

They say it began on a Tuesday at dawn,
When the air held its breath and the world yawned on.
No bags, no rings, not a whisper of plan,
Just two hearts that chose to outrun the land.

She wore a sweater three sizes too brave,
He carried a grin that could misbehave.
No goodbyes were uttered, no tears were blessed,
They simply packed nothing and vanished in yes.

They caught a matatu, no route in their head,
Paid with a laugh and a future unread.
She hummed something soft, low and unsure,
He tapped his fingers like he knew the cure.

They watched as the city dissolved into dust,
And silence returned where there once had been trust.
By noon, they arrived in a place with no name,
Where the buildings leaned like they'd lost at a game.

An old chapel stood, forgotten and grey,
Where no one had prayed in many a day.
They slipped through the doors, stepped into the gloom,
And lit a small fire that chased out the room.

They laid down their jackets and slept on the floor,
She dreamed of the sea, he dreamed of much more.
And in that still hush between midnight and fate,
They whispered a vow too quiet to translate.

They sold little poems for samosas and tea,
He played the bottle, she sang in B.
They painted a sign with a charcoal heart—
And swore they would never again live apart.

They stumbled on driftwood, two nails, a spoon,
They built a small shack that smelled like monsoon.
The tides kissed the walls and the lanterns blew,

And they named their new kingdom: "Uko Tu."

No one knew what the name truly meant,

But it wrapped around visitors like warm cement.

It meant: "We exist." "We're just here." "Let it be."

A phrase so soft it could set people free.

They served burnt toast and chai with too much clove,

But people came back for the poems and love.

She sang on Tuesdays, her voice slow and wide,

And he'd drum on the railing with rhythm and pride.

They hosted lost souls and lovers on break,

Fed wandering hearts with banana pancake.

The door never locked, the lights never stayed,

And joy moved in like it had finally been paid.

Some days they'd fight, like summer and rain,

Throw spoons across rooms, then kiss off the pain.

Some days she'd vanish, walk barefoot for hours,
Return with hibiscus tucked behind sunshowers.

He built her a swing out back near the sand,
She wrote his name in each grain with her hand.
They made a home out of leftover things
Shards of soft sorrow and joy that still stings.

They never had much, but they always had more
Than those with full pockets and keys to each door.
Their wealth was the weight of being at peace,
Of living a story that didn't need fleece.

One man once came with briefcase and pen,
Tried to buy out the shack, again and again.
But how do you price a home built from air?
From whispered confessions and salt in her hair?

They laughed, declined, returned to their stew,

And served the man chai while he stared at his shoe.

Because Uko Tu wasn't something to sell

It was breath. It was space. It was "all shall be well."

Time didn't pass. It danced. It swayed.

The hair turned silver, but they still played.

She wrote lullabies on napkins and glass,

He caught butterflies each time she'd pass.

They lived like a poem that never quite ends,

Like letters half-written and never pressed "send."

Their love was a murmur, a fire, a map

To a place where the soul could finally nap.

And when they grew quiet, with skin lined by grace,

Still waking to birdsong and wind in their face

A child once asked, curled up in her lap,

"Didn't you fear you'd fall into a trap?"

She smiled and stroked her hair like the breeze,
He chuckled, still drumming on tired knees.
"We didn't know much," she said with a sigh,
"But we knew how to live. And how not to lie."

"We didn't know where the road would go,
But we knew enough to follow the flow.
Sometimes, all it takes is a maybe, a guess
And the courage to vanish into the yes."

So if ever you wander, half-lost in your shoes,
Choked by the weight of too much to lose
Remember the ones who slipped through the noise,
Who said no to the rules, yes to their voice.

And if you should find Uko Tu, one day soon,
Down a path full of thorns, lit only by moon
Sit down. Exhale. Let go of the stress.
And raise your glass to the ones

who vanished into yes.