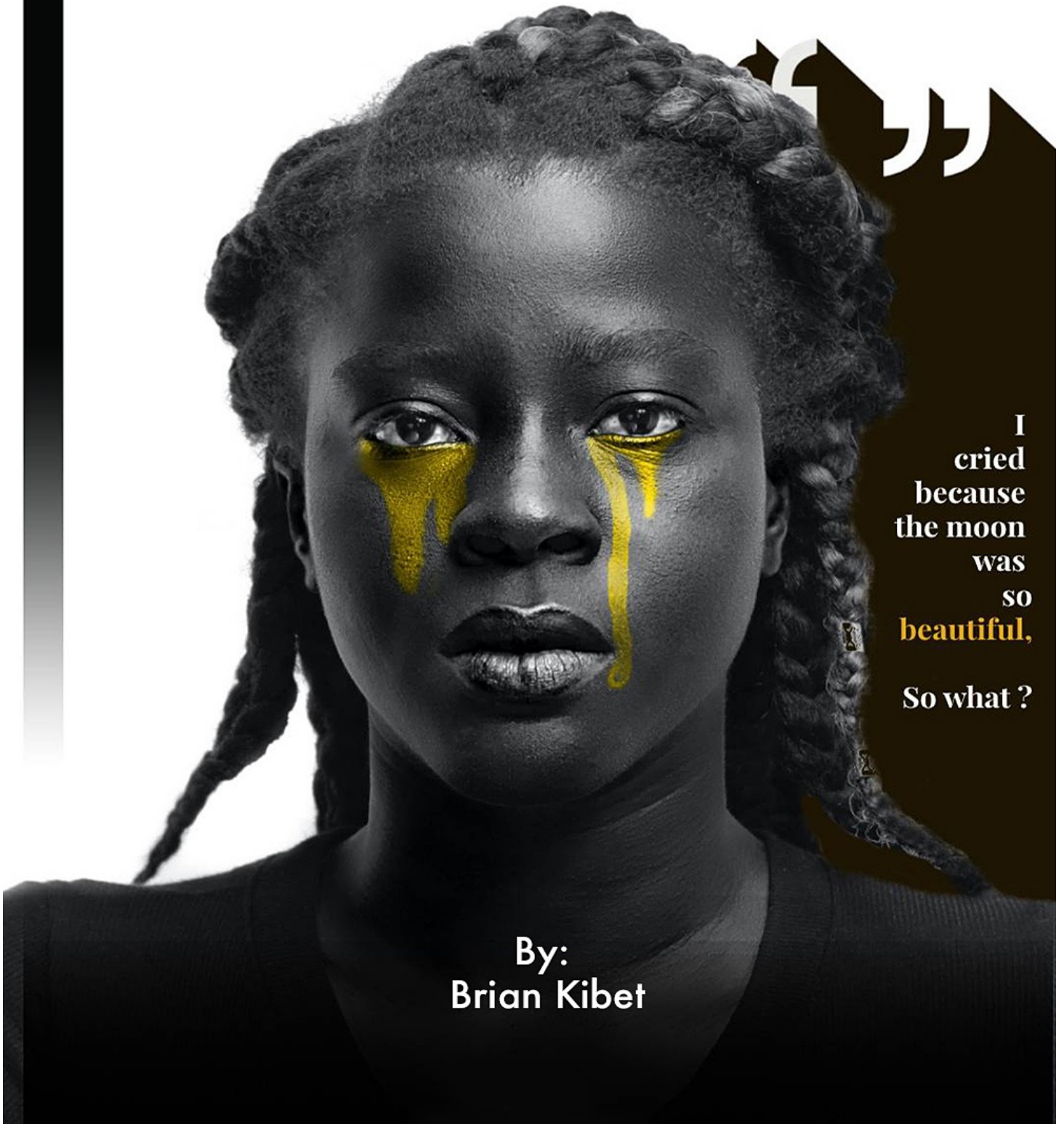


Aswito Darling

A Poetry Anthology



I
cried
because
the moon
was
so
beautiful,
So what ?

By:
Brian Kibet

Aswito Darling

by Brian Kibet

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Where are you?

Have you heard the Greek mythology

The creation tale of the white man

They say that humans

Were created

With four arms

Four legs

And a head

With two faces

Zeus the creator

Feared this being

Feared the power it might wield

So he split the creature

Into two separate halves

Now we live our lives condemned

Searching for our other half

Where are you

This other part of me

Where are you

Aswito Darling

Letter to my brothers

My brothers

My brothers from other mothers

My brothers

Brothers with whom we shared pain

Brothers circumcised together

Brothers bonded by pain

Of losing their foreskins

My brothers

Tell Aswito

That I am a man

That I am a full man

Tell her

That when my foreskin was cut

That I stared into the eyes of the initiator

Without flinching

Without shivering

Tell her

That I faced the pain

Like a full man

Tell her

That I am no stranger to pain
Tell her
That I am a man
That I am a full man
Tell her
That I am no stranger to shame
That once upon a time
I was a scrawny kid
That once upon a time
I was beaten
By my schoolmate
Before the eyes of my kid brother
Tell her
There is no shame
Greater than being comforted
By your kid brother
Tell her
That I was an ugly kid
With a head full of ringworms
That I had few playmates
That my head
Seemed to have small volcanic eruptions

Of ringworm wounds

Tell her

Of my school uniform

The one with yellow patches

To cover a naked buttock

Tell her

Of my second hand shoes

Made of patches of cloth and leather

Tell her

That I know of hunger

That our family

Once had an empty granary

Tell her

That I once slept

On an empty stomach

Tell her

That I know the pain

Of hunger tearing up your stomach

Tell her

That I know shame

Like the back of my hand

Tell her

That poverty
Was once my middle name
But now I'm saved
Tell her
That once upon a time
Pain was a friend of mine
That I have lost family and friends
To the angel of death
Tell her
That there is no pain
Greater than the passing of a loved one
Tell her
That even heartbreaks
Cannot surpass
The pain brought by death
Tell her
That I have been despised before
That I have known hate
Tell her
That I know of anger
Tell her
That I know of love too

Tell her
Of the love of African mother's
Tell her
She once beat me
As if she intended of murder
Tell her
That the love of African mother's
And the children they love
Is a complicated matter
That can never be understood
By the minds of strangers
Tell her
That when they said
To become a full man
You had to read their books
And pass their exams
Tell her
That I read well
That I passed their tests
Tell her
That I was admitted to university
And made something of myself

Tell her

That I became a man

That I am a full man

That I am a total man

Tell her

Recipe for happiness

Listen Aswito

I know the recipe for happiness

It is the small small things in life

Sometimes happiness

Is made up of peace on mind

Isolation in a quite location

You have to silence your mind

Rid it of all troubling thoughts

Sometimes happiness is borrowed

Have you noticed

How the laughter

Of an innocent young one

Is contagious

Have you noticed

How that happiness

Lights up a room

How that smile

Digs up reels

Of our own happy childhood

From the stores of our memories
Happiness is not being wealthy
Riches have it's own problems
Often
The journey to lots of wealth
Is not always a clean one
It is a journey
They muddies your soul
Eat that which your pay with your sweat
Do good
And good thing will be done to you
Make other happy
And happiness will be your potion
That is the word of the good book

Things happen

Listen Aswito

Birds fly because they fly

Fish swim because they swim

It is the way of nature

The way of the gods

Some things in life

We cannot understand

Because they are things

Of the gods

What is for the gods

Man cannot partake

Do not try to find meaning

For everything that happens in life

Some things in life

Are not for us to understand

Home

Listen Aswito

Home is your mother's hands

Home is your grandma's embrace

Home is the hands of a loved one

Home is your lovers heart

Home is your father's whistles

While he herds his cows

Home is your brother's mischiefs

And the tantrums of your siblings

Home is your favourite cup

Home is your warm blanket

Home is your favourite sweater

Home is the little things

The quirks that make it unique

Home is the people

The people that make it a home

I'm hurting

Listen Aswito

I'm hurting

I'm hurting so bad

I'm in pain

There's pain in my body

There's pain I'm my soul

Pain is flowing through my tears

I cannot hold them back

There's so much pain

So much

It's leaking through my eyes

There's sorrow in my heart

There is a fire

There is an inferno

Raging within my soul

I'm burning up Aswito

Flames of desperation

Flames

Flames fed by sadness

Flames

Flames fed by hate
Flames
Flames fed by need
Flames
Flames eating me whole
There is war within my soul
A war I'm fighting
All against myself
There is a war Aswito
A battle within myself
There is a war
A war I'm losing
What about love
What about love Aswito
Will it extinguish
These flames
This fire
Burning within me
Burning within my soul
Will it heal
These wounds
Will it stop

This war
I'm waging within myself
Is love the answer
Are you the hand that heals
The extinguisher
Of this inferno
The salve
To these wounds
Is love the answer
To this sadness
To this madness
Will love
Fill the voids
Within my soul
Fill the nothingness
In my heart
Is love the answer

People

Listen Aswito

We are all ugly

We are all beautiful

My nose looks this way

Yours looks the other way

My ears

Are elephant sized

Your ears

Are modelled from a rats

Your face

Is egg shaped

My face

Is potato shaped

My stomach

Looks ematiated

Your stomach

Looks like you've been pregnant

For the last decade

Yet it is that strange nose of yours

That makes you different

That makes you beautiful
That makes you you
Yet it is that egg shaped face
That I cant keep myself from touching
That ugly beautiful face
That excited my heart
That boils my blood
Listen Aswito
We are all beautiful
In an ugly manner
We are all ugly
In a beautiful way

Life

Listen Aswito
Sometimes life
Is an ugly thing
Sometimes life
Is a beautiful thing
Sometimes I talk to flowers
In lack of a suitable company
You're a beautiful thing little rose
You've bloomed well you peony
Sometimes I talk to birds
You're a sweet couple
Your beautiful doves
So listen Aswito
We do what we do
To remain sane
Listen Aswito
Sometimes we get a little bit strange
So that we can see another day
Sometimes we talk to the moon
We tell it how pretty she is

So that some little part in us
Feels a little pretty too
We do what we do Aswito
To make this life bearable
We become insane
To escape this maddening insanity
Listen Aswito
Do what you do
To become what you want to be

Ups and downs of life

Listen Aswito

Life is a see saw

One one side

Health sits

And on the other

Wealth sits

When wealth goes up

Health always goes down

And so often

When wealth is down

Health is high up

Balancing the two

Is a mammoth task

That always needs

The touch of the gods

Love

Listen Aswito
Listen my darling love
I once loved another
Whom I left
Because her head was big
Who left me
Because my nose was huge
I once loved another
Who left me
Because she hated mother
Whom I left
Because my mother hated
Listen Aswito
We love till we are tired of love
Then we create silly reasons
To commemorate
The death of that love
Listen Aswito
Listen darling
I will love you with certainty

I will love you for eternity
This love will strain sometimes
This love may drain someday
This love may faint on this race
But if it dies, this love
I won't tell you your feet are ugly
Don't tell me my tongue is too rough

Listen Aswito

If this love dies

Promise me we'll celebrate

The happy times we've had

The smiles we've shared

Promise me

Promise me Aswito

We'll burry this love

With the dignity

It deserves

Promise me Aswito

The plague

Listen Aswito

I have the plague

I have contacted the virus

The one that makes brains soft

The one that makes hearts beat faster

I have this deadly plague Aswito

This contagious malady of the heart

This deadly plague, my darling Aswito

Demands that i be quarantined

In the prison of love

It demands that there be a lockdown

And i should not interact with other hearts

Listen Aswito

I have the plague darling

I have contacted the deadly virus

The virus of love

A wedding

Listen Aswito

On this auspicious occasion
That we are made to share a name
I demand that there be a sacrifice

The healthiest of bulls

Must lose its life

The fattest of goats

Will accompany the bull

I demand the best of drinks

From the best grains

I demand the all gathered

Be at their best

I demand a sacrifice

When I take this solemn oath

That only you I cherish

From now till I perish

The way of the gods

Listen Aswito

It doesn't matter

How far your eyesight is

It doesn't matter

How hard you gaze into the skies

You cannot see the heavens

Listen Aswito

What the gods can see

Man cannot

Listen my sweet darling

What the gods eat

Man cannot partake

And if he does

He dies

But the gods

Can partake

In that which belongs to man

And cannot be harmed

Mama

Listen Aswito

Mama owns the galaxy

She pays the stars

To twinkle all night

She pays the sun

So that I can have fun

Listen

My sweet darling

Mama gave me the moon

As my inheritance

Listen Aswito

What more wealth

Can surpass

My mother's gift

Listen to nature

Listen Aswito

Listen to nature

Listen to the whisper of the wind

Let it caress you

Listen to the wind

Dance with the trees

Sway to the whisper

Sway to the tune of the wind

Listen my sweet darling

Listen to the chirp of the morning birds

Listen to the sweet morning tune

Sweet sweet potato, she chirps

Small smaller biggest

She happily sings

Listen Aswito

Listen to the stream

Listen to music the river stones make

When caressed by the cool waters

Listen Aswito

Nature is never silent

Nature will always speak to you

Nature will always soothe you

Nature will always heal you

Listen Aswito

Listen my sweet darling

Gravity between us

Listen Aswito

There is a certain gravity

Gravity between hearts

There is a certain pull

A pull between hearts

A pull that draws hearts together

A pull that beckons

A beckoning of a lovers heart

A beckoning that only hearts

That only loving hearts understand

Listen Aswito

Listen my sweet darling

Listen to this pull

This gravity between our hearts

Listen Aswito

Listen my sweet darling

To how our beats

The beats of our hearts

Listen to how they are aligned

Listen to their strange symphony

Listen Aswito

Listen my sweet darling

You are the moon to my earth

And love, my sweet darling

Is the invisible belt

Holding us together

Binding the moon to earth

Certainly

Listen Aswito

The sun rises without fail

The sun sets with certainty

The the moon is a gloomy one

She rises when she feels like

Listen my sweet darling

The sun and the moon

Are like life itself

Some things happen with certainty

Other things

Other things happen when they happen

Listen Aswito

This is the way of things

Christmas birds

Listen Aswito

Listen to the song

The song of the Christmas birds

Listen Aswito

Listen to the song

The song of the harvesting season

Hey you

You

You pretty flock

Come down to me

I know where the best grain is

Come down to me

You

Yes, you

Come down to me you pretty bird

The journey is long

The journey is tiresome

Come down to me

Buckets of grain

I have in store

A good night rest
A bed better than a nest
Come down to me
Come down to me you pretty bird
We will play together
We will need together
I know where the berries are
The best of berries
The sweetest of berries
Come down to me
Just for a night
Come down to me
Just for a day
And a little while more

Little things

Listen Aswito

The cool morning air
Is a perfume to the soul
The picturesque sunrise
Is the grandest of wallpapers

The sunset

Is an optical nutrition
The touch of the sun
The warmth it brings
Is a delight to the skin

Listen Aswito

Listen my sweet darling

Savour the taste

Feel the touch

Take in the sight

Take time to feel

Listen Aswito

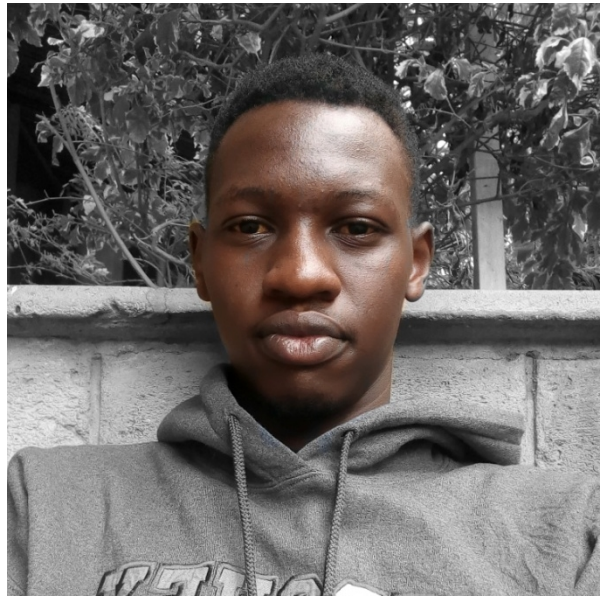
Listen my sweet darling

It is the simple pleasures

That brings happiness

Enjoy the simple pleasure
For a life without pressure

About the author



Brian Kibet is the author of the poetry anthology *The Village Belle*. He is a finalist student at The University of Nairobi pursuing Bachelor of Economics

He is an admirer of all forms of art from music to paintings and uses art as an escape from reality. He believes in the words of Friedrich Nietzsche that no artist tolerates reality.

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