

Aswilo Darling

A Poetry Anthology



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

By:
Brian Kibet

Aswito Darling

by Brian Kibet

Copyright ©2020 by Brian Kibet

This is an authorised free edition from www.obooko.com

Although you do not have to pay for this book, the author's intellectual property rights remain fully protected by international Copyright laws. You are licensed to use this digital copy strictly for your personal enjoyment only. This edition must not be hosted or redistributed on other websites without the author's written permission nor offered for sale in any form. If you paid for this book, or to gain access to it, we suggest you demand a refund and report the transaction to the author and Obooko.

Cover image: Luxxama Sylvain from www.pexels.com

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 lover's 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 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

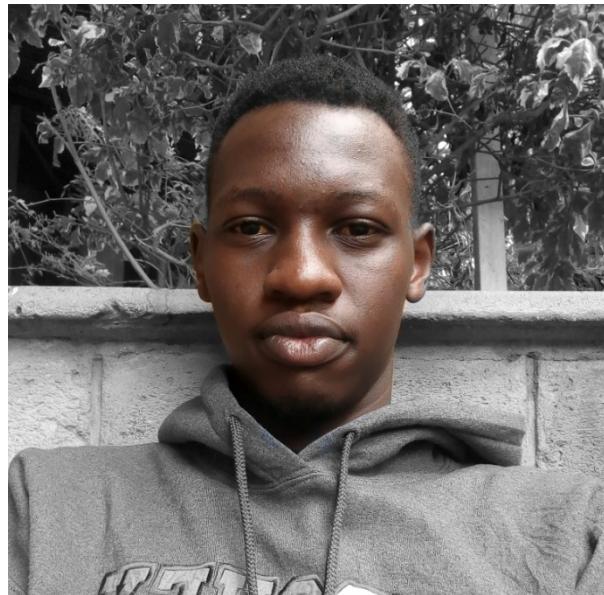
It is the simple pleasures

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.

Copyright

This is a work of fiction. All the characters are products of the author's
imagination.

Copyright ©2020 by Brian Kibet

All rights reserved