

Poetry Series

**jojji Kaka**  
**- poems -**

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## jojji Kaka(1/8/1998)

born in a part of the world where literate written poetry is not so much appreciated as a form of art, he struggled to grow into a young well spoken(in written form) poet whose work is now globally accepted....majorly addressing social issues and giving emotions the justice that they currently writes for poem hunters

# Conversation

And what are these bars of sweet cum sour memories doing here yet I'm to my feet tied

My soul caged

My very neck, chocked.

Hello naive heart, why are you still breaking? &quot;

jojji Kaka

# Flute

Sweet sounding song of the French flute  
For you I have a long lasting lust  
For you;  
to Sing a song to sooth my soul  
To Bring back life unto these bones  
To Hear the hymns hidden behind my hurting heart  
To Make merry of those memories from last May  
To take me back to our time under those tall trees  
And pin me back on her pink pastry lips...

Soft sounding song,  
To Remind me of the tones we sang  
Not to Drag me from this dream I dream  
To Take me to the river we swum

BUT  
Soothing sound of the flute  
Remind me not of the days I cried  
not of the ways I tried  
Of the lies we lied  
Remind me not of this grain that dried  
Not of this Love that died.

jojji Kaka

# If You Were A Poem

skin when on my embrace you stay...

Sitted on the banks, legs in the stream

As the sun sets behind the rainforest canopy

A shadow of us cast on the sleeping seas, blending with the reflection of the now  
orange not so gay sky

Lights fading, blurring my memories on these thoughts of you

Look, I'm just a poet, - and you; a perfect piece to write.

jojji Kaka

# Love Me Whole

...

I am here, looking at your lower lip

Isometrically shaped in perfect prose.

Only leaving behind pieces of carefully calculated curves

On which perfectly lies the symmetry of my upper lip....

Right under our noses is a puzzle

Jigsaw

Only complete by; on your lower lip, my upper.

Move closer, feel the tips of my hair on your nerves.

Draw the heavy gulps of air from my mouth.

Listen to the beat of my heart fuse into a love song, for the hymn your moans make.

Love me not with your heart,

Feeble and in many more than once, broken.

Give me not the tender parts of your own soul,

No, not your spleen, liver or pancreas.

Love me with your bones.

I am prone to breaking hearts.

So yes, I want the strong love

Of bones, of calcium.

Because you,

- you have never broken a single bone of you.

I want to remember you like that,

Whole.

For even many more decades after you leave.

And Iain down in the soil.

Long after your heart and flesh shall have decayed....

The love shall remain strong.

Like your bones, your skeleton.

Still whole.

So dearly beloved

Give to me

Your tibia, your fibula.

I shall wholesomely remember you like this...

jojji Kaka

# O Yea Sun

Of the sound of sickly crickets.  
At the mid of the night

O yea cruel sun

Where shall you be?

At the comfort of your habitat..

Maybe shining to the angels

Or perhaps walking with the Deity.

Down here, I shall be composing an unsung tone

My hair shall have turned grey

My bones exhausted

And when you shall in the morning return....  
When behind the eastern rocks you rise

O you early morning sun

At the crack of dawn I shall have sung!

jojji Kaka



# Old Memories-Rebirth

Who is making you happy,

I have no idea.

But I don't think it's me

I sigh, curve a sarcastic smile

Do I have to hold back?

Yes I should. But I won't.

All I wish for....

Is for this composition

To find a way to you

Dearly beloved

jojji Kaka

# Playing

When you hold my hand  
And we kiss in the street  
You believe that I'm yours  
Locked in a box  
Pandora's  
You steal glances behind my back  
Repel  
Attract  
Like magnets  
One day I'll leave  
I'll be on  
But.....  
IG-No tagging  
Whatsapp-no chatting  
Snapchat\_nothing  
I'll be gone  
No return  
Because I was desperate  
You was not  
I'm not now  
You are  
So now  
Love me  
When I still am

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# Sythetic

Sythetic

I mean not authentic

Fake affection

Attraction

Then rejection

Got niggas tripping

Diggers catching

Well..ain't stripping

Dela- mafeelings

Kanyari... Healings

She got you addicted

Like Hyginus Singa

Down in minga

You was busy looking round corners

Looks like you walking in circles

U was waiting for me to write

Next time I might

Juhs lemme catch this flight

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# The Bliss In This Hour

Can you feel the tenderness of the ground

Tell me you do

Can you see the glory in the glow of those fireflies?

Can you hear the sound of my pen scratching against plain  
paper?

I'm not an early bird, but yes, I shall sing a song blended along to this habitat.

jojji Kaka

# The Making Of A Painting

I hear the footsteps from a far  
The stampedes shake my heart  
From the east, the red sun shows its glamour  
The queues stretch far west  
Down the hills to the south  
Stands a shadow,  
A shadow of grass growing amidst rocks.  
As dawn breaks  
I sing in my soul  
Peace, wherest thou....  
In the void of the growing dark  
I find my peace in crayons  
I seek my peace in papers  
I speak my peace, this time not in letters

I seek a refuge in my silent song  
Among the chirping of the pegions  
As slowly but concisely  
I make sweeps with my pen  
I draw curves and edges of certainty  
I erase shades of ethical origin  
Sharpen the bluntness of my pencil  
To bring out distinctive appearance  
To mark out my prior decisions

All these I do  
In utmost amidity  
Of a bruised past  
Now a healing scab  
With rejuvenated emotions,  
damp eyes,  
Scared face,  
Toothless gums,  
But;  
but as I take the final look  
As I grab my crayons  
I make a thick line of black;  
Mwananchi  
My paper is white;

Amani  
A crimson shade;  
The blood of our restoration  
And a tone of green;  
Natural heritage.  
I take a look at my painting  
The shape of Kenya  
The shape of unity  
Shades of my flag.  
Symbols of humility

There I find the peace I desire  
On my door  
I hang my painting  
Abstract  
It is the eighth of August.  
I do my motherland justice  
I take a bold step  
Into the daring dark  
To crow out hope  
Just before dawn  
I crow out  
amani

jojji Kaka

# The Stray Lioness

The movements in the streets are scarce. Although the street lights shine in bright amber streaks, the atmosphere is filled with humid wind blowing through the well lit sky crappers on this vice city.

On the street shops, she leans, one leg at an acute angle to the wall. The other leg supporting her to the ground.

Her scarlet garment that covers only a fraction of her nipples, leaving a 'spectacular' view of her breasts, runs down to few inches just above her waist. On one hand, a smoking pipe, the other hand strokes her blonde hair at a seductive pace.

She is known to many as Ivy the provider.

She must have been named Ivy because she poisons the streets. Those are my thoughts.

As I walk past her with paced steps, she holds me by the hand 'niaje mhunk' (swahili for hello handsome)

I quickly read her intentions and try to walk away as my now excited prostate hormones wail in disgust.

'mtoto wangu atalala njaa boss, ntakupa discount'(my young one will stay hungry sir. I will offer you a discount.)

This made me freeze to my tracks. Not that I was excited about the discount. But it had never crossed my mind that sex workers would be mothers.

I turn back and meet her toxic smile. She holds me by the hand and leads me to her 'field of work' as the others look in disgust.

Once inside the brothel, she locks the door and throws a pack of condoms at me 'shot ngapi' (how many rounds) .....

'Ivy, I'll pay for your time. Not do you have to do this.? ? '

The stray lioness

(Jojji kaka)

' it's time for work darling '

Ivy kisses her three year old daughter at sunset

Down the streets she walks

Smiling at every beast

Hoping they would share their fortune

With this stray lioness

So her cubs would find a reason

To wake up the next morning

Already at her spot,

No luck yet  
Its been hours of standing  
Surviving the harsh weather  
To ensure survival of another  
..... Tears of amid pain  
Rolls down her cute face  
As she recalls the events.  
How the once cherished cub  
Of the lion king  
Fell prey to scavenging predators  
Who seek nothing but blood

She recalls how this scar  
The same one that festers  
Making the society reject her presence  
With accusations of a demonic background  
This scar she has to live with.  
She cannot undo it  
Because to her it is attached  
A sad reminder of how  
The same predators who were after her veins  
Are the same ones she now seeks refuge from.

Deep in the heart of the night  
She Braves the darkness.  
She dares her demons  
And walks home.  
In hand a piece of bread  
Butter and a little book

As she enters the house  
Her little one is asleep  
She kisses her a goodnight  
Looks at her sleeping angel  
Then to the items she brought  
With a sigh she says  
'for you, it was worth it '

That is the stay lioness  
The hunt after sunset.



Sometimes we mistakenly judge people by their behaviour which we might consider unclean to us in terms of ethical morals. It is however important to note that not every bad thing is propelled at self interests. The stray Lioness is just but a poem I wrote based on the inspiration shared as in the few words above.

jojji Kaka

# The World Needs You

In the deepest hours of the dark night  
I find my soul awake  
Troubled  
Stirred up  
As across the valleys  
Sounds of the crowing cock  
Bounce back to my ear drums  
To remind me  
'the sun is about to '  
A sad reminder  
I want to stay in my dark  
To console my demons  
I shed a tear for each thought of this tomorrow's today  
In this lone world  
Where just a word is enough  
To bring down  
Like earthquakes do  
A robust wall  
This vice city  
Where evil is the snack bar to chew  
I want to go back to sleep  
I want to live in my dream  
I want to retreat back to my corner  
To patch to some deserted place  
Like a hermit  
Moreso a cobweb  
But then  
My inner being betrays me  
My heart rebukes me  
..... Warlock,  
It says;  
The world is waiting for you....

jojji Kaka

# Voyage In The Sea Of Pain

On my rectangular patches of what used to be a mattress  
Lies a few kilograms of my 18 year old body  
The aura around is calm  
But my mind is disturbed  
I look around the corners  
Darkness is slowly fighting for its place  
With my candle light  
Rain drops start splattering on the roof  
Plum plum!  
Like the days plums would fall on our tree house  
In the back yard  
But now covered by cobwebs  
Cobwebs of uncertainty  
The wind blows the pines in a distance  
It blends into a sad rhythm  
'tutaonana baadae'  
The cavities of my tear glands,  
Unable to suppress the effect of the depression  
Rupture in disgust  
And Involuntarily gush out litres of tears  
As I slowly rewind my ancestry days  
Because I consider myself one  
Of the days when everything was buoyant  
When on blue waters I'd float  
But the tale takes on another course  
Down sank the Titanic  
On its maiden voyage  
And in the same spirit.....  
Down sank my soul  
And I slowly put out my candle  
... And wonder into the night of nightmares

jojji Kaka