

Poetry Series

**Kiberenge Collins**  
**- poems -**

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# Kiberenge Collins()

# Caroline

Caroline,  
Allow me write this line,  
And let us toast our wine,  
For I don't wanna whine,  
Lest you be afraid,  
When on my springy bed you are laid,  
Like I very much said,  
You have to get paid,  
A thousand dives,  
Until you gasp,  
Until you yawn,  
It's then I will pat your back!

I like your eyes,  
Though you always vie,  
With a lot of lies,  
To unhook your disguise,  
Not that on my bed you lie,  
But because too often you die,  
For me when you sight,  
My muscular countenance!

Kiberenge Collins

# My Love

My love let's vamoose,  
To an Island I'll choose,  
Together, let's cruise,  
And listen to blues,  
Let's not listen to the boos,  
Of these people on booze,  
Let's be the proverbial Jews,  
And call on God for Gracious dues!

Crown my day with love  
With everything you have,  
And my heart you serve,  
Feeding my eyes on your curves,  
And join our two halves,  
Into one being,  
A being of abundant love!

My love let's wallow in this our treasure,  
Knowing it's a worthy pleasure,  
And they will not but measure,  
How we spent this our leisure,  
Tell them I am not a fresher,  
And that I don't succumb to pressure, Having attended a refresher,  
Am new,  
A lover of your love!

My love let's dance,  
Let you not throw a glance,  
Let's kiss in advance,  
Lest I wake up in a trance,  
And fail in romance,  
And hypnotise our stance,  
But, let not this chance,  
Gallop away from us!

As I drop this my pen,  
I know already you are in my den,

Having all the gen,  
I purpose like warmen,  
Saluting and salivating at length,  
But my prayers I send again,  
To God the Supreme, I believe, amen!

Kiberenge Collins

# Ojuru's Demise

Like a sailor knows when tides rock,  
Ojuru knows when life becomes a lock,  
A lock whose keys you must possess,  
And that which you have to hold in awe,  
For tomorrow knows no one!

Ojuru,  
Smiling at all and sundry,  
But replete with a foggy future,  
He squinted through his spectacles,  
A spectacular scene to behold!

Ojuru shed a tear or two,  
He ascended the Great Ndamuya Hill,  
He sang a song or two,  
Then he descended,  
Re-energized, tossing his huge head left to right!

With a sudden ejaculation of happiness,  
His knock knees feebly shaking,  
Ojuru looked optimistically towards The Great Ndamuya Hill,  
Asked its occupants why he had to be rushed,  
Tried to justify himself,  
To those who were in hot pursuit of his already dark life!

Thus, when thunder struck,  
Ojuru knew he had to face fate,  
Ojuru knew his turn had come,  
He knew no appease would make him alive again,  
He knew that all was gone,  
And all that mattered he was alone,  
Ndamuya Hill swung majestically in the roaring wind,  
Ojuru saw sadness engulf his torn heart,  
His burning intestines didn't seem to hold together,  
For he had worked himself into a lather,  
Knowing very well it was such a risk,

To go against his superiors wishes!

When thunder struck,  
And rays of lightning glowed around Ojuru,  
The ground, in a fearful dash,  
Opened its dreaded mouth,  
And Ojuru went,  
Still crying,  
He descended into the bottomless pit!

Kiberenge Collins

# The Village Mad Man

I am the village madman,  
This title I won,  
When men refused to be men,  
And betrayal,  
Bartered souls with honesty!

I am the village madman,  
With neither relatives nor friends,  
But,  
With a life to live,  
A life far below the dollar,  
For I was once a scholar,  
Burnt always by the solar,  
Didn't I have a torn color?

If you are wise,  
You would'nt throw dice,  
If your heart is ice,  
Why then should my anger suffice?

You call me village madman,  
Yet it's your wife who's grasshoppered,  
You call me village madman,  
Yet you are four men in one house,  
Who then is mad?

You call me madman,  
Yet everyday I see your children picked,  
To the adulterous lodges they're taken,  
Until dawn they sing merrily,  
While I listen, I see everything,  
And I can't tell you,  
For I am a village madman!

Call me not mad,  
When your children grace the streets,  
Advertising themselves,  
Call me not mad,  
When you salivate for your brothers wife,



If what you do qualifies,  
Why then do you call me mad?

My eyes are on my head,  
My ears are listening, And I warn you,  
Anytime I'll hear you call me, VILLAGE MADMAN,  
I'll tell the world everything I see and hear,  
In the heart of the night!

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