

*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](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

YEE

# 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...