

The anthology of life

# GREYSPOTS

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Featuring: Al Kags & Voetry by Vee.

Compiled by Al Kags

Grey spots is an ebook that is dedicated to your soul. It consists of poems compiled and published here online by Al Kags that are written by Kenyan poets who simply want to share bits of their souls.

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Enjoy.

# The Kenyan Tenses

<http://alkags.wordpress.com>

**Viola's Iris**

<http://violasiris.wordpress.com>

**AI Kags.**

## We Took a Different Path

we left with the others  
hand in hand we sampled and played  
neck to neck we raced and bayed  
talked and joked and loved  
sung and danced and jumped  
down the same hill

we came to a fork  
that enticed as folks  
the high path with rocks  
not the low path with jokes  
and we took a different path

Through rocks and boulders we climbed  
in caves and borders we edged  
we sweat and pull and cry  
through strife and hurt we try

once or twice we think  
too steep the hill we climb  
and as we look down the path we came  
we took a different path, thank God  
we took a different path.

## Where Do We Go From Here?

And now to these heights we've climbed  
through time and hurt and pain  
A folk again we find  
Going up or down  
For there are greater heights to conquer  
and cleaner airs to sample  
though sharper rocks and larger boulders  
and twigs and needles and nails  
a tougher time  
a super high  
for time ever more  
though down are greener pastures  
and softer meadows  
where music reigns  
but for a time  
Where do we go from here?  
Up, by God, Up.

## 5 Senses of me

In the shadow of darkness  
By the edge of the sea  
under the watch of the crescent  
which hides silently behind the cloud  
I see, vivid and true  
the nature of my soul  
the colour of my being  
the core of my effervescent existence

I see  
Shades of black and navy blue  
I hear  
sounds of laughter and of tears  
I smell  
sweet perfume and pungent smears  
I feel  
ecstasy and pain

In the glare of dawn  
on the hill of my ancestors  
Under the watch of the gods  
Who smile behind the clouds  
I hear vivid and true  
The character of my self  
The abode of my senses  
The centre of my diminishing world

## Take a bow

Take a bow  
You have done it now  
The night is over  
The sun now hovers  
Above the hilly horizon  
The curtains rise  
Labour pains are over  
The shoots have germinated

Take a bow  
Through windy paths  
And thorny bushes  
Through dark nights  
And spooky days  
You have come  
And the light now warms you

Take a bow  
The midnight oil you burnt  
The daily toil you endured  
The sweaty callous palms  
The painfully bent back  
The season is up  
You have now hit pay dirt

Take a bow  
The end is now here  
The dreams are now real  
The play is complete  
The child is born  
The tree is grown  
It is high noon  
You are successful.  
Take a bow.

## **Kayamba the African Instrument**

Voices at harmony  
Colours at uniform  
Tenors that tease  
And massage and ease  
Baritones that lease  
Such life to imagination  
Such depth to emotion  
Voices at harmony  
Like birds at migration  
Sounds of Africa  
Inspiration to creativity  
Inception of vivacity  
Incitement of virility  
The men of the motherland  
Kayamba, the instrument of Africa  
Kayamba mtoto wa Africa

**Dedicated to Kayamba Africa, Baritones and tenors extraordinaire.**

## She's dancing in the wind

It was time. She was alone. She has lived well.

Her dress is long and white  
Her dreadlocks are long and tied.

The light slowly comes on and she knows he's here  
The time to dance has come.

She's ready. Her skin is glowing and her spirit is willing  
She smells nice today, she feels good today  
He has looked her in the eye  
The look serene and full of life  
His dress matches hers, white and flowing  
He's here to take her, all of her

The music comes on in the background  
Is it a piano or is a harp  
Who are they that chorus behind it  
Ooooooooooh, oooooooooo, ooooooooooh,  
And her spirit rises to its full height

And she gets into bed  
Onto her back she lay as he watches her every move  
And positions herself so he can see all of her  
His eyes burn into her very soul  
Her joy increases by the minute

As her anticipation rises and rises and rises  
She hears a small voice say,  
In every colour there's the light  
In every stone sleeps a crystal  
Remember the shame when he used to say  
Man is the dream of the dolphin,

Her spirit starts to dance

Slowly, he walks to the bed  
He gently takes her hand

All the while, his eyes are with her  
her skin is prickly  
The goose bumps are rising  
Its time to dance  
Its time to dance  
Its time to dance

And so they dance  
towards the light they sway and swing  
their rhythm is at one  
The souls are together  
Towards the light

Closer and closer they dance  
their eyes are together all this time  
Closer and closer they dance  
their rhythm cannot be broken  
the music fills their hearts and souls and mind

And the light bursts into its brightest brightness  
It envelopes her soul and spirit  
and with him she continues dancing  
and he has taken her, all of her

The light fades and the room is dim once more  
Her body is still positioned on her back as it was before  
No sign of the Great Dance that has taken place  
But she is not there  
She is off dancing in the land of the bright lights  
She is gone. Her body is there  
But she is gone with him  
She is gone to dance with him...

**Vee.**

# Who

If it's not one  
it's the other  
if not the other  
then another.

It's the one  
you didn't expect  
the one who  
you thought  
was the one  
the one who  
promised  
to do it right  
this time  
*right*  
the next time  
*right*  
some other time  
**but the time  
was never  
the right time.**

It's the one  
you stand by  
and wait for  
the one you  
pray will see  
you for you  
*will love*  
you for real  
*will need*  
you for ever  
**but the will  
is never in  
the here &  
now.**

But if it's not one  
it's the other  
if not the other  
then another.

It's the one  
you leave  
for another,  
then the other says  
they will never  
be the same  
as the other;  
but it becomes  
a similar  
*place*  
a similar  
*plane*  
a similar  
*pain*  
**and the  
similar is indeed  
the same.**

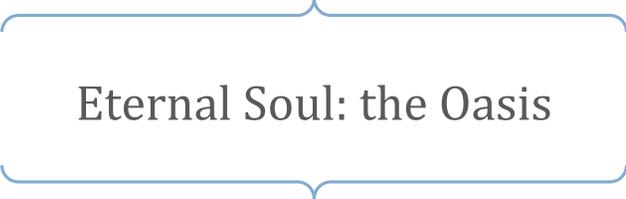
It's the one  
who gave  
a promise  
*promised before*  
and never kept  
a promise  
*believed in before*  
but always foiled  
a promise  
to yourself  
**to never hear that  
promise again.**

But if it's not one  
it's the other  
if not the other  
then another  
if it's not another  
then it might be...

My eternal soul wanders  
in the desert of solitude  
in an unknown land where  
voices with questions that  
have been asked for eternity  
swirl in my mind  
they haunt me, they taunt me  
but mostly they just let me be  
for these queries have been lost  
to man throughout eons past;  
yet to a few they befall...

in my anguish, i chanced upon an oasis,  
a refuge from the torment of the  
voices with questions  
i find an oasis in discourse,  
in mystic pools of knowledge where upon  
the dark surfaces of these waters  
i perceive reflections of empty pages that  
only now are being written upon  
by a hand that has written from ages gone  
i gaze, i get sucked into the slow curve,  
the fine strokes, the iris of the art form  
there is a quietness in it all & my soul  
desires to stay...

but i fear, i look away, i retreat,  
i hesitate yet still i leave the oasis  
there is no abode for me there  
it is a place that will ask  
for inclusion, for amity  
yet it is not for my eternal soul  
as it has not found its peace  
&so it remains to wander  
in the desert of solitude...



## Eternal Soul: the Oasis

## Caught

Frozen feet on marbled floors  
cold creeping up the body  
shivers going down the spine  
heartbeat as hollowed as the slow  
deliberate voice in my ear

Words spoken loud & clear  
Yet, no anger, no malice - just pain  
pain caused to another  
pain speaking of truth  
truth of deeds done

The cold lingers, heart still weak  
can time be turned back?  
can one cease to exist?  
could, if any, one's gain  
surpass another's pain?

The web looms  
I am caught...

Dreamland hours  
of pink grass  
& green flowers  
raising their heads  
to the yellow sky  
where blue clouds  
pass by...  
I wonder how  
orange rain  
would feel on my  
indigo skin?  
Would it wash away  
the white blood?  
Or make my  
purple eyes sad?

A world of color  
Yet a world  
very sour...  
of laughing children  
with tears in their eyes  
Where there is trust  
but the other spies...  
Of found love  
& lost hope  
of mountain hikes  
on slippery slope  
Where lovers dance  
but only from a  
distant glance

Oh dreamland hours  
of ALL those flowers  
Scattered on the trail  
of freshly painted oil  
Where the puppy's  
paw steps to spoil

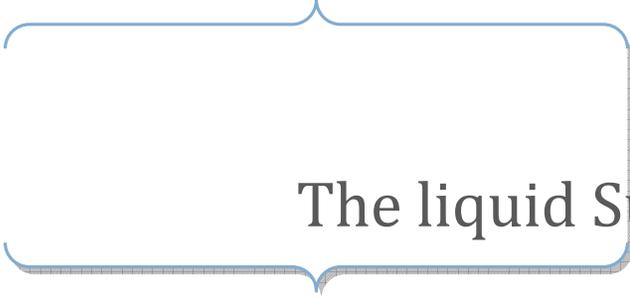
A girl hoping  
nonchalant on a path,  
Yet not willing to incur  
nature's wrath  
Picks them up &  
into the air  
Set's them free  
with abandon & flare

I'm mildly saddened in  
this vast dreamland  
I fear that am suspended  
on sinking sand  
I see the colors  
both bright & dull  
And feel my words  
mixed up in a swirl  
I dare to say  
that you should stay  
but I don't want to  
tempt fate & have my  
way  
So in this surreal  
dreamland  
I let myself drown  
in the sinking sand.



Alli.

The Journey  
To liquid sun  
lifts the ancient scripts  
as you travel  
with the stillness  
“feel this”  
Verbal meditation  
“peace”  
your fulfilling destination  
rest  
in All  
the moon is holding  
the reflection  
of flames that burn  
your soul  
seek my soul  
for inner  
growth  
your path  
destined to  
stay afloat  
guided to your coast  
accept as you are  
in this life  
things are  
NOT  
disowned  
touching you deeper  
through any other thought  
men do  
the  
U N I V E R S E  
flows back  
to the original  
DIRECTION  
from beginning to end  
the aura is infinitive  
I am your  
liquid sun  
poured gently  
into your soul...



## The liquid Sun

Youthful hues sit upon my skin like morning dew  
If only there had been more time  
Where the coyness of me  
Could have been for all to see  
I may be a mirage, pulling at your sleep  
Dreaming of an azure sea  
Bathed in the cradle of moonlight  
Hovering between a strange abyss  
As witnesses, we pass through endless symmetry  
Realizing no right or wrong exists  
Does one soul melt with another?  
If there is dark or light in passages of directions  
In this strong powerful embrace, feel the feelings  
Like a mother's womb replaced, with no mere description  
Overpowering opportunities as dizziness takes hold  
Youthful fingers scan the outline of my face  
As the fading gray, tinged upon my hair  
Where hands rest now, gently crossed on my chest  
I flow through eternity  
I fly eternally

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## *Youthful hues*

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# The end.

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