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Anthem of Hunger

Whenever clocks in the lost lands strike midday
the noons boil over into the heat of the work day.
Tremulous tunes across the tropical land arise
as rumbles from deep within many a potly belly.

The tunes start off distant and doleful
like thunders in diminuendo across the Great Rift
then climax in a grand grumbling crescendo
like a thousand funerary drums under thundering thuds.

Then is when the multitudinous pairs of parched lips
split into gaping yawns to sing without words
the one minute chorus in the anthem of hunger
composed inside the voicy bowels of various pot bellies.

The Source of Myth

Where grasses are stout with prime health,
leaves a lot greener than the rest;
where grasses sway neither to whirlwinds
nor wailing storms with hails;
when with metal nails of ritual hoes
on earth's navel we excise the right holes,
reach we may the divine tablets of skeleton
whereon they lay the history of myth.

Halves of Truth

Destiny is to Humanity
as Time to Infinity.
Programmed is a Primate
into Divinity to Mutate.

Genesis

Delphi is the locus
of Mother Earth's umbilicus.

The Adam and the Eve
had they too a navel each?

A Nest of Rest

Frothy beer bubbles
lie so close together,
like silver-lined eggs
in several tall glass nests,
as brooding silhouettes
atop steel stools
behind an ebony bar
perch....

Suddenly
the still shell of the night
stirs
cracks
then hatches
into liquid movements
full of body and mind
rest....

Election Fever

Your mind and mine clench
into a feast of emotion,
each season of our Election.
Fears once goliathly small,
now grow nearly david tall,
as our boldest opinion poll
becomes an all-consuming ball
in which our minds tangle,
into a deadly country tango,
spiralling later into a twist,
twisty-twisting us till we twist
into a steel-tight national noose
that always always hangs you and me: us.

Relatives for Hire

Nowadays strangeness is normal
in the ailing nation of my birth.
The strangeness of our normality
is a case of the fittest shall survive.
Let us take the common example
of the lucrative business of death.
New service-providers daily emerge
since the economy entered the ICU.
You have now probably heard on radio
that funerals are the new big venture
where dwindling hopes or investments
can be injected with instant new lives!

Take the example of my relatives
who sold their ancestral graveyards
to invest in the shares of the only
funeral service of its kind around.
The service offers relatives for hire.
They wail wildly - but without tears -
at funerals of daily dying beloveds.
Of course services on offer vary.
For example at an extra little fee
the wailers can find litres of tears
to impressively wash away your loss!

Normal work days here start at dusk.
When a weak sun faces its own death
that is when the wailers to work set.
They approach a client homestead
like strangers of any normal village
then halt abruptly by the broken gate,
wear their make up or mourning faces,
then storm, as if amok, the compound
like a new band of real blood relatives
wailing elegies to the dead bread-winner,
calling in dirge a name newly crammed,
extolling the sweet bitterness of death!

Leadership Styles

A pot belly above
hollow bowels
howl below:
Kenyatta-Moism

Twin pot bellies above
as hollow bowls
hold below:
Kibaki-Railaism