

blva smidgas
EASY FEELINGS & LIGHT EXPRESSIONS

THE QUARTERLY COLOUR SERIES OF POETRY ©

SECOND EDITION

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Compiled and published by Al Kags

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Forward

Blue Smudges is the second edition of the quarterly colour series of poetry, compiled and published by Al Kags. The quarterly colour series of poetry is a series of poetry compilations that is published and distributed online for free. The first of the series was **Grey Spots**, which was spread far and wide to over 15,000 (as far as we could tell) and that is still spreading virally around.

The Quarterly Colour Series are yours to read, enjoy, share, republish, review, keep... but the copyright of the poems remains with the authors and you need to always acknowledge that whatever you do. This edition is about easy feelings and light expressions – anything blue and blue-ish.

Coming up next is **Red Streaks** - raunchy emotions and steamy interactions. If you want be part of red streaks, let us know.

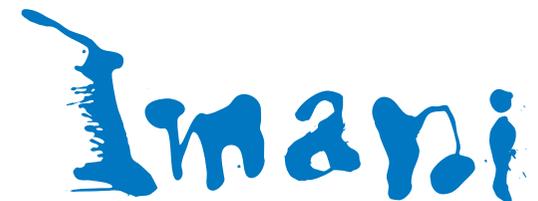
If this experience was a good one for you, share it. Forward it to everyone in your address book and ask them to forward it. Certainly let us know how many people you share it with.

Be blessed.

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FEATURED POETS

Bihzhu http://www.ramblings_of_a_soul.blogspot.com
Imani <http://www.myspace.com/imanii>
Kenyan Expressions <http://kenyanexpressions.blogspot.com>
Lilian Okado <http://lilianokado.iblog.com>
Mugz <http://www.myspace.com/mugash>
Sandra A. Mushi <http://www.authorsden.com/sandraamushi>
Viola's Iris <http://violasiris.wordpress.com>



CELEBRATED SPOKEN WORD POET
AUTHOR OF BOOK & CD *MORNING RAIN*

my letter to blue

dear blue,
i was not expecting to see you today
you know when you come around i
spend too much time in thought
i
get lost in the bliss of you
and
you know that my eyes change color
and when you visit they turn blue
and i cant have that right now
cuz you know that they turn too
many people on
and im
too busy for that today
blue, i got your message but i just cant reply
i know you wana take me on a trip through your sky
but i'm gonna have to take a rain check
and i hope you understand
i just have too many things that im holding in my
hands
and blue you are a distraction
a liquid starlight bliss
but you're welcome into my room tonight
to give me a deep blue kiss

Maik Kwambo

the SWEETEST thing

the sweetest thing i have ever known
is a kiss from your luscious lips
no...it is the love from your really big heart
sending shivers down my spine
i am so glad that you are in my life
i get so feeble...all so weak
when i just cannot be around my love
she makes me feel like a king
...a king...a king on his throne

she fills me up with the warmest
the kindest type of love i have known
she straddles me like a colossus
propping me up whenever the need arises
and everyday i am so thankful
to the mighty heavenly father
for sending me a remarkable queen

she is just so precious...so precious
like a rare jewel
and in my eyes she is perfection
perfection...like a dream come true
i sometimes get dazed
because i am just so amazed

i have never known such pleasure
such joy
and every single minute of the day
is spent thinking about the sweetest thing
it is just so immeasurable...so surreal
i just cannot explain it
if heaven had a height...she would be that tall
the sweetest thing i have known
is the love from your really big heart

you & me... we

i cannot even
begin to imagine
how life would be
without you

i cannot even
picture the scenario
where there is no you
...no me

you have brought me happiness
...joy in all ways
and i can go from day to day
with you i am blessed

you and me
share a special bond
...make a strong team
you and me...we

Lilian Okado

the journey

the river rises up, then down.
swelling with pride she finally bursts her gates open,
pouring out her heart, her new waters released.
they flow uninterrupted beyond the earthen plains.
swiftly but quietly she gushes,
aware of her immediate danger.
afraid to awaken the creatures of the night,
they slumber, unaware of the sadness.

tomorrow they will awaken yet again,
to devour whatever they can.
to shout insults at their innocent prey,
carrying away with them every ounce of confidence,
that she dare to muster.

the river rises up, then down again.
heaving with it recollections that were,
of beautiful memoirs created.
the earth upon which she flows, once loved her so.
fertile soils had gladly embraced her tiny seedlings.
absorbing them into their innermost,
soaking up her being
now they slumber, unaware of the sadness.

tomorrow they will awaken yet again,
to lash out at the one they call beautiful.
to spit out ugly renditions, of what they now declare
to be finished.
the past now revolting is discarded.

the river rises up, then down again.
abandoned, where hyenas and vultures are known to
greedily consume what is not their own.
in a 'no man's land', she will not dare verbalize
what is already forgotten in their mind.
for fear of physical rejection and taunting utterance,
she continues her uphill task of overcoming rock
boulders and steep falls.
for her journey's end is near.
they slumber, unaware of the sadness.

today they awoke,
alone in their sudden awareness
that while they peacefully snoozed
she swam right into the open seas.

the river rises up, then down again.
too wide, too deep to fish her out,
they could only gape in disbelief at her blatant be-
trayal.
still absolutely unaware of their individual role,
her sudden abandonment of them
aroused them into a novel reality.
she bathes in a different world now
a planet, where the stars rule over the broken heart-
ed.
they slumber no more, aware of the sadness.

the meaning of life

it is love.

grudgingly yet willingly

we walk into it face up, eyes shining.

face down; we walk out of it, a dull sounding ache,

we walk towards it; yet again,

undeterred by its unpredictability,

we don't look back; afraid of whatever madness may

take hold us.

indeed, life's driving force must be love.

it is immense.

everyday we awaken with great anticipation.

with night, we fall asleep with little comprehension.

no longer expecting the same expectation, we stir

nonetheless.

opened armed, we receive the world; our simple

minds are blown away,

overwhelmed, by the new discoveries of what seems

to lie ahead.

undeniably, life's hidden capacity must be immense

it is innately fun.

dancing to the eclectic tunes of famed symphonies,

we experience the deepest vibrations

in the shortest time, we imagine we have seen it all

we arrive at our new destination ecstatic

where we are forced to appreciate we are yet to see
it all.

there lies an existing need to prepare for an even
greater journey

irrefutably, life's very nature is must be innately fun

it is everything.

everyday, we are captivated by its complexity.

by night, we are encircled by its simplicity.

no longer involved in its intricacy, we dream

nevertheless.

of nothing actual, yet our reality is limited to our
familiarity.

besieged, we desire to remain within the confines of
our psyche,

engulfed; by all that we know, and do not know.

unquestionably, life's wholesome totality is

everything.

Sandra A. Mushi

who am I?

who am i?

is it my pouty, full lips or my curvaceous hips in a seductive pose?

is it my dark big eyes full of grace or my golden dreadlocks surrounding my face?

is it my full bosom or my tiny waist that mother nature blessed me with?

on the outside this is what i may be, one of god's best creations

what about looking at the heart within me

what makes me is what's inside

who am i?

its skin deep and it radiates throughout

it is seen through the warmth of the smile

it is seen in the gleaming kind eyes

it is felt through the warm embrace, as warm as the afternoon sun

the contagious lively laughter with the joy of a million children playing

what makes me is what's inside

who am i?

i am a woman with a full heart,

i am a woman - standing proud and uncompromising

i am a woman who wonders - wonders if love is a tale made for children

a myth or manipulation for the dreamer or a granting of sweet dreams in the innocence

a drug that heightens all our senses, shatters reality and we are flung into the heavens

what makes me is what's inside

who am i?

i am a woman who understand that life is what you make it

i am a woman who understands that we are made by life, shaped, and sometimes even broken

i am a woman who learns a little bit more about herself everyday

i am my own woman in the hope of being just what someone else is looking for

to hold a life in my hands as it is my own

for what makes me is what's inside

I KEEP ON LOVING

i'm not afraid to be your lady,
i'm not afraid to be your whore
i'm not afraid to be your strength
i'm not afraid to open wide

but you must nurture me
i am the essence of glue
i'd stick to you
only if one thing was true
but you use and abuse

i am the voice of love
i am as pure as a dove
i am as fragrant as a clove
i am as serene as a cove

i am the great orgasm
full of optimism

but if you don't see me

you are not going to get me to frown
you are not going to make me in your sorrows drown
you are not going to make me your clown

you are not going to break me down
you are not going to steal my crown

i keep on dreaming
i keep on believing
i keep on learning
i keep on smiling
i keep on achieving

i keep on moving forward
i keep on pressing forward

i keep on living
i keep on loving

Bibzhu

z & i

every morning i set upon the road
new trails forged with a new heart
i never walk alone he is here
i close my eyes as his love embraces me
his love touches me deep
knowing my heart more than me

we walk a path up a steep hill
he comforts me just by being near
sometimes my tears fall just because
it is good to be loved

sometimes i am so happy i run
across the meadow
flowers at my feet
i take a deep breath and open my arms

i want to embrace life
life, embrace me
the sun, the sparkling sea
the wind that dances around me

i sit, smiling
breathing in it that is all
i close my eyes and keep still my mind
a burst of light fills me
spreads its love inside me
my every atom is singing
hu

then i smile some more, i cry some more
how much love can my heart hold?
more if i love more, more, ever more
i hold that light, that love deep in my heart

my eyes open, the world shines
we're a good team, z and i
down the roads i fly
knowing spirit lives inside

God Will...

sleep now, put your troubles away
rest now, think of nothing today
come now, into realms so deep
God will watch over you as you sleep

empty all your worries into the river
cast off all your fears the same way
walk towards the light in the distance
God will hold you safe in its embrace

hear the awesome sound that will free you
see the shining light that shows you grace
feel the mighty love that shines through you
God will walk beside you always

Mugz

my boss

She's killing me. Not softly, but with uninhibited ambition,
Her mouth spews words with reckless abandon
Harsh vulgarities, random rabid interjections
They tear into me and spread like a fatal infection
Killing all manner of potential, wit or motivation,
Her moralization is my degradation
She degrades me and enjoys it.

This is my boss, my superior, my master
Nemesis, medusa, queen of disaster.
I stand before her throne
For her customary motor-mouth drone
She stands still as if at attention
Shoulders squared, arms folded,
Managers call it the dominant position.
Sarcastic plastic smile, stiff expression,
Almost like she's had a botox injection.
Lips all tight, forehead all furrowed
As if it's saying 'I'm connected to a brain that's narrow!'
She has audience now, it's not just me
Her demigods have come to the altar to see
As she plays her role, and I play mine

She kills, I stay silent, so everything's fine

But I smile
A small crooked smile
An absent-minded smile
As my absent mind travels score of miles
To a place where I am free

Free of vicious ties that bind me, and blind we
So we don't see this large-scale dependency
That we conventionally refer to as
Employment
Free is a wonderful state for the mind to be, in
The only mentality, that ought to rule every faculty
A mentality that elates me
So much so that I laugh

I'm laughing in this beautiful world
Laughing in the face of this furious whirlpool
It's me against the corporate man-eating machines
And I lose
For they choose to get rid of me
They masticated me, and find me to be without flavor
My taste, now pungent, they choose to savor

No more.

**The system regurgitates me out of its raspy, rusty
belly**

And spits me out of its mouth.

Medusa fires me.

And as I lie there in the muck of the machine's vomit

I hear my laughter still echo from it

I look up and see

The beautiful world exactly as I envisioned it to be

And realize the irony;

That in letting me go

And letting me be

The corporate gods

Have set me free.

Charity

Bubbles

Is it the rose petal
Or the sunflower
They don't seem beautiful no more
Actually, the color on the sunflower hurts my eyes
The rose is no longer beautiful, why would I wish for
a flower with thorns

There is no aim for this bubble
That's why it is a bubble
Just a ramble of words
A release of a bad day
A wish for a beautiful dawn

Perhaps, this gorgeous hunk
Will appear from the blues
Flirt and compliment
Then, maybe just maybe
A little smile might appear

Anyway, its is the day
And all that came with it
Tomorrow.....
Will be the day after the bubbles

VEE

psycadElia

in this crazy psychedelic
technicolor ride
where all my gooey feelings
never seem to subside
am going round & round
like a record of tunes
it's almost as exciting as
surfing on sandy sand dunes

it's intensely corny
this rhyme
i know
but i'm confused & it's like
seeing thyme growing on snow
all I can say is
it's all totally &
absolutely yummy
like the delicious
fluttery butterflies
swirling in my tummy

the alcoves

in the cool alcoves
where the salty wind blows...
he stands precariously still
half asleep - half awake
along stony walls
rough to my touch
but soft to his
I wonder if he knows
where he dwells
in this place filled with history
in this place seeping in culture
as he passes the narrow lanes
where his back pains
as they pile him with
goods for sale

in the cool alcoves
where the balmy wind blows...
through her covered eyes
I see curiosity
of me - of her - of us
She - hidden in black
I - showing off my stack
She - questioning my freedom

I - desiring her heritage
in those narrow lanes
we pass each other
we feel each other
we desire each other

in the cool alcoves
where the cool wind blows...
i seek to see me - as he sees me
for I am curious to know more
about him - about me - about us
to know where our narrow lane leads
if previous heartaches will be freed
I want to stay
I want to play
I want to hold hands
in the narrow lanes
of the cool alcoves
where potential love blows...

smelling purple

Blue the color of taste
you kissing me
me kissing you
me doubting
you reassuring
me learning to let go
and learning to fly.

Red the color of touch
you holding my hand
me pulling away
your trying again and again
finally my hand seeking yours
and holding on to tomorrow

Green the color of sound
you telling me of your love
me fleeing from the thought
you continuing to say it
and my heart learning the meaning

Yellow the color of sight
you asking me to give us a try
on that day in the colored garden
as the fingers of the sun
streamed through the trees...
that early sunday morning

When was it that I
touched red
tasted blue
heard green
saw yellow
when did I begin
to inhale
to love
to live
when did I begin to
Smell Purple

Al Kags

I Dance

today i dance
even though there is no music
and even though i am alone in this great big marble
room
the orchestra plays in my mind and i sway quietly
my eyes are closed
and my mind is blue
my heart is true
and my soul embossed
and i dance
even though there is no music
and i am alone in this great big marble room

i feel your fingers on my shoulder
and the warmth of your smile
even though i am alone in this great big marble room
we sway gently in unison
i feel you
you feel me
my heart reached you
your soul touched me
and we dance
step by loving step
note after endless note

we dance
even though there is no music
even though i am alone in this great big marble room

she will be mine

finally the day is come
that she will be mine
mine and mine alone
the boys shall wrestle and dance
the girls shall preen and swing
the women shall sing and ululate
yes, finally she will be mine
mine and mine alone

it was a struggle, it sure was
for there was mwangi, rûheni and kariûki
waylay her from the river they tried
mûgûnda-inî they appeared and sang to her
in the evening the gifts they threw at her
but she smiled and swung away
for she will be mine
mine and mine alone

they went to her father, they did
with mûratina and goats in tow
with strapping young warriors to match
and the promise of wealth and distinction
her head she always shook
so back all that would go

she will be mine
mine and mine alone

the day came, it did
we went off to her father's
at his thingira
with presents for her, her mother and father
with mûratina and cows in tow
we drank and planned to haggle
for she will be mine
mine and mine alone

now, finally the day is come
that she becomes wa mugo
yes, mine and mine alone
the boys shall wrestle and dance
the girls shall preen and swing
the women shall sing and ululate
for finally she will be mine
mine and mine alone

WHERE YOU WANT ME

It was one of those funny days
the moon was a weird colour
the clouds had been smiling at me
the storks on the highway had yelled
good morning
as I passed by
walking
thinking
smiling
breathing
just one of those days
when I was in the mood to simply
sleep and forget
that the sun was an interesting shade
and the trees were made of Swede
and my thoughts were tidal waves
going
in
out
in
out
just like I was
walking
thinking
smiling
breathing
...
And in that state of mind I walked in the room
and all these great minds

had gathered all geared up to have some
steamy
groovy
mind-blowing
nice sounding
literary intercourse
and they read these great texts
and spoke these sweet words
and drew these vivid pictures
about life and living
about people and giving
about
about
well, about things that crossed their
great, sweet, minds
and back
and forth
and back
and forth
and back and
forth went the banter
in this heavenly bound
literary discourse
...
It was this day
this interesting day
when the sun was a weird shade
and the trees were made of Swede
and my thoughts were tidal waves

and the clouds had been smiling at me
and the moon was a wired color
and the storks yelled
good morning
on this day
of all the days
I
encountered
the
Schizophrenic
Psychedelic
Sweet sounding
wit bounding
violet coloured
personality
that is
you
And I
felt the connection
the cosmic round table
like two Italians seeing the same thing
and agreeing
that you
are most undeniably
quite honestly
the right coloured
that's violet
person
for me to know

if only for a day
or a week
or a month
or a year
or just
infinity.

Epilogue

To read poetry is to take the soul out to the yard and place it on a hammock on a sunny day with a cold drink, or to sit in shallow waters of the Indian ocean and simply relax...