

Poetry Series

kipsang kerich
- poems -

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kinsang kerich(1982 june 5th)

poetry and poems, my stable diet

Bereaved

This pain, this day, we've paid

With our tears, we bear in grieve

The loss of our son,

We so much loved.

In kind, we home

Our sorrows with tears

They flow, for our son, so much beloved.

This soil, of this earth,

Shall take our tears

This soil, of this earth, shall too have our hero

And this air, this air we breathe

Bringing life and laughter

Into the grave, it took our hero.

Rip Kones(i wrote the poem at the passing of a famous
kenyan politician who was my mp at the time of passing)

kipsang kerich

Dreams And Deeds

I still hear the bells toll,
I still catch the cold.
I still make the roll
Though the world's gone cold,
I've seen sunny days
and then some.

I've dreamt of sunshine
and laughter unmeasured,
I've frown from pain and loss' divide.
I yearn for play
without pay,
and run with abandon,
To glory's bond.

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Gone

so when I go.
thy'll sing. and lie-
that I- he- was a good man.
'we are sad at the demise
of such so wonderful a man.
lies, all i made, escorting me to the grave-
with undertaker's own.
It's a public show, of remorse not felt
they've probably come 'to show solidarity'
with my wife, they so long to inherit.
people won't say-
am gone, just gone forever.
sunshine and laughter no more,
tears, sorrows and lies
forever I bid you bye.

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Grace

I've seen sun-filled days,
and walked sandy bays-
Lit by golden rays.

And Nights of tears
tormented by fears
have capped the years.

A twist of fate,
and a moment of GRACE
has been the race.

kipasang kerich

Kivukiland

'twas painful the loss,
so unfathomable the pain.
was like a hole deep inside just deepen,
and no amount of tears
and no amount of talk
could assuage, this burden of loss.

had been a long time coming,
every minute past, like the one lived before-
waiting, in fear,
of what was so sure to come.
Still the heart, believing as it does-
refused to accept, that which was sure will come.

And now I sit,
In this cold and lonely hotel room,
grieving so heavy-
a loss like none other told:
sad day loosing
My KIVUKILAND.

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Passions

to goodness shall be repaid in kind,
and to evil, a double measure of it
for the heart knows no arche greater,
that burns with fury,
than it of a man's hurting passions

love and it's ties
that binds-
but wrath, pray thee
that it's sting upon thee doth find
which burns, with fury untold

ah, me, the traveler
that sees of men's passions
and what they fashion-
each to a bag of tools,
and that it does best, would.

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Sleep

to the valls unseen
and the hills at ease-
my mind's flight,
in time of rest-
to put to test,
all it's Fancy Arrest.

sleep thee,
or wander still,
to the world unknown;
seeking to discover,
if rest
be best.

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Write

if i write, as, when i write
these words, and signs, of my time,
are sums of complexities,
known only,
to the depths of my mind-
which, though having said,
will no more say it the same.

i've seen depths unknown,
in the bright of the sun
and the grip of darkness
which, though I say it now,
I will no more recall,
like the laughter of a child.

kipsang kerich

Writes

write and flight,
to fight the blight
for if you would to stay,
truths untold would be at bay.
Many a man is born to say,
And many still, as dumb they stay
Their stories untold, lives unlived.
And to oblivion they flee,
wasted time, like ghee,
unused.

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