

AKU
CRYSTAL
EUDIAH
JUMOKE
MAIK
MUGASHI
MUKI
NEEMA
PHORAY
VEE

GREEN PIECE

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THE QUARTERLY COLOUR SERIES OF POETRY ©

FOURTH EDITION

APRIL 2007

Compiled and published by Al Kags

Design & Layout by Qbow Interactive

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ABOUT THE QUARTERLY COLOR SERIES

The Quarterly Colour Series© is a series of Poetry ebooks that is geared towards getting poets from all over Africa (and the world) to share their poetry with the rest of the world. The first three ebooks of the series are Gray Spots, **Blue Smudges** (each of which was read by over 25,000 people worldwide) and **Red Streaks** which was distributed to a whopping 120,000 people. The ebooks are spread virally over email as well as posted on different blogs and web sites for Download.

Green Piece is about all things green - envy/jealousy, money, the environment and or the vicious cycles of fate. It's about the struggles that we face as humans; the dog-eat-dog situations we find ourselves in. The search for wealth, love, success and the attainment of true nirvana. Green piece is the poet's chance to have his or her say; to share pieces of their/our mindful struggles with the rest of humanity.

In this edition, we feature poetry by Jumoke Verissimo - all the way from Nigeria. The foreword is by an avid blogger, the brain child of WaPI (words and pictures) and a participant of various spoken word performances in Nairobi, Kenya. He is QCS's choice for an individual who won't shy away from giving a piece of his mind and a strong voice in the struggle of poet's finding their place in Kenya's artistic space: Muki Garang - <http://www.mukigarang.surfacecan.com>

Enjoy.

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FEATURED POETS

Eudiah - <http://eudiahkamonjo.wordpress.com>

Maik Kwambo - <http://kenyanexpressions.blogspot.com>

Mugz - <http://www.myspace.com/mugash>

Muki Garang - <http://mukigarang.surfacecan.com>

Vee - <http://violasiris.wordpress.com>

FOREWORD

BY MUKI GARANG

Green in the midst of color blesses my sons and daughters, with sight, light and warmth from the sun casting away their inability while groping in the dark, wearing green contacts.

Green in nature disregarded yet presents our danger for lack of conservation reflects man as negligent, yet for the basic needs we strive to earn daily, green must be the color of our ignorance.

Green for my emotions twisted within compassion and obsession for why should I share the taste of my lover's supple lips with my rival.

Green for the peace that resides within me for the water is blue only in reflection from the skies, yet when my heart burns with anxiety it's a branch from the tree of love that quells the fire.

**Aroma tickles nostrils,
A pinch of salt,
A dash of pepper,
The sautéing is almost done.**

**Diced onions,
Chopped tomatoes,
Sliced lentils,
Preparation is next to complete.**

**Stomach rumbling,
Pallet dry,
Itchy fingers,
Patience is a virtue.**

**Cannot wait any longer...
Consequence an unknown...
Snatching up the knife...
Digging it into flesh...
No response,
Body falls,
The cookbook was right,
Retribution is sweet.**



**It jumped frantically,
Confused over its jail sentence
A world right in front of its eyes
And unable to reach out to it**

**Mother could not grasp
And so would forget casually,
Even its existence.
His friends went on with their business of
living
Exploring all of life,
Disregarding it totally,
Even its existence.**

**It jumped frantically
Meeting its head with roof of the sky
Not accepting of this new phenomenon,
Jumped again,
Only to be greeted again, with the sky's roof.**

**It could see the grass,
But could not touch it.
It could see its home,
But could not reach it.
The floor of the jail was cold,
The air, suffocating.**

**Delusion did not come with initiative
So it continued to jump,
Endlessly and tirelessly.**



Trapped in a cage of my own making
Fenced in by ambition
The longing of my ears for that heavenly
sound...
Ching ching!

I sit chained to a desk
Staring down at miles of writing
That dances on the page

Sensing my importance
Knowing I'm doing good, making a difference
Pleasing my bosses
Killing my heart

I stare out of the windows
And in my mind I hear
"This is DJ Ding
spinning the tracks and rocking the stones."
...my true calling

The phone rattles me awake
An earthly calling
For my new book

I gaze at my stripes
Study my dates
Wonder how long I'll be a slave to sense



Chocking this throat of mine
Blurring my eyes that used to be so fine
Burying me deep into self pity like I had no
dime
Threatening the very essence of me.

Taking me to places and times
Showing me true psychic powers
Things unseen told to me by these voices
Pushing me deeper into my own shadows

Time came for me to act
Yet all I could do was watch as things begot
hot
And the strange shadows revealed the lust
That took place even as I was host

These strange shadows; the affair revealed
to my conscience

These strange shadows led me to conceive
An act I felt would be a disapprove
These strange shadows just would not let
me breathe

Slashing that throat of hers
Finishing off that manhood of his
Blurring my eyes with blood
Mixed with pain, hurt, love and betrayal
My best friend and my own mate
Their dead secret strange shadows still
follow mine....



**They saw her work; a talent from the gods
They took advantage of her naivety
Cast to her minimum wages
Still she kept her head up**

**They saw her beauty before her strength
Just like they knew J.Lo's butt
Before they knew her name**

**Cast affirmative action on her plate
For everyone to see that
The only reason she got the job was because
She was a woman**

**They saw her quit and declared her a fool
They saw her struggle and cast all kinds of
words
But it had always been a wish of hers
To get away from this flooding deprivation**

**They saw her leave her man
Go back home and called her 'western'
They saw her hair and called her 'too liberal'
Yet it had been a wish of hers; to stand
firm....**

**She slowly owned land, houses and cars
She grew into the woman
Who had always been
A wish of hers**

**And she had proved to many asundry
That it was wealth that defined
The power of the woman
Who had always been a wish of hers**

**It was all about the money
This wish of hers.**



I found her one day, at noon. Sleeping.
She was still. In deep sleep. Birds
chirped in schooled silence, she kept
the definition of serenity in the secrets
of her red earth. Clay. Tuning minds to the
beginning and the last days, when we shall
again return to dust. Ibusa wove palm trees
between her thighs and tied me a first comer
down, while I waited for her stillness
couched in
apportioned warmth as she stole from me
memoirs written in my brows, in my head,
in my eyes. Those memories of other places
recycled after discovering her – Ibusa.
A sensuous adulteress with nothing to offer
but the noise of gracefulness in trickling
streams that cannot serve her villagers
thirst.

IBUSA, NIGERIA: A FIB IN MY MIND

BY JUMOKE VERISSIMO

Her charm besotting the mind and
seeking dedication to her, where nature
reinstates itself like a long lost friend now
reappeared.

Ibusa where technology spites with a glaring
absence, yet alive with the sanity that
machines

have stolen with the speed of easing lives.
I found her one day at noon. Sleeping. She
left me musing.

what therapy embalms me in this terrain of
craze
that I remain the same amid blood-flows
smeared and displayed with gusto
that I look untouched in
strife sliced and dished as delicacies
that I accept the colour of
death accompanying loyalty recipes
that I become bold enough to look at
impostors who are impotent
with dangling greed-filled hydroceles
it is my womanhood

I am a woman
I'm beyond the mess of putrid flesh
I'm embalmed in nature

amidst pensive eyebrows turned inwards
forlorn forgotten fidgeting artlessness
birthing morbid dreams in torture
I have survived
I survived
I have drunk dosage of life
with no advert effect
I am not blinded
to the rage of an age strewn in their anger

I will not lose naturalness
I will not ramble into a wasteland of
misconceptions

I am stable though embalmed in the clamour
for definitions
I have learnt silence



I will not tell Shakespeare to humble
Hamlet's
diverse thoughts for I am awake to the
difference between
fake and pretentious
the gaming of
stick-with-the-famous individuals
imp-ing a co-existence in their poser
ideologies

I will not beg too hard for what is mine
and get commended as pastiche

I am stable and stoic
I have survived
I am embalmed
I have survived
I am a woman.

**..her name is Jacki Green
pretty girl with a heart so mean
does not love men with pockets so lean
they are met with words so obscene**

**you better have money to buy her clothes
if not she will burn you like a stove
she needs to see the treasure trove
or else you will burn like a stove**

**she loves earthly things zealously
guards her reputation jealously
sneers at those who famously
put an effort to out do her zealously**

**oh yes this is Jacki Green
throwing tantrums that have never been seen
dismissing men who were so keen
to get some loving from this beautiful queen**

**show me the money
or you won't be my honey
that is the motto of this pretty "mammi"
turning a grown man into a dummy**

**oh..this is Jacki Green
pretty girl with a heart so mean
run away from her if you are keen
and your pockets are so lean**



The slain Simon Matheri Ikeere. Kenya's most wanted gangster, he was gunned down at the start of 2007. There are many like him. It is a vicious cycle....

his family tree consists of drug dealers
rapists, prostitutes, thugs and killers
based on these we avoid him
like a deadly disease
we write him off
refuse to give him a chance
his only option is to turn to crime
like his ancestors before him
it serves him well
until the day the law catches up
he is charged in court
sentenced to do time
we all believe
a stint in jail
will deliver him from hell
but on the inside
he meets badder men
learns the tricks
to be even more ruthless
it is ironic when he leaves jail

paroled for good behaviour
back on the streets
he is in the company
of seasoned jailbirds
who accept him
make him feel human
and in no time
he meets a woman
a woman of easy virtue
a prostitute
they fall in love
make babies
perpetuating the family tree

VICIOUS CYCLE

BY MAIK KWAMBO

years later
father and son plan a robbery
mother and daughter make money
peddling their flesh
and drugs too
the vicious cycle
that is his family tree
goes on and on

From sounds, sounds from words
Words of life, words in strife
Birth is a right, cry when born
Soon you smile soon you long
I sang songs, I rapped verses
I wrote poems, I took chances
I sniffed thongs, Sinuses prolonged
Digitize my senses, life smells foul

This is a token to my growth, a story
you might loath
Spoken by my tongue, swallowed
pride, chocked
This is for mama 21 she conceived my
Karma
This is for Mama 27 years later, she
speaks alone
Wallowing in her own Mantra
Pages of her life, flipped fast
Heard the sounds, words she couldn't
catch
Shift your gaze away from the book,
look at me
Your love is grazed, you hurt me
Let me touch, tell you my story
In the midst of a search, for the city's
glory

This is for the employer with a
big mouth and a big car
Squeezing life out, leaving you
with scars
Of months without pay
Watching you recycle tea bags
night through day
Smoking cheap cigarettes
everyday
Your lips get cracked to pale till
you can't ask for pay

This is for the landlord
responsible for my downfall
Stress and declining libido
Quick to knock at my door
When the rent is due, with
threats of getting me auctioned

This is for the city gal who puts a
price tag on her pussy
And attaches her emotions to it
for what does it cost
To spread her tiny frail legs but a
muscle
The days go by its part of the
hustle

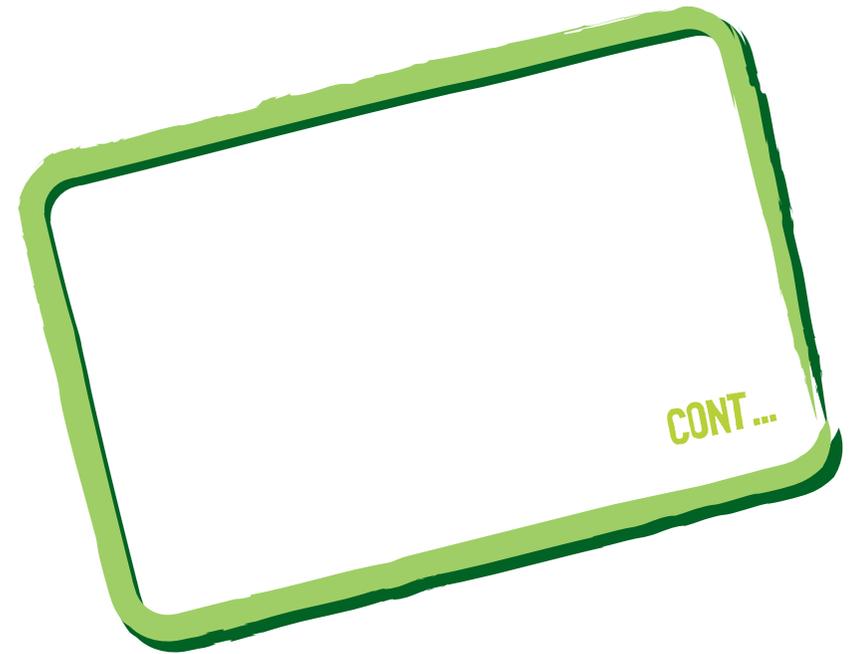


**This is for the friend who is always
hungry
Pilgrim seeking for someplace to
sleep
Always carrying a backpack full of
downloaded music
And rumbles the whole night
About the matrix having 3 themes**

**This is for my little biddy brother
Whose 3rd eye is full of cataracts
And has failed to gain the sense
That we aint eating from our mother
pot no more
So he needs to get his own**

**This is for my art and the number of
times one, two three four times infinity
It took me to revolve around the fact
that once you embrace talent
There will be many who will take
advantage
Leaving you frustrated, after you have
paid their water bill**

This is for the disgruntled relatives,



**who play hosts to pilgrims
Pilgrims whose journeys are
relative to a good reception,
warm meal
A pillow to rest their big brained
heads
And rhyme books their oasis for
solace
Where water quenches their
blood's thirst
In discontent their kins turn
away their faces
For their ears to smile at you**

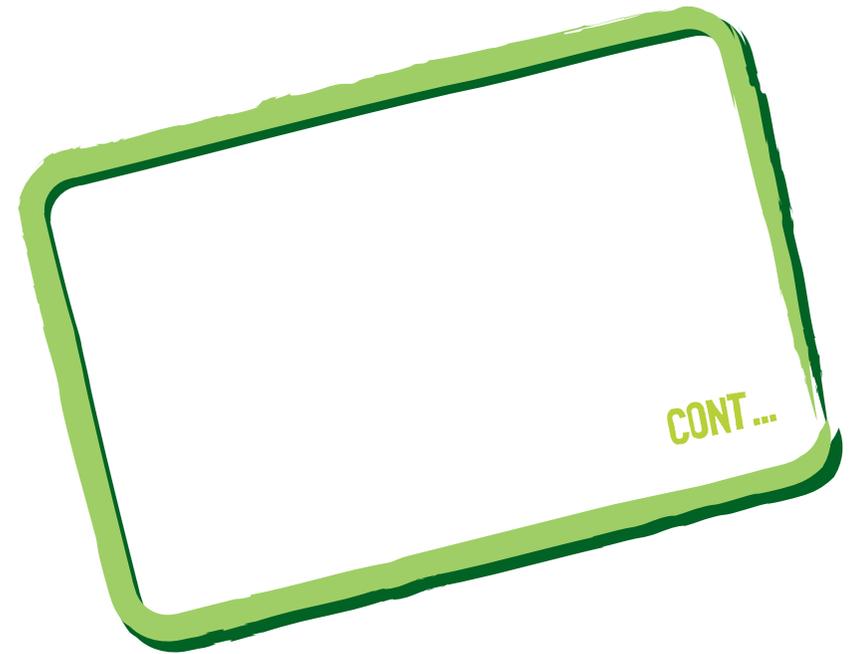
**This is for my immediate and
frustrated neighbor
Who finds a scapegoat when
he complains to our compound
caretaker
About my music saying its loud
and disturbing
Yet its his daughters who get
aroused and keep bugging
Coming to my house freaks
urging
Your daddy wants me kicked out
so I flip housings**

**Three is a crowd heard your mummy is
soon leaving
So what does that got to do with loud
hiphop music?**

**This is for taxi drivers, grocery store
owners,
Shoe makers, telephone booth
vendors,
Iron sheet Kiosk waiters, Bodega hood
rats
Around the shopping centre looking at
me
Making comments as to why my pants
hang low
Instead of focusing on why their sales
are low**

**This is for the country that holds my
birth rights
And its politicians
I can only promise to put you back in
office if I can eat!**

**This is a token to my growth, a story
you might loath
Spoken by my tongue, swallowed**



**pride, chocked
This is for you mama at 27 am
still struggling
To make you a happy mother!**

**This edition of my poetic expression
Is penned to shake up negative
foundation using positive vibrations
It renews altercations
With those that choose to abuse their
authorizations
To make exaggerations of allegations
While they mistake my subordination for
submission
As I see their prosecution for the
persecution it really is
I find my restitution in the constitution
drafted in the seclusion
Of my training mat and prayer closet
Coz somewhere in there rests my
solutions.**

**I close my eyes so that I'll see right
through superficial revolutions
Every day the news is heaving with
startling revelations
But we're not the better for it
Why? Coz they're all distractions,
Charades to keep our minds busy,
While over-enthusiastic minions**

**Chase their own little apparitions
Their restitution is our
destitution
Every celebration that
echoes in corridors of higher
administration signals
The relegation of another
common man to degradation
While leadership creates
inconsequential associations
With the brokers of power and
remunerations.
They shake hands and dance
on razor-thin lines separating
genuine from imitation**

MY PECULIAR NARRATION

BY MUGASH

**Preying on the ignorance of idle
masses
To incite them into actions
whose reactions they can't
handle.**

**That's why I pour out lyrical
citations like libations
On parched grounds saturated
by innocent blood
Blood shed by senseless
individuals lacking maturation.**

Let this peculiar narration echo off of
Those souls that need consolation.
Let's set our eyes on liberation
As we put consideration to the
elicitation of thoughts
That trigger inspiration of restoration
to the original scheme of things.
The opposition is expected and I
welcome it.

The counteractions will prove that
what I stand for is indeed righteous
I'll gladly flounder in the struggle for
the annihilation of restrictions on
common man

And this
Has not come without the realization
That my ordination into the realms of
that which I desire,
Came to realization long before I did
And I am not alone.

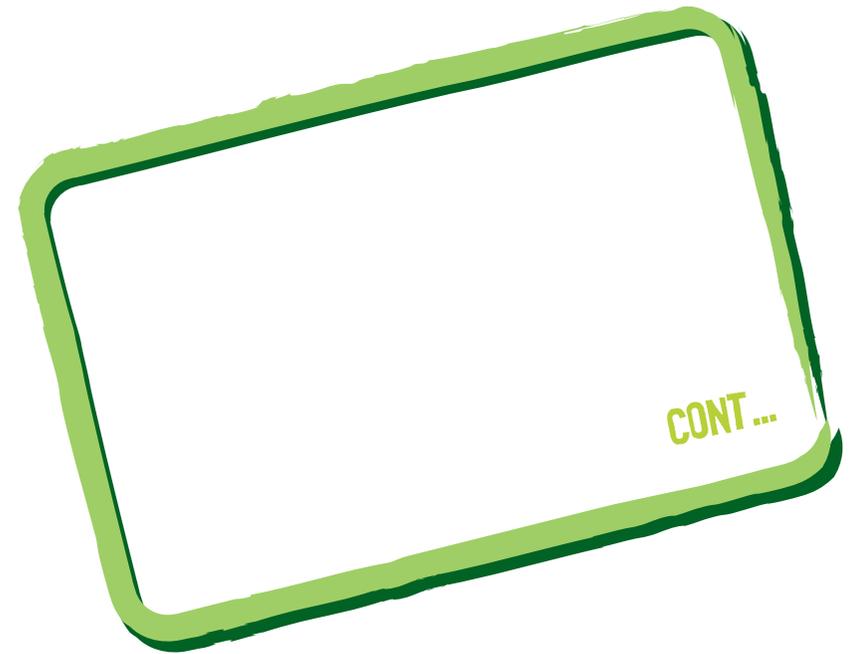
The polarization between here and
there
Came into greater exaggeration by my
own melancholic visualizations.
Myopic vision distorts the Big Picture
And we are all small

God uses the foolish things to
shame the wise
So foolishness isn't abomination
after all.

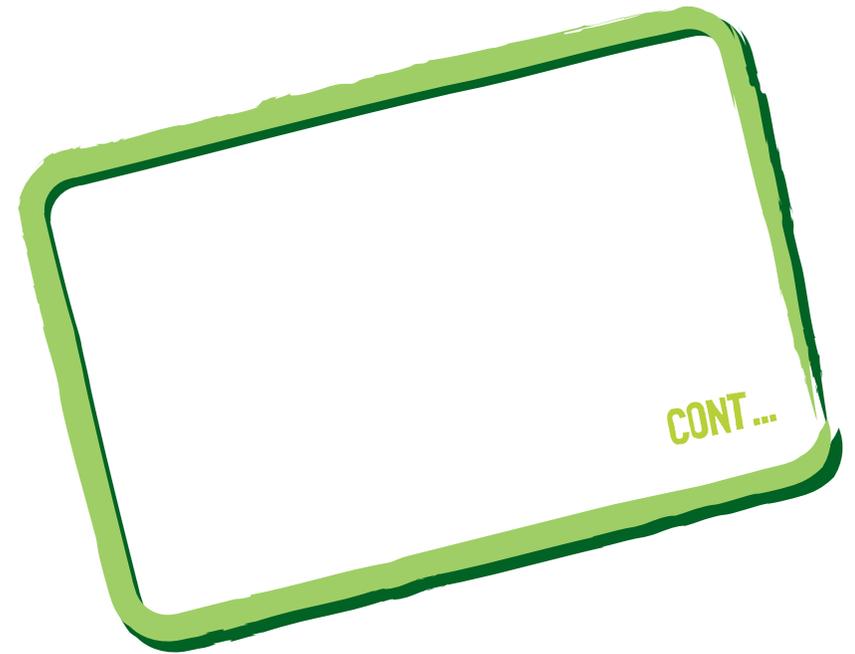
So while I let go of
consternations
Caused by the futility
of correcting inherent
imperfections
Borne of fallen man
I look to higher callings and
revelations
To ease my tension and step up

my battle
I stand in solidarity with those
that make it their mission
To point out the vanity of the
sanitization of the world's affairs
For Vanity, vanity it is all vanity!
The depression will continue
if we look horizontally for
solutions.
Think vertically now. Look up
already!

With my eyes on the eternal
prize



**I press on with those that put up
resistance
To the pushers that survive on
propagation of ideologies
That cause inflation of worries
And the dilations of our imaginations
With false fears, false trophies, false
wars,
And false indoctrinations.
Washindwe wote!
I pray that that our righteous
insurrections
Will make impression enough
For future generations to follow
Years after our Expiration
I resound my admiration for the
minority population
Whose exertions aid our forward
propulsion.
Who strive for their comrades'
emancipation
And the improvisation of their
kinsmen's lot,
Who refuse any associations with
corruption
Both in declaration and in actions
Big Ups to those to whom lowly is a**



**circumstance
And not a perception
For the co-ordination of their
vision and mine is my mission
And the adoption of their
characterization
Will be my actualization.
Washinde Wote.
Washinde!**

**the city sleeps or it doesn't,
but it moves on – even
through death and fire,
through water –
so long as there are children left
to start again; if there is greenery,
the kind you roll out on wet dirt
which longs to grow something, anything.
but, depending on the industrial plant,
the spirit sucking corporate thing,
the city's life is short or long,
the substance of it migrates,
but still it persists.**



**Across the road
from Machakos Country Bus Station –
that people filled-and-spilling,
bus and cargo, open earthen space –
beside a dusty bougainvillea
and plastic laced barbed wire fence,
crooked concrete slabs disintegrate
under the weight of working women walking to
and from building a nation,
at this moment mainly concerned
with tonight’s meal of Ugali and Sukuma wiki
and hope that today will bring enough money
for beef or goat besides.**



**Absolute freedom arrives
In my African hamlet
As the herd grazes in the savannah
By the brook the lark sings
While the local shepherd dogs lap
To mitigate the midday heat;
It is a happy life
Serene and detached
From the rigours of city living
With its fumes of toxic chemicals
And the effluence of the affluent.
The heart has seen it all
Respite resides in the village
Where solace and simplicity beckon.**

**The heathen may reign
But in this tranquil homestead
Cowbells reverberating through cane
plantations
The intoxicating drumbeat is supreme;
The monitor lizard speaks, palm to skin
It is the season of the rite
The boy must stand upright to be counted
Amongst the proud men,
Arrogantly stare down the pain.
Pounding feet raise the dust
The infectious rhythm streaks the soul**

**Pursuing the frame into flights of
spasm;
Tonight, under the clear skies
While the untried and underage
pretend to slumber
Virgins will be more voluptuous,
less coy
Their gyrations will pry at
obscenity,
Yes, this dusk will see the loss
of chastity
And as the ground swallows up
the proud blood
From it shall rise the warrior
class.**



Further down the passage
Deep in the halls of marble
Over cups of highland tea and custom
sandwiches
Big multi-national deals are struck
Politicians break and forge alliances
Destinies are made known noisily;
An airhostess embraces a stupefied clerk
The aroma of Arabica in the restaurant
Enough to bring to life the salsa beat
Emanating from the safari bar;
At the make-up mirror another clerk
One of the more hot-blooded damsels;
There shall be an amorous congress
With a cargo captain later tonight;
Tongues are loosed, hearts are light
It's one of those fiery nights.
The bespectacled manager with a limp
Can do little to contain the excitement

That his charges now openly
exhibit
The newfound smiles that they
flaunt
Signs of the inner monetary
boost;
In the intoxicating hours later
Commitments and morals shall
be laid neatly
Next to the crumpled
undergarments...
Ah, it is Service-Charge Day!



Hey you, sitting at the corner!
Scrolling your eyes up & down
my un-participating body!!
Yes you, undressing me, after I dressed
myself so meticulously this morning.
And NO I did not dress like this so that
I can be undressed unceremoniously
by a lustful mind...

And you over there!
walking towards me
eyeing my chest as if
it will be your only salvation!
Extending your handshake
ever so cunningly hoping
to rub your palms against my skin
only to fulfil your groin's urges.

I know that I am beautiful
& that you would oh-so-love
to do things to me.
But get those vile thoughts
out of your mind...
Step to me & give me
some intelligent conversation...
Find out who I am instead of
brazenly assuming I was put
on this earth just to please you...

MENTAL ASSAULT

BY VEE

Don't whistle at me
Don't rub up against me
Don't wink at me
Don't cat-call me
Don't imagine any
of your 'sweet' mutterings
will sweep me into your waiting kiss...

I'm not doing it to you,
so don't do it to me...
Don't rape me with your thoughts!!

It isn't with much effort that I say this.
It isn't with much effort at all
That.
It isn't much.

In this moment I am dying.
I am evoking the swiftness of your
disregard.
We were an our song once. A his n hers.
A pairing.

And yet it wasn't with much effort that
you left this.
It wasn't with much effort at all
That.
It wasn't much.

In this moment I am crying.
I am recalling my ridicule in her laughter.
We were a rhythm once. Two peas in a pod. A
heartbeat.

And yet it isn't with much effort that you
hear this.
It isn't with much effort at all
That.
It isn't much.

It isn't much

by VERA

In this moment I am trying.
I m remembering the delicate smirk in her
eyes.
We were immortal once. A beautiful dream. A
Sunday morning.

And yet.

It wasn't with much effort that she broke this.
It wasn't with much effort at all
That.
It wasn't much.

**“FOR BETTER OR WORSE, OUR FUTURE WILL BE DETERMINED IN LARGE PART BY OUR
DREAMS AND BY THE STRUGGLE TO MAKE THEM REAL.”**

ANON