexis  
Were like honey, Juicy and tempting  
I made all bare like a sandy beach,  
You flew up like a swallow  
To the clouds.  
I knew a had got you  
My heart is aching like a broken leg  
As I gaze your sent image,  
As beautiful as a sparrow  
You are now singing away  
Just doing it yonder  
Thinking not of the fire you stirred  
I thought I got you.

Charles Jagongo

# Tickle Me My Girl

Tickle me now  
I want to laugh now  
Laughter that would cleanse my heart.  
Tickle me now  
How I see your eyes  
Sparkling they are your eyes  
Eyes that melt my heart.  
Tickle me now  
Your fingers know their way  
Like a cows tongue with hay  
Your fingers know corners of my heart.  
Tickle me girl  
For cocks would crow  
Sun would ever rise after cocks' crow  
This is a journey that would soothe my heart.  
Tickle me now my girl  
I want to play by your feet  
That I would lick your feet  
That in pillow I would drift to slumber land.

Charles Jagongo

# Tiger Face, Steel Heart

The log is burning, we have berries for supper  
The road has been long, a shipwreck we had  
In the ocean of sharks we swam  
Hot sun and hailstorms, all we had to bear

Here in the wild, wild animals make neighbors,  
With a jewel stare, the moon is gazing from the sky,  
Let us make more fire, I'm told, the wild fear fire  
My pearl, your face is a tiger, my heart is steel.

At break  
Of dawn,  
So near  
Is the destination,  
we'll make and merry.

Charles Jagongo

# Tik Tok Goes The Clock

Rising smoke  
Yonder up the sky  
Panting chest with message  
Running feet, with chest so sweaty.  
That old drum  
Its sound swallowed  
By buttons and codes.

As tick tok the clock runs  
Of a nerve itching of need  
In the archives  
The drum is found  
Tik tok the clock runs  
Buttons and codes  
A revolution info-technology.

Charles Jagongo

# To Be A Man

There Adam was alone  
That eve came as a helper  
God knew Adam could not be alone  
The jealous snake did not rest  
Traitors blood flowed in him  
The fruits were so sweet  
Now toiling and sweating is Adam.

The young players  
They dance and merry  
Skip, hop and throw mud balls  
Making cob pyramids and happy  
Pets fed and coy are pigeons  
Rainbow clothes the sky  
They sing a song in turns.

Sweet voices turn to croak  
Beards sprout like sacred spears  
Girls their eyes sparkle and tick  
The Adam's apple is ripe and calls  
Bells ring and knots are tied in brick  
For one all be theirs  
The journey begins in peak.

It is not the yells and fists  
For scores, a precious butter and bread  
For they to be men are kids  
Pray and make peace with God  
Day's men not made of fights  
Brains and skills are stocked  
Following are brighter and sunny days.

Charles Jagongo

## To Lupita Nyong'o

With mumbo sacred spears you pierced  
A blue sky and got stars to cheer  
Twelve years a slave a mirror  
Of de-humanizing slavery  
For want of selfish masters  
In you a picture got its wings  
An award deserved, award achieved  
Cheers, cheers, stars cheer.  
Go, go, go, Lupita Go!

Charles Jagongo



# To Maya Angelou

I am a man, whose fire you lit  
Honesty, true life be told  
The classic 'Phenomenal Woman'  
To "I Know why the caged bird sing"  
A fire was lit, my pen sings!

Charles Jagongo

# To You My Beloved

The gate is ajar  
The gate of my heart, fondly and lovely expectant  
The gate is ajar

Roses are beautiful  
Roses with petals and engraved with love  
Roses are beautiful

My mother's milk  
A taste so fresh from breasts like yours erect  
My mother's milk

Honey is sweet  
Done by bees with flowers' nectars  
Honey is sweet

To you my beloved  
My heart's love petals, sweet ☼ a cool sunny day  
To you my beloved.

Charles Jagongo

# Universe Child

Universe Child

Mothers womb, out I dropp out

Cold and shivering, is the earth

I'm a free soul

Grown amidst bearded elders

Dreams like sun make day

Time like sand has passed by

Make bearded, I can't play

All like a day, a moment.

Dreams not like stars in a night.

I pinch my skin

I have grey hair, ecclesiastical

Universe child, bearded.

Charles Jagongo

# Universe Soul

Stars, they giggle and twinkle  
Stars, they cry and shoot.  
Clouds, farmers they inspire  
Clouds, splitting thunder they spit.  
Wind, a breeze so cool  
Wind, at sea, a storm gathers  
Planets, no longer the nine  
Planets, discovery, continues.  
Universe, a soul, periscope gone beyond  
Universe, a soul, unfolds, unfolds and re-folds.

Charles Jagongo

# Vagabonds In Power

No words  
Its lead materials  
Or negotiations  
And, cut, are the deals  
Winks, happiness, bulging pockets  
Subjects malnourished  
Voices lost, a plight ignored  
This is Africa  
Eat, it is your turn, it is Africa!  
Evil melodica  
Malnourished children of Turkana  
Dead mother, they suckled!  
Tears, tears, tears  
Wipe them,  
Vagabonds in power  
Sang Fela Kuti.

Charles Jagongo

# Vow Renewed!

Smiles, Smiles  
Glittering eyes  
Hearts yearning  
Union, our vow, a bird sang.

The path so long  
A path so meandering  
Hare a trickster  
Waiting to pounce is a vulture.

Naive offspring,  
Calls-'daddy' and 'mummy'  
Our vow, our eyes are locking  
Dear, I love you, the offspring!

Charles Jagongo

# Walking In The Rain.

Rushing wind blows  
Tree branches bow and sway  
Opening are the Lord's gates  
Lightening fires its deafening blast  
Earth expectant swallows cool droplets  
Liquid spears strike and wash my hair  
Drenched to my skin are my cloths  
I cross a stream to your cabin  
Glittering stars make your eyes  
All these your beauty caused  
I am walking in the rain  
To your outstretched warm arms.

Charles Jagongo

# We Bless The Moon

With Maria and Son in  
The crescent so clear up the sky  
The patterned star disciples twinkle  
Glee marks all over, my love's face  
She pulls, sits besides me and points up the sky  
I know, I feel, I smile, with content she is.

Charles Jagongo



# Weep Not My Daughter

As little as nappies wrapped you  
As a girl in Ville a flower in bud  
In college fish brain brilliant  
Here I see you  
My heart sinks  
Round and round  
The world rotates you  
Not a place your head rests  
I'm here as fort from hailstorms  
Weep not, your journeys rests  
My soul rests in peace.

Charles Jagongo

# What Grandy Told Me

My grandson,  
Rush not to women  
They smile  
Their teeth are white  
They have bitter intestines  
Get a go-between  
From her lands.  
My grandson  
If you wed  
At her back, be not.  
In the pot,  
Count not meat,  
Patience is divine  
Or you miss a grandson  
To tell my story.

Charles Jagongo

# When The Cat Licked My Fingers

I was five, six or seven  
In granny's store, sound so agonized I heard it cry  
A sound so lull, meek, diminishing, in pain  
It came through, in my heart, it pricked  
Two souls lived side by side, searching and tormented  
In the rat trap, squeezed, not a rat but our cat  
In my lap I remember it playing, smart and pretty  
Fingers, paws, nose and whiskers, we loved to play,  
None would flow, now life ebbed away,  
The trap, to free I tried, it tried and licked my fingers,  
It became so cold, now I know this was a bye!

Charles Jagongo

# Wishes

Looking at the butcher  
As time ticks away  
Red bull obviously stares the space  
Its all but the last stare.

That the red bull  
Has no horns to fight  
The butcher's knife  
And becoming some added job for chef.

If all were mine  
I would have made  
The time to follow the bull's wishes  
That I would make room for bulls' wishes.

Charles Jagongo

# Yellow Flowers, Yellow Rays

On my face, morning Sun's rays  
Through window pane, down I gaze  
Yellow flowers had rained from trees  
Yellow flowers, yellow rays  
How beautiful, a morning with grace.

Charles Jagongo

# Yes Mama

Yes Mama,  
Rivers whispered down the valley  
Frogs had done their orchestra  
As shadows, Sun's eye they closed and opened  
With her palms, Mama wiped my sweaty face  
All night long Mama I had bothered  
Cries like a hooting owl, sleep evaded Mama.

Yes Mama,  
In my flesh a nurse did a needle,  
Like a biting ant pain shooting inside me,  
Holding me tight in her bosom was Mama  
Glimmer in her eyes and a song, slumber came  
Fires under roof this day Mama made not,  
She went in snore, a story Mama told me.

Yes Mama,  
Seasons over seasons like arrows pass  
Your might elude you today, though in grace  
Times binding like knots of dry sinew  
Engraved in my heart as stone castle  
Seasons could have stopped counting  
That ever forever we will be here, Mama.

Charles Jagongo

# Yes, We Had Yarns Too

Yarns that tickled and awed  
Yes the people, around Lake Victoria  
As one  
Of two wrestlers who wrestled  
Till dust rose and injured eyes of a cloud  
That it rained heavily and only thunder  
Separated them.  
Of  
A snake that was so green-eyed with others  
That it would swallow every beautiful snake around  
And that it swallowed its own beautiful tail then its own self whole,  
That it disappeared in air.  
Of  
An ogre that ran and laughed so hard  
That grains it had swallowed whole would hit the ground,  
Mixed with saliva would germinate very fast,  
And farmers would harvest as they ran after very fast  
So  
We had yarns too  
As Pecos Bill who rode the cyclone  
And Paul Bunyan who created the great lakes  
Yes we had Yarns too  
Yarns that tickled and awed  
Yes the people, around Lake Victoria

Charles Jagongo

# Yonder My Boat Sails

When wavy are times  
With high mounds  
And steep valleys

Fishes glide with ease  
Tails they wave and dance  
I envy their glittering bodies

Sun rays strike my face  
A bird flaps her wings  
Salivating are crocodiles

Yonder my boat sails  
To bamboo and papyrus beaches  
My boat making rests.

Charles Jagongo



# You Are Gone!

When rains have fallen  
Wiping away your prints in dust  
When stars shall rise  
I can count with you not  
A lone silvery moon wanders the sky  
Weird crickets' jazz so scary  
Now I know you'll always be away.

Charles Jagongo

# You Fly Me Away

My eyes had seen, with mirth  
Neat corn like rows,  
Resembling, are your teeth  
Dark hair, flowing over shoulders  
So soft, snatches my breath  
Your cooing, honeyed and husky  
Your steps, delicately touch the earth,  
Your arms, hold, and fly me away!

Charles Jagongo

# You Melted My Heart!

I had sworn  
By rising Sun  
Be carried away, never again.

My love  
In my face  
Had sinned, no grace.

You, I had seen  
By setting Sun, no sin  
You melted, rocky heart, mine!

Charles Jagongo

# Your Lovely Flame Of Love

Like swallows flying up the sky  
I see your smiles so lovely.

They turn their tails and glide  
Your lovely lips run my heart's tide.

Coconut fruit juice so fresh and cool  
As all the aroma in your water's pool.

As in a shower colors make rainbow as queen  
In crowds your beads light you as the queen.

Sunrises cast golden flames yonder  
As sunsets do your lovely flame of love.

Charles Jagongo

# Your Smile, Would Let Me Fly Free!

Something wrong, I had done,  
Offended you were, I'm cold I shiver,  
My mind is purring, divine heart,  
Unknowingly, I had hurt.

Courage I try and gather, to your abode  
To paint black white, to restore  
A smile in your face. Reconciliation.  
Your smile, would let me fly free  
Like a universe child.

Charles Jagongo

# Your Tears, Wipe Them Dry

The mounds you see  
in them, your mum  
and dad, wake them  
not, your tears shall dry.  
Wheels so speedy  
crashed, their souls flew to sky,  
cry not, your mummy and daddy  
am I, this weak body  
and my palms,  
you are sobbing? No sobs  
I could have cried, tears  
Ever they would flow,  
Must, my foot on ground  
Gone is gone, my breast  
Your father suckled  
Your mum I guarded  
I am you, you are me  
Your, tears, wipe them dry.

Charles Jagongo

# You've Pained My Hopes

You the tall one  
Handsome son of the lake  
A gap in between your teeth  
Drives me wild when you laugh.

Your stride so sacred  
The strides in the sandy beach  
Footsteps so bewitching  
Waves anger me  
When they splash and wash.

Son of my mother in law  
As stars I knew mouths  
Would be fed by my breasts  
The green eyed ogre  
Away she drove you  
And left my hopes in pain.

Is a note I got  
I got from you  
My loved one  
So now I know.

Charles Jagongo