

Poetry Series

victor onyango
- poems -

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victor onyango()

A third born in a family of four, at the age of 12 the terms mum and dad ceased to exist in my vocabulary. I went to school through the mercy of God, that is if you believe in Him and His grace still guides me through.

The future is now or now...

To my little brother Oliver, elder sisters Emmah and Queen and beloved cousin Faith, I say "All that lies ahead of you is divine and so are your dreams and divine driven dreams are immortal.... in God's grace you shall make it."

Dark Hours

Our peace is your displeasure
When we are all smiles
Maybe tears well up your eyes
Not because we are on the offensive
But maybe that is just the way you are.
You rejoice when you make others suffer
Yet you claim that you seek redemption.
It is not in our religions
For the golden rule of love is a basic tenet
That governs our religions.
You inflict fear in people
You bring forth terror so you boldly brand yourself-terrorist
Do you suffer from pyromania?
Do you seek a just society by injustice?
Your lust for innocent blood
Robs the humanity of intelligent brains
Derailing our development
Yet when thousands die in you cold killing spree
You jubilantly celebrate and claim responsibility.
Do you have such a blunt conscience?
Humanity shall never forgive you

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Dear Mama

An open letter to mama

More than a decade is gone
Since you left never to return
Left with no trace
Our hearts are still torn
Your sons and daughters we still miss you
Can i tell you something mum?
Your two daughters are married off
And their first born daughters are named after you
How does that feel?
Aren't you going to ask how about your sons?
I know you,
Don't pretend you don't want to know
Because i will tell you all the same
Both ares till enjoying the fruits of their bachelorhood

But mum, can you see us?
Are we what you wanted us to be?
If you were here, would you be proud of us?
What would you say about us?
Don't you think life would be different?

Without you we felt lost
But every thought of you is a basis of our strength
Your will to serve
Your desire to achieve
Your concern for the unfortunate
Your passion and enthusiasm for life
Your dream for a better tomorrow
And unconditional love for all

Your mark is imprinted in our life and hearts
We are proud of you mum
We love you
our regards to your right hand man[dad]
we love him too

yours family

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Dear Papa

An open letter to papa

I want to think all is well
Because in our hearts you still dwell
A great tutor your students say you were
And we thump our chests and say...
'That great man was and is still our father.'
Since you left
Life has never been the same
We lost all we had
And tough times followed...
Life in the countryside was never a walk in the park
But we had no choice
Listen dad,
I took up your profession not for a tradition but because I love it
Your legacy still lives
And the good feeling we have when one calls us children of teacher.
I miss so many things
Walks in the woods...
Swimming expeditions...
The evening games...
And your love for the ten years I was your only son...
I wish I could experience the feeling of appreciation
Anytime I do something great or achieve anything
To receive a pat on the back
And hear you say... 'that's my son'
Such a feeling for remains a mere imagination.
I hope God blesses me with a son so he can experience such feelings.
We miss you

With love,
Family

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Desperado

The more I think I have grasped it
The more it slips away and the gap widens
My term with my rector at school was almost done
Just then they said I had to stay a little longer
I thought I got a job until the director said am over qualified
Then I met this beautiful lady
I thought we were meant to be
I loved her until she said no
I held my head low as she walked away
The more I ever thought I got
All that for once was real
Now have question marks tagged on them
For the tears that well my eyes
I dare to ask
Where did I go wrong?
What price am I paying?

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His Grace

In you i believe
For a deep sigh of relief i heave
Mercies to me you have shown
All bad fortunes away you have blown
Who could have thought it was probable
All impossibilities you made possible.
Your grace i know it is

Back then life looked so bleak
They said all trough it wont be sleek
But now?
I can tink, blink
I sense no scent of blush
No time to blatantly blubber
For i soldier on in Him
I feel a complete theme.

I entreat thee
In Him you shall never want
Into you good seeds He shall plant
Your life He shall make it
a green valley
A splendid spring
An oasis of hope
A dynasty that will live to the end.

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In Here

I just sit to listen to myself
Then i realize there is nothing to listen to
I open my eyes so wide
But there is no much to see
Then i notice something is missing
The belief-enthusiasm-and hope
Am puzzled and i ask the question
Where is my belief?
Where is hope hiding?
Then i remember from where it all lies
Its in here
Within ourselves lies hope
In our hearts an esoteric humane
The tomorrow we seek is in us
Seeds of greatness sowed in our being
Waiting for us to unbridle
A fire that waits to be ignited.
What are you going to do?

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Let Me

Let me be the one
To celebrate with you all that you won
Let me be the one
To inspire you to greatness
Let me be the one
To hold you at your weakest
Let me be the one
To give you a shoulder to cry
Let me be the one
To turn your sorrows into happiness
To light your world
To turn your dark and gloomy days bright
To rekindle lost glory
To make you smile
To see through your eyes
And to walk the lonely paths with you
Let me be the one....

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Life And Death

I often wonder
we sing-wine and dine when one is born
celebrations follow annually
And happy birthday to you...oh! jovially we sing
But when they finally leaves
Why cant we sing happy deathday?
Why do we dress in black?
We shed tears but of course even that day some shed tears
just that then it was 'tears of birth'
But now 'tears of death'
People still wine and dine
But the songs are dirges
And the goodbyes really are forever.
so that is what they call life
A similarity within the difference

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Mother Nature

Today i woke up thrilled
As the cool breeze from the lake hit my very being
though a little bit misty
The aesthetic mother nature brought
More than enough to usher the new day

Her propensity indeed overwhelms
For reality it moves beyond its realms
Her power of attraction
Her art of giving
Her passion for feeding
and the desire for ever being best,
Thats our mother nature.

She can be without us
but no us without her
we can make her better
and she can make us best
her readiness to be real
our struggle to be ideal
if we let her die,
our generation is dead.

by; Victor Onyango

victor onyango

Mr Politician

'My people, i feel compelled to explain my position superlatively'
A good cue often you bring forth
The feeling of enough is better than too much
The electorate we gave you a job
Back then you could have chats with us and was friendly
But now you got security and you keep us a mile from you
Are we that vile that you are protected from us?
Yesterday you and i could walk along the dusty road together
But today its you whose limousine splashes muddy water on me
And since your windscreen is tint, you just didn't see it
You have succeeded,
And to the people you have brought development
Our roads are impassible
There are no drugs in the hospitals
The funds for our children's bursary was used to build yourself a bungalow
The schools development funds are invested in your private business
All the jobs are for you and your kinsmen.
Mr politician, you have changed our lives
You choke us
And you live us dying

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My Only One

I always long to be your shadow
That never leaves your side at all the times
Assume your shape when it goes dark
And gracefully walk by your side when it's bright
Emulate all that you do
And make forever a reality
Because like diamonds you always glitter
Like a flower your aesthetics are forever
Priceless yet valuable-that is your love
Your whole being-a magnificent piece of art
You are my one and only
My life's flower
The one I water with my love
Nurture with kisses
And give hugs warmer than the sunshine...
My only one.

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One People

When you spot me, him, her and them at distance
What do you see?
Dark, white or yellow complexion
But is that us?
So u didn't see us but our colors
And you think that makes you different and maybe special.
I laugh and say think hard for you got it wrong.
If you are a believer,
Then think about this
We are fearfully and wonderfully made by God,
Or are there exceptions?
If you a non believer
Then look around
We are all made of matter
Or is some matter important than another?
From Africa to Europe
Asia to America,
We are one people-one community
The human community
We are not colors but people
Brothers and sisters from different human parents,
Exhibiting different cultures,
But inhaling same oxygen and
Expelling carbon four oxide.
I belong to one human family-one race
What about you?

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Optimistic Pessimist

What is it like

To crave for what is near and never grasps

To look and never see

To search and never find

To listen and never hear

To be intelligent and never succeed

To be the best and no one appreciates

To smile when tears are close

To be strong at your weakest

To live when life is the only reason you are alive

What is it like to have all the above?

Tell me

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Princess

My beloved
Hold my hand so we may walk the life's journey together
Yesterday there was me and there was you
But today there is us-you and I
Our worlds clashed and merged into one
The void that found its place in my heart
The sorrows that knocked my door often
The apparent anger at non-existent tribulations
The tears that I could harbor no more
And the villain that I almost became
You made the difference
I still find you incomprehensible
Maybe because you are infinite and my mind is finite
Transformation -yes you made me new
A whole new person
All smiles and optimistic
Eccentric and industrious
Relieved and yearning for a better tomorrow with you
In our world
Just for two hearts to beat together
To close my ears and eyes listen
And listen to you -see you with my heart

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Secret Admirer

I felt yet again today
Something i would rather not say
Because of a profound fear
That wells my eyes with tears
The power of a heart
A feeling so great
But how do i proceed?
Or do you forbid?
I seek strength so i can take the step.

Can you just close your ears,
Open your heart and listen
For this is not perverse
And to your heart i want to converse
With my eyes closed, i see[you]a magnificent piece of art
My whole being feels euphoric
A strong feeling maybe nostalgic
You are this close yet so far
That far i believe i will crave
For this walk i know i am brave
Until that day i will drown in your love
To hold tight and never let go

In heaven on earth we don't live
It is in the power of your heart
The strength of your passion
The reality of your ambition
The beauty of your inner being
That i ask you in this loud whisper
Will you be my happy ever after?

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Sweet Tomorrow

Every morning he woke up
Through the muddy waters he waded to school
His feet and shoes were never friends
His body blended well in tattered clothes
You shunned him as a plague...
All these early days made trends.
You laughed at his state till you cried
But he smiled then laughed
His spirit was alive
And inside a great unbridled enthusiasm
For he believed in destiny-the sweet tomorrow
Fate had a different story
Today he walks shoulder high
If he had wings i believe he could fly
You cant hold guilt
You cant afford that laughter
You feel ashamed-you just cant face him.
You learnt your lesson

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The Cry Of A Nation

Yesterday was such a lovely day
We bred unity an shunned hatred at bay
Our people gracefully sway
Like peacocks in the harvest of winters may
We embraced one another gracefully
Our diversity was our strength and pride

But soon
The dark clouds started grumbling
Rattling with rhythmic rumbling
Good neighbors turned enemies
Blood ferociously flown
The people maimed themselves
And blame games consumed us all
Heightened suspicions and mistrust
Our diversity became that which makes us different
A shadow has been cast between us and the future.

From a far is a good scent
I see a different generation
A people with broader concerns for humanity
Restoration of a lost glory
I sense victory for our people
And on your support i count.

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The One

Much water has flowed under the bridge
So strong still it is my urge
My affinity towards you it grows
So fast just as the monsoon winds
If it is thinking-then allow me think about you
If its singing-then allow me sing for you
If its dancing-then allow me dance with you
If its living-then you are the gist of this life
If its breathing-then let me share your breath
And when my time to depart reaches-let me die in your arms
For you desire all that is good
Inspire all that is great
Aspire the treasures of life
And walk me down the path of prosperity.
I cant take it with grains of salt
For i know you are the one.

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The Price Of Compromise

I know i should not go
But i still go
Is it my id or ego?
It indeed pushes me so far
I understand what it will cost me in the end
But do i have a choice?
I do it all the same
I have a will
Indeed a free will
To do so many things
To desire so much
Did i say covet?
This will is indeed attached to great responsibility.
I am a slave to myself
myself walks me around
Makes me feel proud
But what i know is not what i do
Just then i realize
That i have to pay a dear price
The price of compromise.

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The Unborn

Some are liberal,
Others conservatives
And others feminists
But we are one people with different ideologies
Our concepts of life of the unborn
I believe is guided by a universal rational
That which cuts across our diverse schools of thought.
The unborn deserve an opportunity
Just like the ones our parents gave us
Or even better
They may not be able to say it
But we know they do.
Humans-that is what we are
So we should be humane.
Lets protect the unborn for we are for life.

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The Wedded Couple

It may have began as an ordinary outing
But ended an extra ordinary pilgrimage
When the two hearts drew close to each other
And the two become one-in love
He had the power to confess and profess
That he loves you
I imagine the feeling when you said
You love him more
The two hearts were no longer isles
For love became the bridge.
So real it became and he walked her to the alter
Just to make her his happy ever after.
The outside world
Seems still and distant to the wedded couple
Happiness holds them together
In its tenderness and brace
And finds only sweetness and laughter as companions
As they embark on their new life together
Nothing should come between them.

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They Got Voice

You listen to our sounds
But can never get the message
So you conclude all is well.
We are the birds of the air
Along the paths you tramp on us
And it is business as usual.
We are the ants
Your visitors arrive, you get in a celebration mood
For me my end is near because you chase us up and down to prepare soup
You think that is expected
We are the hens and cocks.
We are rained on because you cannot build us a shed
And the slightest seconds you get
All you do is flog us
We are the cows and donkeys.
But you forget
We birds of air improve the aesthetic value of your environment
Our sweet songs ushers you to a new day and soothes you to sleep
We ants tell when the rain nears so you can prepare your farms
We cocks crow early in the morning just to wake you up so that you can do your errands.
We cows and donkeys gives you milk and carry heavy loads for you.
Yet you treat us as though we are less important.
Are that ungrateful?

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