

Kenyan Expressions
presents

ISSUES

By
Maik Kwambo

Enjoy this book and feel free to use this poetry as you like.(hey! Don't forget to acknowledge the author!)
Thank you in advance.
Sincerely,
Maik Kwambo

THE KENYAN REVOLUTIONARIES

These great revolutionaries are Kenyan Heroes who fought to make our land a better place. This is in their honour.

this is for the revolutionaries
who relentlessly pursued their ideals
Koitalel arap Samoei who detested the British invasion
Harry Thuku...rebelled against the establishment
those who were voices for the voiceless
Dedan Kimathi...Jomo Kenyatta
leaders of the revolution
that brought us freedom
Pio Gama Pinto...Thomas J. Mboya
assassinated for preaching the truth
you were outlaws to the oppressors
you were heroes to the oppressed
J.M.Kariuki...you had a dream
of peace, harmony and equality for all
some people thought you were crazy
and so they killed you
but your dream lives on...
one day it will come true
Masinde Muliro...Oginga Odinga
you fought for democratic space
David Munyakei... Wangare Maathai
you are the revolutionaries who had no fear
fought to free the people from the forces of evil
Wahome Mutahi...Ngugi wa Thiong'o
spoke about social injustice in the wittiest ways
Daudi Kabaka...Fundu Konde gave us
sweet rhythms to relax the mind
Kadenge na mpira...Kipchoge Keino
great sons of Kenya...gave us a sense of self-belief
when everyone thought we couldn't do it
Lazaro Sumbeiywo...Tecla Lorupe preaching peace
restoring hope to the most downtrodden
these are great people...heroes'...revolutionaries
inside every one of us there is a revolutionary
we must speak out and act when things go wrong
then...the world will be a better place

UNSUNG HERO...A TRIBUTE TO DAVID MUNYAKEI

to David Munyakei...a brave Kenyan who blew the lid on corrupt dealings in the Kenyan government in 1993.He was sacked and languished for years in the doldrums.He died on 16th July 2006 aged 38..poor and disappointed

they shed their tears
offer glowing tribute
too little..too late

they made promises
to take care of you
but now you are gone

you were lion hearted
risked your career
to save the nation

instead
you were villified
demonized

the politicians wanted change
used you as a voice
in the fight against corruption

they achieved their goal
left you alone
suffering silently

so the news broke
that you were gone
thats when they remembered you

they shed their tears
offer glowing tribute
too little..too late

they made promises
to take care of you
but now you are gone

David Munyakei
I never knew you
but you were a hero

a big hearted hero
a patriot
who suffered wrongly

nothing can undo the past
so we must fight corruption
as we keep your memories alive

rest in peace....

KITU KIDOGO

I come to you
in need of service
but you want "kitu kidogo"
to get the job done

yet it is my right
but you act as if
it is a privilege
to me

I will not bribe you
or pay you "kitu kidogo"
doing so only gives
a blessing to corruption

brothers and sisters
fellow Kenyans
"kitu kidogo" has had
a big bad effect on the country

poor service delivery
increased rates of crime
deadly avoidable accidents
all because of "kitu kidogo"

let us learn to demand
what is rightfully our
without using shortcuts
that only encourage corrupt dealings

the reputation of our nation
lies in our hands...our actions...our deeds
let us encourage honesty and integrity
even in the most tempting of situations

times are hard...life is tough
but resist the urge
to give or receive "kitu kidogo"
hard work done honestly
breeds sweet success

THE JIGGERS IN MY FEET

the effect of corruption on a country's economy is similar to the pain caused by jiggers in a person's foot...it is crippling...

the jiggers in my feet
are sucking all my blood
draining all of my energy
I have no strength to work

these jiggers are killing me
demanding more from me
leading me to a painful death
how did I let them infect me?

I remember the pain in my toe
but I ignored it
this pain went on
but still I took no notice

little did I know
the jiggers were multiplying
the pain I used to ignore
now became total discomfort

I discarded my shoes
I discarded my socks
I used to walk with a limp
now I barely move

family and friends had urged me
to seek help a long time ago
but I denied I had a problem
I only acknowledged this the other day

my international mother and father
no longer welcome me to their hosue
they say my infection is totally unacceptable
they say I have to get rid of the jiggers to be welcomed again

ouch! it is really painful
getting rid of all these jiggers
slowly but surely I am getting rid of them
and I know one day I will be free of jiggers

I will be more vigilant
taking extra care of my feet
will not tolerate any pain in my toes
I say no to jiggers!

WHEN YOU GET TO PARLIAMENT

when you get to parliament
don't you dare forget me
I gave you a job
to look after my interests
so when you get there
you had better get down
to business

I am longing for development
...a better society
tired of the inequality
the rich are getting richer
while the poor keep getting poorer
when you get to parliament
you had better put me first

you are my voice out there
don't you complain
I am the one who is hiring you
but if you fail to live up
to my expectations
you are hereby warned

when you get to parliament
I expect all round attention
no disappearing tricks from you
no scandals...no arrogance
I expect a good job from you
when you get to parliament
don't you dare forget me

WE CHOSE YOU

Most of our Members of Parliament only remember us during election time.

We chose you to represent us,
we chose you to articulate our needs,
we chose you to develop our home.
Off you go, forgetting about us,
off you go, forgetting about home.
Here you are, sitting in parliament,
here you are, riding in your fancy car.
We try to approach you, but your
body guards chase us away;
yet we are the ones who voted you in.
All you seem to do is enjoy the hefty salary,
getaways at the secluded beach resort.
You only come home when faced with crisis,
giving handouts so that you can buy loyalty.
When everything is sorted, you disappear again.
Our dear legislator, we are getting tired of your tricks,
you need to read between the lines..or you shall be
consigned to the dustbin of history.

THEY STILL WON'T QUIT

We have leaders who insist on clinging on to positions of power, even when they are overwhelmingly implicated in wrong-doing.

They still won't quit,
with all the guilt written on their faces.
They still won't quit,
with all the evidence that is unfabricated.
They still won't quit,
even when their actions implicate them.
They still won't quit,
even when it is the right thing to do.

Hanging on to power like leeches,
draining the people's riches.
Justifying their actions, but nothing
seems to make any sense.
Looking for scapegoats to take the blame,
acting like little children when provoked.
Their actions bring shame to us...
but they still won't quit.

And when they quit, they start
making noise about how their
enemies forced them out.
All along their arrogance
and disrespect brought to
where they are.
Why can't they just accept that
their time is up...

AFFLUENCE AND POVERTY

affluence and poverty
the story of our society
humility and arrogance
the tragic circumstance
of life in this part of the world
the leaders line their pockets
forget about their people

humbly you came to us
seeking to be a leader
overwhelmingly we chose you
off you went...forgot about us
busy fighting your own wars
living large...amassing wealth
your people struggle to stay alive

you used to be so friendly to us
accomodating...receptive...helpful
but since you tasted power
you surround yourself with bodyguards
your goons manhandle the harmless people
coming to you in search of
much needed assistance

only concerned with looking after your own
your own friends...your own ego...your own interests
looking for ways of enlarging your powerbase
reluctant to speak out against social injustice
unwilling to empower your people and steer them
towards prosperity and progress..is it a surprise
that affluence and poverty is the sad story of our society?

DADDY

This is a poem about governments who round up the poor and homeless when hosting major events, lock them up and release them after the event is over. it also touches on governments who neglect the needs of their people such as security and development and only act when it too late in the day...

daddy...this is your son
the not so handsome one
I have pimples on my face
and really bad body odour
when the visitors come
you lock me up in a room
and when they are gone
you quickly unlock the door

daddy...this is your daughter
the one whose husband beats her up
abusing me and the children
but you always fail to intervene
turning a blind eye
as if to encourage him
the other day he beat me to pulp
you reacted a little too late

daddy...this is your family
your long suffering family
we are neglected
helplessly watching you
only taking care of yourself
daddy...we call out to you
to honour your obligation to us
we depend on you...please look after us

ALL THE SIGNS

The famine situation in Africa is quite serious. It is largely a man made problem as more emphasis tends to be laid on politics rather than policies.

All the signs were there,
the fights with my brother
over water and food.
You just gave a glance,
paying more attention to
your endless scams.
Soon the fights got worse,
spread to other houses in
the neighbourhood.
Soon the whole village was
crying out, crying out because of no food.
Only then, after so much damage did you respond.
Acting all so shocked,
when you knew all along there was trouble.
Now our people die, hunger and starvation the
cause of death.
we have so much food, it never got to
the people on time.
You have no one to blame, you must
take responsibility for your own actions.
To you politics is more important than
the lives of your people.
What use are starving people to you?
What use are dying people to you?
Open up your eyes and face reality,
don't cry foul..all the signs were there.

INDEPENDENT? A REPRESENTATION OF ANY AFRICAN COUNTRY...

Independent?

So many years ago

my home land is declared independent,

Independent? yes independent.

free from control or influence of others,

financially self reliant,

capable of acting for oneself or on one's own

Independent? yes independent

are we really sure?

poverty levels are at an all time high

hunger and starvation decimating the nation,

heavily dependent on foreign aid

yet the country is rich...yet the country is blessed

we have raiders from foreign lands

attacking our people...stealing their cattle

but our response to them is appalling...full of hesitance

we are always looking outwards to solve our internal problems

when shall we realise that we alone hold the key to our progress

only then can we be truly independent

AFRICA

self sufficiency
not dependency
is the way forward
for my people

but every single day
I stretch out my hand
asking for help
from my benefactors

how long will this go on?
habits we cannot condone
foreign experts
telling me how to plant my crops

I am a rich person
languishing in poverty
my productive land
is covered in bushes

people of Africa
look at your resources
you are rich and have
the ability to be self sufficient

so...stop the wars
stop the petty politics
unite for the sake of the people
to build a peaceful...self reliant continent

SO MANY QUESTIONS

In all religions God is love
and the giver of life
he encourages peace and harmony
cordial relations among all mankind
so why do we kill in his name?
thousands of lives senseless taken away
is there no tolerance amongst us?
are we unable to appreciate our diversity?

I need to be able to have views
different from yours
and still be your friend
sometimes I walk down the street
and people sneer
because of the colour of my skin
yet deep down we are all the same
are we unable to appreciate our diversity?

they deny you the right to property
because of your gender
they say no to your education
they want you to stay home
and take care of the house
just because you are female
can't they see that you are
equally capable of success
are we unable to appreciate our diversity?

SUPER PARANOID

just because the bomb went off
so many years ago
doesn't justify you blocking off
all the roads to your home
the terrorists came and proved their point
they have no use for you
I understand your insecurities
but you are chasing everyone away
I know that you cannot afford to drop your guard
but please don't be super paranoid

you met a man you fell in love
it was the best time of your life
and in no time
you were expecting his baby
told him the news..thought he will be thrilled
instead he packed his bags and left
I know it hurts but life goes on
don't treat every man with suspicion
please be strong..don't be super paranoid

you and her were the best of friends
everybody thought you were sisters
stories of life and love you shared
until one day she broke the news
said she was sick with H.I.V
now you avoid her like the plague
she is your friend she needs your hand
but you don't want to close to her any more
you are super paranoid

I HATE WATCHING THE NEWS

i simply hate watching the news.I could recite the first twenty minutes without having to get a sneak preview of the headlines.

I hate watching the news,it is so predictable,
politicians speaking gibberish,they sound so juvenile.
Why cant they deal with important issues,
like unemployment,the environment,rising crime and H.I.V,
instead they only care about their image,
plotting schemes on how to line their pockets.
Our forests are getting depleted,
educated,unemployed youth are turning to crime.
Our leaders dont seem to notice this,they are too
busy smearing the names of their opponents.
The economy is taking a battering,our donors
are withdrawing their funding...this does not seem
to bother them at all.
What matters most for them is hitting the headlines.
Oh! I hate watching the news

WIFE BEATER

suave...smooth...sophisticated
you cut the image of a lover who is dedicated
to his wife...to her life...to the family
but no one really knows the reality
you treat her like dirt
snuff the life out of her
she puts a lot of make up to cover the scars
you inflict with your fists and the verbal abuse
you justify your actions...claim she had it coming
thats not suave...smooth and sophisticated
your actions are rough...crude and so outdated
there is no prestige in beating up the love of your life
the mother of your children...the source of so much happiness
in doing so you lack respect for yourself
you lack respect for your children
you lack respect for life itself
wife beater...great pretender
cutting a picture of harmony on the inside
but on the inside you are a menace
get a hold of yourself
before you beat your wife to pulp

FOR THE BEATEN UP WIFE

still speaking about spousal abuse...the loud silence that exists in society yet this is a serious problem

For the beaten up wife
She was so vibrant...the life of the party
but now...she is pale shadow of herself
she spends hours putting on make up
to hide the marks that were not there before
in the back of her mind she wants to leave him
but lacks the courage to walk out that door

she was a career girl...a bright future lay ahead
now she is straddled with three kids...
a boy...a girl...and her abusive husband
she keeps hoping that he will change
but the beatings and abuse just keep coming
harder...more vicious than ever

how long can this go on?
which kind of man dares abuse his wife
how long will this be swept under the rug?
do we have to wait until she lays dead in the morgue
to stand up and speak up against this absurdity?
if he hits you...he simply does not love and respect you

to the ladies...girlfriends and wives
caught up in these abusive situations
take these chains and break them completely
no love should cause you so much pain
it sounds crazy but no matter how much you love him
walk away before it gets too late..

LAMENT TO A RAPIST

beautiful ladies...handsome men
scarred pasts...sad stories to tell
they were robbed...
by someone much worse than a thief
they never had the courage to tell
so they suffered in silence...
but their silence is broken...
they were robbed of their innocence
maybe by an uncle,aunt...or close family friend
someone we looked up to
as a pillar of society

little baby precious...only a few years old
yet she wears such a serious expression
you would think she was a grown up
with all the household chores
you would no doubt pity her
but what makes me want to cry
is that she doubles up as daddy's play thing
she barely knows what she wants from life
but in another six months
she will welcome another life into the world
what happened? you may ask...
we lay the blame on her daddy
he used her..abused her..and now disowns her

what is going on in the world today?
have we lost our minds?
we rape our mothers... grandmothers
do we hate our women that much
to inflict so much hurt and pain on them?
have we no respect for the young....
the innocent...the leaders of tomorrow
what hope do we give them
when we continually rape and maim them
society looks on...too afraid to speak...
fearing it will spoil the existing harmony
that is totally untrue...

we try to justify rape..
that is like justifying evil...
that she provoked you into raping her
is a whole bunch of bullsh*t!
and still you have no apologies
are you a merciless beast?
how would you feel
if your sister or your mummy suffered too
you would want to cry...
probably kill the sick bastard
that did this to your flesh and blood
guess what...dear rapist
that is how society feels

disgusted...is how society feels

CHAMELEON

Men who beat up their women..then apologize..then beat them up again are like chameleons

you swept her
off her feet
she fell head
over heels
and in no time
the both of you
were sharing
matrimonial bliss
but suddenly
you changed
from a loving husband
to a brutal beast
inflicting pain in her
physically..mentally
...emotionally
after all is said and done
you say you are deeply sorry
that you will never do it again
then suddenly you snap
and you are back to doing
what you do best
beating her up
the cycle goes on
you apologize
shower her with love
but in no time
you pile on the abuse
get a hold of yourself
you need help...

SHAMELESS MAN

she was only looking for a good time
accepted his invitation
for a night out on the town
everything was going great
he was the perfect gentleman
treating her with great respect
she could not tell the evil plan he had

somewhere along the way
while they were having drinks at the club
she excused herself to go to the ladies room
that is when he pounced
and slipped something into her drink
when she came back he deftly suggested
that they should call it a night

he offered to drop her home...she agreed
and in her private thoughts she liked this man
but between the club and her place
the lady was now dazed
the man smiled...happy that he has
found himself some easy prey
he took her to his house...

she fell unconscious on the bed
our perfect gentleman now changed
became cold hearted...violated her
when she woke up he fed her with lies
making her feel guilty...
like the whole ordeal was her making
shameless man...

IT'S BETTER THAT IT HURTS RIGHT NOW

In an abusive relationship? Walk away when you still can

it's better that it hurts
you need to walk away
instead of holding on
to memories of what used to be

he has changed
is no longer the person
you fell in love with
you are miles apart...emotionally

both of you seem to be
in parallel universes
living totally different lives
having very different ideals

you view him as the love of your life
but he holds you in contempt
and treats you so bad
but still you insist on holding on

every time you pick up the phone
you find yourself playing russian roulette
soon and very soon he will say the words
that will shatter every inch of your soul

please do not get too comfortable
if he is still treating you this way
every day you hope he will change
love is not a game...do not torture yourself

it's better that you walk away right now
it's better that you walk away when you can
instead of looking back and being filled
with sorrow and regret...

JANE

this is the story
of a sad little ghetto girl
let's call her Jane...thirteen years old

you see
Jane is a very clever girl
but things are not going well

she is the youngest in a family of six
two brothers...a sister..mum and dad
dad is at Kamiti Maximum...doing time for robbery

her mother works hard every day
to put food on the table
she has no time for the children

her two brothers joined a gang...one got killed
the other keeps his father company at Kamiti Maximum
her sister killed herself in tragic circumstances

Anne..her sister...met a man...dropped out of school
only fifteen years old...six months pregnant
the man said he had nothing to do with the pregnancy

Jane looks on...overwhelmed by what is going on
her young impressionable mind tells her there is no hope
but an inner voice urges her to keep working hard

she needs to do whatever she can
to avoid slipping into the world of drugs..sex..and violence
with focus...discipline..dedication and prayer she can make it

Jane...things look dark right now
you feel as though you are alone
but keep your head up...better days lie ahead

LITTLE GHETTO BOY

I am in a two man cell
with twenty seven other men
all charged with crimes
ranging from burglary to murder
the consequences of my actions
begin to hit me hard
prospects of living the rest of my life
behind bars really scares me

this is how it started
I was a misplaced youth
trying hard to fit in
the local gang gave me a task
to rob the local filling station
and get the money to them
this I did with resounding success
but in the process I was careless

left my fingerprints all over the place
was captured on CCTV carrying out this act
in no time the police caught up with me
I tried to get away but they shot me in the thigh
hauled me off to jail
gave me the charge of robbery with violence
for which there is no bail...I suffer in hell
regret fills my thoughts every single day

I am only nineteen yet I waste away
a little ghetto boy...a petty thief
locked up with drug dealers..rapists and killers
why did I do what I did?
all because I wanted to fit in
with my peers and gain their acceptance
this is the sad story
of a little ghetto boy

MATATU

me and you share
the perfect love hate relationship
I love you because sometimes
you go out of your way
to get me there
I hate it when you are
full of contempt and disrespectful
but the truth is I need you
you need me too
so why can't we reach an understanding
to be nice to each other
you are the backbone of my society
a whole culture exists because of you
you are an industry on your own
giving hope to the hopeless
life to the lifeless
colour to the colourless
do you know how great you are?
maybe if you knew how great you were
you would go to great lengths to improve
and everybody would have respect for you

WATER

more influential than the United Nations
every one is neutral when dealing with you
all opinions...all differences are cast aside
you are the only person without an enemy
water...the source of life
the source of conflict between nations
the key ingredient in many a ritual
water...cleanses us
and nourishes the fields
in which our foods grow
and our animals graze
water...we neglect you
abuse you to the extent
that you are filled with so much poison
and pose a threat to our lives
yet you do us no wrong
but we continue to torture you
feed you with dangerous chemical waste
...and raw sewerage
water...every one covets you
but they treat you really bad
destroying the catchment areas
that are the sources of the rivers
the rivers that carry dear water to the lakes and seas
and when you suffer the world suffers too
your scarcity causes thirst,hunger,drought and wars
you are valuable...so precious to us
water...I long to see you flow
so clear...so clean...so serene
...oh...water!

SALT IN MY WOUNDS

some times in life we slip up,make silly mistakes.we realise our mistakes,show our remorse.we try to move on with life but at times we get judged harshly by society.i'm not trying to justify anyone's mistakes,i just want to offer a different perspective

Said what I had to say,
did what I had to do.
I am not trying to justify my actions,
I am just telling why I did the things I did.
I know I made mistakes before,
I have no one to blame but myself.
When I tell you what I am going through,
you accuse me of looking for sympathy from you.
You should know that is the last thing I expect,
but I am appalled when you keep bringing up issues
from the past.
You talked about forgive and forget,
but you hold on to the past,you
smile in my face...you sneer behind my back.
And when I tell you I am turning my life around,
you encourage me,only for you to kill my morale
with your snide remarks.
There you are,acting like you never slipped up before,
up on your pedestal,acting so high and mighty.
It seems you have forgotten how everyone encouraged you to get back on your feet again.
Like I said before,I am not justifying my actions.
And I think you should know,they haunt me every day of my life.
I am not looking for sympathy,call me arrogant if you have to.
what I would like for you to do is to find it in your heart to let go.
I know it is hard,especially when we all make mistakes,
but we can only grow with each others' support.
Call me a dreamer,but that is my prayer,that is my wish.
But if it is not possible,it is not possible.
I will just have to put up with your hurt and pain.
I know that in future I will be alright,
even when you say people are lying to me that my life has turned around.
I am determined,I will succeed even if you try so hard to put me down.

LIFE THROUGH MY EYES

for the people on the verge of giving up...there is hope..just be positive

I try to smile but all the time
the sorrow shows in my eyes
I am barely holding on to life
opportunities are slipping
through my fingers
people tell me to be strong
tomorrow will be a better day
but when i wake up in the morning
I end up feeling worse than yesterday

everyday I am growing older
but I am still stuck
in the same situation
all the optimism I had
on first of january
faded away the last time
I changed the calendar
there is no one to turn to..
no one to talk to
I am steadily resisting
the temptation to turn to crime
my desparation
is growing by the minute
ridiculous thoughts
are running through my mind

as it is right now..
I am doubting my existence
the low self esteem drives me
towards suicidal tendencies
now I am thinking out loud
"if I am gone the world will not miss me"
and now I am heavily contemplating
what method to use to end my life
but the positive inner voice inside of me
helps me realise my stupidity
it gives me the strength
to hold on and face the next day
I must admit that life is difficult
but I know I will be successful
no matter what the challenges
posed by living my life

PRESSURE

we all wish to sleep
in beds of roses
how wrong we are
life is designed to be tough
so let us not complain
consider it all joy
when you encounter various trials

let us brace ourselves
for the danger
project your thoughts to the future
make a point of reshaping your attitude
never let your negative attitude prevail
whatever the circumstances
we must not be fatalistic in our attitudes

get rid of the negative
prepare for the pressure
pressure is disguised as different circumstances
life is made up of rough...rocky circumstances
we must look beyond the pressure and bear up
we need to see God's purpose for our lives
we must stand,bear up and endure
pressure perfects us...completes us

CHOOSE TO GROW

invest in literature
and other teachings
they say that
knowledge is power
do not bankrupt
your mind and
starve your heart
dare to embrace change
...and new ideas too
looking for growth?
identify your key weakness
cut it up...burn it up
and activate your growth
learn from your own mistakes
and the mistakes of others
knowledge is exploding all around you
learn how to run with success
a bigger picture awaits you
real success is becoming
what God wants you to become
doing what God wants you to do
and possessing what God
wants you to own
achieve the goals God set for you
...then you shall be successful
choose to grow

POSITIVE...A TRIBUTE TO ALL THOSE LIVING WITH H.I.V

there is a lot of stigma towards people living with HIV positive.the treatment they receive from society is at times appalling.it is possible to live positively with HIV

positive...
the status of my H.I.V
negative...
your attitude towards me
nonchalant...
is how I choose to be
pretenders...
you allegedly sympathise with me
true colours...
you show them when I turn my back
pity...
I surely do not need it right now
life...
I am full of it and I am living
understanding...
I have a condition like anyone else
positive...
the status of my attitude
determination...
is filled inside of me
oh yes..
I have the will to live
I am positive...
in every aspect
of the word!

JUST ONE MORE TEAR

for my dear beloved late sister, Esther... R.I.P and also all those who have lost a loved one...

since you left
to take your place
in the heavenly abode
I find it hard to accept
that you are no longer with us
we were soldiers...shoulder to shoulder
you were my strength in times of weakness
always stayed cool even times got bad
you were far too good for this world
always thought you would be around
never thought that you would be leaving
there are days when I am strong
other days I just break down in tears
losing you so suddenly
was a real big blow
I know that you would want me to move on
but the memories just linger on
and though I will try to be strong
today I need to shed just one more tear for you
until we meet again
.....rest in peace

TUPIGE KURA

nyumbani kwetu afrika
ama kwa kweli inashida
vita..ufisadi..umasikini..ugonjwa
zimetumaliza

usiku nikilala
mimi huiota ndoto
ya kwamba maisha
iko shuari

lakini nikiamka asubuhi
shida ni zile zile
viongozi wetu
wanazidi kupora mali

kila siku tunazidi
kulalamika
ya kwamba serikali
hajjali masilahi yetu

kura yako kweli ni haki yako
na kama hauna..hebu jisajili haraka upesi
na wakati wa kupiga kura
tuwachague viongozi wanaoaminika

tupige kura

Thank you for going through this e-book. Please send any feedback to michaelkwamambo@yahoo.co.uk .

Your comments will be highly appreciated. Thank you and God bless.

Maik Kwambo

