

Poetry Series

**Roy Mburia**  
**- poems -**

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## Roy Mburia(1989)

Born in 1989, I thought that writing was the only way I could save the world. With time, I have realized it saves my world more than it saves the world! Few people read, and even if they do, how much am I aware of? Graduating from the University, I published the first book with Michael Kimathi, not entirely for sale, but to satisfy my desire to publish and accomplish my dream of being a poet.

# Bye, My Love

Its not via my heart, my ways and means I turn my back,  
I even don't want to walk away,  
But even if I stay,  
Whatever leads us a stray,  
Either will make me,  
Make you stray,  
The breeze of the west passing my east like your spray,  
But one that one now I remember like a story,  
How easy should I be to say sorry?  
How many times should I fill with worry?  
In this, I am so weary,  
In my mood this teary,  
Yet under no furry,  
I take this step, the second and third to say goodbye.

My love, the gone heart,  
Still beats near my pulse,  
Amid the tense,  
Time has knocked on us to quit the joke,  
As we see the death of the smoke,  
So should we close our once sweet candy shop,  
In peace and in love,  
In joy and in tears,  
Solace in unreal smiles and cheers,  
The door should close,  
Now, this minute, this second,  
The grief, the hate and the love,  
Yet no passion exists,  
Not even the romance,  
Even that of friends long gone,  
In a bitter tone,  
But a somber mood,  
I let you know this is no wrong,  
My love, be strong,  
As we say good-bye.

The higher the stone goes,  
The harder it hits the ground,  
Its not my pride,

Neither my joy,  
Is it neither pain nor strain?  
I know we break these chains,  
Wipe the stains,  
Of jealousy,  
Of pity,  
Furry, sadness, pretense and injustice,  
As we close a hundred doors of fantasies,  
We open a million gates of realities.  
By saying goodbye

Living heartbreak,  
Better than living a lie,  
Even if this goodbye was a break,  
Of that I dare not speak,  
I shed the last tear,  
I suffer the last fear,  
And hope for the final cheer,  
The triumph peak,  
In the blink of a new dawn,  
I hope none will fall down,  
For-  
Awake in the night I waited your love to show,  
The honor kept my eyes open,  
maybe I was mistaken,  
But when it came,  
It was too late,  
This was fate,  
Find your way to your possible world,  
My sacrifice is gone,  
Forever and ever,  
Bye my love,

Roy Mburia

# Confused

I know when I have a feeling,  
That which moves my heart,  
Makes me a slave to loneliness  
Moves me in circles,  
With affection lifts me up in its weights,  
In madness buries me in its dungeons,  
Turns me into a zombie.  
Confused

Of wisdom to me long extended,  
Words of love and hatred,  
Of happiness and sadness,  
Laughter and bitterness,  
Picking the tasty,  
Leaving that which pulls me to slumber,  
Much wiser, not anymore confused.

I know when sober,  
Few as they are,  
When moods turn somber,  
In the seething temper,  
The merries of December.  
Even more confused.

Come on,  
You who turns my world on,  
Existing in me is this thumping so peculiar  
Locking me in cells,  
Binding me in shackles,  
Holds captivity all of sweetness  
Leaving me more confused

Pains and dreams alike,  
Reading the same cast,  
Different acts,  
Even if my mind was wrong,  
The beliefs of my heart are strong.  
Wanting to know more,  
The confusion firmer

How this time I don't hear scorn?  
Or can't I afford the attention?  
Is it my ignorance?  
Or simply the experience of the puppeteer?  
Whatever it is,  
I know not,  
Understand less,  
More confused

Roy Mburia

# Gone, And Never Seen Back

The sun just set,  
The hundredth moment  
Still seeing the minute you left,  
My life semi perfect,  
Hopes abject and feeling like this was another project,  
The door still open,  
Beyond the wish you would still ever happen,  
For even if you happen,  
That never be forgotten,  
Is the minute am certain my loyalty was mistaken?  
Like the dogs that bark in the dark to witches of the valley,  
The seas and the forest,  
The voice, the image, the smile, the beauty-  
Gone, gone and never be seen back

Even if I miss you and I got chums in my pocket,  
I feel like a rocket  
For even if I had a jacket and froze from the cold would I ever be bold?  
Standing tall like my Njuri leader,  
Ego beyond the shoulder,  
Am a true African and I go beyond the boulders,  
What I want the world to see, my smile,  
The energy that takes us beyond the mile-  
Is the boiling bile,  
That love I keep looking at all the while  
Gone, and when I feel empty,  
Lion king is the majesty,  
The mighty who seek no solace in the emotional injustice  
Like the dogs that bark in the dark,  
To witches of love,  
The memories, the faith and beliefs,  
Gone, gone from the face of a just heart  
Never to be seen back,

The slow ballads playing in my most high  
That voice that haunts me a look into the eye  
Of the selfies  
Posing with ease, the grin that will tease,  
The hum that will haunt,

The laughter that will torment,  
Never feeling the regrets,  
The hopes, the dreams, the wishes,  
All gone with the wind,  
Like the voice of that dog that barks to the witch of lust,  
Gone, and never seen back.

Roy Mburia



# In Silence!

Today I grow in silence,  
An isolated trail,  
A secret tale,  
No tags of praise,  
Goons to cheer,  
Silence chose me,  
Far from the lead,  
My breadth on hold,  
The sound of silence,  
A listening art,  
The last and the least,  
Bellied men pulling beards,  
For the mic' and the cameras!

Within the noise of men,  
Silence makes bare its radiance,  
Carelessly, in silence,  
Trees kiss and hug,  
To the will of wind;  
True love abiding,  
A perfect spread of peace!

It's a hard space,  
In a loud world;  
War for name and fame,

I'm glad for silence,  
In silence I'm in calm,  
In silence, I'm a winner,  
There is peace unknown,  
Today belong to the noisy,  
The furious and the cunning,  
Always winning,  
Tomorrow the silence will speak.

Roy Mburia

# Right Through My Eye

If there is tomorrow I have many plans  
If I knew it comes with certainty,  
Would there be aches, or cold breathes?

But,  
If there wasn't a tomorrow and I had a chance to see it,  
If there wasn't a tomorrow and I had no reason to see it,  
Would it change my today,  
Would my dreams still be valid?

If every dream was a vision,  
And every vision was conceived in a dream,  
Would my efforts matter any more?  
Or my worries still make sense?

Right through my eye,  
Like a star I would see all that awaits,  
Never lost in my world,  
But even if I found ways and options,  
Even if I could trace the city of gold,  
Would I walk through the golden gates of happiness with my own eye?

He who decides my tomorrow,  
He who crafts my dreams,  
Incubates my sanity,  
Even in my weirdest insanity I know he is the majesty  
For my today,  
My yesterday,  
And my tomorrow,  
Remains a mystery,  
Never seen through my own eye.

Roy Mburia

# Tailor Made Men

I too want one like him,  
A Romeo, maybe fourth generational Jacob  
A man with much intent,  
Loyal to my heart,  
Suits my soul perfect  
Like a servant.  
With full dedication to me like his job,  
His biceps curved by the gym.  
A man, custom made to suit my heart,  
A suit, tailor made to fit my desires.  
Designed for my wishful commendation,  
To fill my eyes with adoration  
Share in his passion.

I want a man,  
His touch and soul warm,  
He who will drown me in a storm,  
Respect in me the angel,  
Never minds if I'm a devil.  
I want one that takes me by my arms,  
Looks into my eyes,  
Chokes me in his charm.  
May he share in my pain and sorrow,  
Never leave me hollow  
When out in dens and pubs,  
And never questions my night outs.

To the man I want I'm this particular,  
My specifications seem peculiar.  
One that can do my washing,  
Laundry and doesn't care cooking.  
Can help me out with bathing,  
Deaf to my nagging,  
Blind to my weight and laziness.  
If only he gets me a fortress  
My guard on him is of a lioness,  
Lets his be ours,  
Allows what is mine to be mine alone.



# Worries Never End

There is always a statement to be made  
A word to be spoken  
A story to be told  
And a tale to reflect about

There is always a time to recover  
A distance to be covered  
A problem to worry about  
And an issue to think about

Always, there is a prayer to be made  
Something to wish for  
And a hope to live for

There is always a song to be sung  
A tune to dance to  
A game to be played  
And a chance to be grabbed

There is a tear to be sobbed  
A pain to be nursed  
A day to live for  
Another to be wasted  
And an effort to be made

Yet, there is no time for regrets  
For hopelessness  
Or pardons

For-  
Destiny isn't a place  
Neither a target nor a time  
But visions and dreams,  
Ambitions  
Fantasies of yesterday  
Hopes and dreams for tomorrow  
Failures and achievements of today  
Shapes our most desired destiny

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