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CHILDREN PLAY SONG (ORAL POEM)

Sing while skipping
Count while skipping
Skipping and jumping
Running and dancing
Get out let's play
Hold my hand
Let us sing.
Skip skip, skip skip
Swing swing all day.

Who doesn't want to sing?
Who doesn't want to swing?
Work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy
Cheer up let's play,
Hold my hand
Let us sing.

Mama has gone to the market,
Papa has gone to the market
Aunt to the river with a bucket
Get out let's play
Hold my hand
Let us sing.

By N. W. Otipah

EMPTY STREETS

The day was calm
No siren nor alarm
The trees were still
I stood gazing at a hill
From a far I could hear bleats
As I walked on the empty streets.

The sky was blue.
Then, the wind blew
The dust filled the air
I closed my eyes with care
A minute or two elapsed
And calm returned so fast.
You stood by the wayside,
Then crossed towards my side.

I began moving right, you too
The empty streets had two
Dropped keys, you picked and blinked,
I looked at you and winked,
We closed the Gap and kissed.
You and I each other's gift
Given to us by the empty streets.

By N.W.Otipah

GET BACK

You were born healthy,
Had dreams in plenty,
Aspirations and inspiration,
Your set plans in motion,
Despite your humble beginning,
You dreamt of winning
Titles and trophies,
Awards and certificates,
Yours like mine was valid.

You were indeed talented;
Intellectually, mentally
Character wise, language wise,
Your creativity and innovation
Won you haters and supporters.
As you rose into stardom,
Critics waited like a time bomb,
Here racial insults and threats,
There cyber bullying and taunts.

Minutes, hours, days passed,
Months, years now in the past,
Your vulnerability came to the fore,
Your brave-smiling face no more,
Before, you were the impenetrable wall,
Now you are caving like a hole.
Look at you now,
Cancer stick on one hand,
Liquor store product on the other.
The criticisms taking a toll,
One after another.

Your feigned confidence gone,
Mental instability knocks

Loss of dreams and ambition,
Suicidal thoughts in motion,
Now a shell of your former self.
They can't wait to see you gone,
They sit and watch as you groan,
Laugh and rejoice as you moan,
Helplessly, you lose your worth
They blame it on drugs addiction,
Tirelessly, you cry for help,
They see a moment to judge and peep.

Hey, you, rise up
Recollect yourself and start again,
Dust yourself and reawaken,
Swallow your pride and reach out,
Call a friend and heal from hurt,
Your help is a phone call away.
Take the counsel and wisen,
From alcohol and drugs, refrain.
I give you my helping hand,
And watch you take your grand,
Playing tunes of redemption,
Of second chances and reversion,
They pushed you here.
Now it's your turn to get back!

By N.W.Otipah

LISTEN TO ME

I am that child,
The one looking wild.
The weak child lying down,
The most disgusting in town,
The one with a rugged look.
I hold a bottle of glue and suck
Every drop of its content.
The child who amidst all the trouble,
Lives in a place filled with rubble.

I have walked up the hills,
Down the valleys,
Battered by the freezing cold nights,
Shattered by torrential rains that
Sounded like angry buzzing bees.
Stretchered on the wheels of
Poverty and bleakness,
I have seen the dark side
Of the human race,

The streets have been made my home,
The hustle and bustle for food.
Left overs have become my dessert
Why can't I join my sisters at the banquet?
In those safe homes you built for them,
After rescuing them from the dungeons.

Look at me in my deplorable state
48 hours gone since I last ate
I am here lying, I am here groaning
Besides a grotesque gutter.
Yet when I cry, I am weak,
When I laugh, a clown,
My presence you detest!

Spare me the judgmental scene
That can barely make me win
Those scorching eyes, those fake lies
Do not appeal to my heart.

But I cling onto hope for better days
Days that will set my heart ablaze
With the love of a human heart
The touch of a caring creature
Those assiduous faces, listen,
I, can be good too, I, can reform too,
I can speak some nice English too.
I appeal for the zeal, for the will to fulfil,
My hopes, that my songs you feel
And listen to me, please.

By N.W.Otipah.

DEAR CHILD

I look at you lying down
I can feel the pain within
Of hunger and starvation
Disillusionment and frustration,
Dear Child,
I can see despair and brutality
Written all over your face.

I see your light brown eyes
The tears and heavy sighs
The bushy brown eyebrows
Wrinkled and dry skin
Rough and bruised palms
The hollow cheeks and weak chin
Tells of the tales within.

I see you looking at the sky
Pausing and asking why,
The weather is so cruel,
The plant's survival is like a duel
Why the drying leaves,
The scorching sun on trees,
The fading rivers,
The drying taps,
All a sign of doom!

It wasn't your fault
To be born in aridity
In a place filled with torridity
All dark, no light. But,
As you close and open your eyes
There is hope that one day,
Water will be yours to the fill
Food by your side like a hill

Dreams be realized in you,
Dear Child.

By N.W.Otipah

MAN UP

You want to possess every bit of success.
You detest any sign of weakness.
You say you are synonymous to perfection
And scrutinize every bit of my action.
You condemn me when I slip
And banish me.
You call me a coward yet you fear divergent opinion,
Yet you possess the inner fear of the rising woman.

You say you are the ideal definition of masculinity,
With your burly arms and your deep voice,
With your rough palms and your steady poise.
You keep saying I should toughen up,
Listen, I will not.
I look at you inquisitively,
You look at me, I look down.
You call that fear, and ask me to look up,
“Man up”, you keep saying.

I will not man up if it means
I will be violent.
I will not man up if it means
I lose the human heart.
If it means I lay a finger on the one I love,
Or signal fear to those I call family.
If it means being threatened by the ever-changing
Women roles,
Or having selective amnesia on feminist issues.
If it means being disrespectful, hurtful and dreadful
To the closest, the caring,
The ever-present persons around me, I will not.

You look at my eyes yet you can't read them,
You call me son yet you can't define me,
You ask me to man up
But the meaning is lost on you.
You condemn my every slip,
Yet you forget how many times you slipped,
MAN UP father!
Please, **MAN UP**.

If you **MAN UP**,
You will discover I too did,
You will find out we still love you,
And learn to say sorry,
Albeit a single, two syllable word,
It will heal scars on mama's heart and face,
We will get past the hurt and start a new phase,
Mama will restore her beauty,
Love will be restored at once,
If you **MAN UP**,
Then, perhaps you will realize its true meaning

By N.W.Otipah

MR.POLITICIAN

We look at you
Walking in groups,
Speaking juicy words
Spitting lies!
We stare at your deceiving face,
The castles you build in the air,
As you say in a deceptive way,
What you will deliver,
If elected.

We observe your fake smile,
When you talk of many a mile,
You're willing to walk with us.
Your promises: tarmacking of roads,
Hospitals for the sick,
Houses for the homeless
And fees for the hopeless.

We listen keenly as you speak,
Minutes, hours, days to a week,
And we can sense the lies,
As we look into your eyes,
And we assure you, 'our own'
We will not fall into your
Well laid down plans of deceit!
Promises that'll never come to fruition
In this predictable nation.
Listen, this time you will fail,
All because you have said
The much you will do,
But you never said how!

By N.W.Otipah

MY BELOVED

Dear beloved

I write to you, my love,

To tell you of my heart's desires,

You are the drum with which my heart beats,

The trumpet that blows inside me.

You, for whom my heart beats

You for whom my mind sings.

Your personality I like

Your dressing I like,

Your gait I admire,

Your smile I desire,

Your curly and springy hair,

For you do I care.

You, for whom my heart beats

You, for whom my mind sings.

Your light complexion sparkles

Like diamonds in the sun.

Your soft hands so tender

Like a new born's skin.

Your eyes shine bright

Like stars in the night.

You, for whom my heart beats,

You, for whom my mind sings.

Your thoughts light up my world,

Your voice sends a shiver

Down my spine!

Your heart in line with mine,

Your dreams with mine in line,

Your aspirations can change

The world for the better!

You, for whom my heart beats,

You, for whom my mind sings.

By N.W.OTIPAH

SINCE THAT DAY

Since the day we met,
I have never looked back.
The type of feeling I get,
Leaves on my heart a mark!

Your type of skin tone
Sparkly, soft and tender
Your voice I can guess
Will soothe and bless
Your liquid lovely eyes
And your smooth hands
Can caress a wounded soul.

Your dreams look big,
Aspirations ever real,
Your sense of humour
And honesty.
Cuts a niche above
The ordinary.
The kindness you possess,
Will win hearts for you.
You, the irresistible one
You, the Nairobi bound.

By N.W.Otipah

THE PANDEMIC

The roads were empty,
The silence was eerie.
The air felt oppressive,
No one was expressive.
I walked some meters ahead,
Suspicion growing in my head.
I moved past gloomy faces,
All resulting from the cases.

Fear and anxiety loomed large,
The restrictions like a scourge.
No movement here,
No talking there.
Life had taken a new turn,
And everyone felt the ban.
No shaking hands
And singing in bands.
No teasing, laughing
Nor chatting in a grouping.

As everyone minded their business,
Increasing cases bred hopelessness.
With human contact unacceptable,
The future became unpredictable.
Restaurants closed, hospitals filled,
Only one or two patients healed.

When all these comes to an end,
And we can reunite with a friend,
When happiness replaces fear,
And we can walk freely with a cheer.
Then I would sit and deem,
The past happening a bad dream.

By N.W.Otipa

UNTIL THAT DAY

We met by the roadside
That day when it rained
So heavy, so hard!
You were all alone
By the lonely shade
Taking shelter, taking cover.
I saw you, I stopped,
Held your trembling hands
Soft but so cold
I played the gentleman
Gave you my leather coat
To keep you warm, keep you safe.

You looked at my eyes
With a sense of innocence
That won my heart,
Irrevocably in love!
And I have sung
The tunes of romance
While you have played
The listener by my side,
I have laid a red carpet
And you have walked on it
Without a word!
But listen dear
I'll love you with open eyes
Till the day, you shall say,
'I love you too.'

By N. W. Otipah

A WAR SONG (ORAL POEM)

We are warriors,
The light of the tribe,
We roar, they tremble
We strike, they perish
We are the warriors
We are the warriors.

Who dares come to our land?
Who dares trespass our land?
Who dares us to a duel?
Who dares face us?
If they try from the east,
We strike.
If they try from the west,
We strike.
We are the warriors
We are the warriors.

Sharpen your spears,
Hold your Shields,
Light up the fire,
Let the roars begin,
We'll face the enemy now
We'll fight for the land now.
We are the warriors
We are the warriors.

By N.W.Otipah

KENYA MY BELOVED

Kenya is beautifully made, so wow
Land of plenty, rich soil to plough
Look east west, north south, all round
See the hills, valleys and rivers found
Mount Kenya, the highest in the land
The great rift, the steepest at hand.

Kenya is filled with talent
Lupita, the Oscar champion
Sauti Sol, the musical lion
Kipchoge in one fifty-nine
Set a record so fine
Lumumba with his eloquence
Kenya swims in greatness.

Kenya is blessed with attractions
The wildebeest migration in Masai mara
The ever-flowing river of Mara
The soaring heights of Aberdare ranges
The coast and its sandy beaches
The steep Menengai crater
Ngare Ndare Victoria and hells gate
Have your mind blown at the Gedi ruins
Ollaro Mara and loita plains
Kenya is indeed a sight to behold!

Our land is rich in culture
Different tribes to capture
Agikuyu Abaluhya Abakuria
Hindi Masai Abagusii
The Taita Taveta's fiesta
Ugali biryani mahamri
Samosa halowa kashata!

Kenyans are friendly
Tourists treated warmly
You can travel everywhere
You can stay anywhere
Anytime, appreciating different cultures
Dancing to diverse tunes
Booking world class hotels
Villa Rosa Sankara Serena
Ole Sereni Panari Sarova
Kenya is the place to be!

Kenya is developing
Our economy improving
Tourism the back bone
Agriculture the pillar
Cultural tolerance and inclusion
Peace, love, unity in motion
Our uniqueness and diversity
Our strength and vivacity
Love, the basis of our nationhood.

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