

FORWARD BY JUNE WANJIRU

POETRY BY • LILLIAN • MAIK • PHORAY • REBECCA • SANDRA • VIOLA •

*red streaks*

**THE QUARTERLY COLOUR SERIES OF POETRY©**

**THIRD EDITION**

**FEBRUARY 2007**

Compiled and published by Al Kags

Design & Layout by Qbow Interactive

Poetry by: • Lilian Okado • Michael Kwambo (Maik) • Paul Angatia (Phoray)

• Rebecca Rugyendo • Sandra A. Mushi (Sandie) • Violas Iris (Vee)

# About the Quarterly Color Series

**Red Streaks** is the Third Edition of the Quarterly Color Series that is Published by Al Kags (every three months). The First two editions were **Grey Spots** and **Blue Smudges**, which can be downloaded from Al Kags' Blog, the Kenyan Tenses. The last book was read by over 26,000 people - distributed organically by people who forwarded them to their friends.

**Red Streaks** is about the raw, rugged and raunchy emotions, expressed suggestfully and tastefully. In this edition, we feature poetry all the way from Uganda and a forward by the lady the QCS team voted "the most sensual woman in Kenya", June Wanjiru, writer, poet and the matron of Kwani? the premier literature forum in East Africa.

Enjoy.

**Al Kags**

<http://alkags.wordpress.com>

## FEATURED POETS

Kenyan Expressions <http://kenyanexpressions.blogspot.com>

Lilian Okado <http://lilianokado.iblog.com>

Sandra A. Mushi <http://www.authorsden.com/sandraamushi>

Viola's Iris <http://violasiris.wordpress.com>

*Foreword*  
*by June Wanjiru*

In writing this forward it is my hope that the readership of this particular series will exceed all projections. Red Streaks, and indeed the entire Quarterly Color Series, is remarkably encouraging, especially for those among us whose writing remains “in the closet” . I am honoured to be personally acquainted with some of the poets featured, and, of course, Al Kags, who deserves our support for his remarkable efforts at publishing the unknown writer.

*Lillian Okado*

# *Dead Drop, Red Hot*

Dead drop, red hot  
Beautiful bodies, reeking hot,  
Attracted by the humming of a similar lot,  
Amazing scents, replacing sense,  
Dissolving and dispersing,  
Stripping down to each others cots.

Dead drop, red hot  
Silky skins sizzling hot,  
Straight through your throbbing spot,  
Wandering hips, worming tips  
Interlacing and interlocking,  
Burning through, their searing pots.

Dead drop, red hot  
Tanned muscles, piping hot,  
Led your frail mind to the open lofts,  
Encircling lines, taut spines,  
Suffocating and smothering  
Bursting out into smoldering shots.

Dead drop, red hot  
Full lips, whistling hot,  
Left glossy trails and winding dots,

Spinning waists, eclectic tastes,  
Dancing and tapping,  
Tuning sounds into gasping song.

Dead drop, red hot  
Wet eyes, now glaring hot,  
Stared down at each other's stunning  
slots,  
Freckled noses, sexy poses,  
Muzzling and nuzzling,  
Refusing to let go of the resounding  
lover's gong.

*Maik Kwambo*

# The Flight

this is your travel agent speaking  
telling you the flight plan  
make your way to the airport  
check in at the counter  
find your way to immigration  
the frisking you receive is so good  
suddenly you want to be airborne

the immigration desk clears you  
you slowly make your way  
to the airplane  
really looking forward to the flight  
where all your fantasies will be fulfilled  
the climax is when you touch the sky  
over and over again touch the sky  
you will come to your destination  
feeling so good

finally your dream begins to be realized  
the flight has just begun  
initially you are nervous  
...but eventually you relax  
the flight captain looks at you  
invites you back to his cabin  
he has the equipment to make you fly

mister five foot eleven is taking  
you to heaven  
anxiety grips you...it grips him too  
he moves really close to you...you  
encourage him some more  
you interlock your lips...he grabs you  
by the hips  
his hands navigate your body...  
caressing you all over  
he guides your hands to that vital  
navigation instrument  
the joystick...

you are in control of the joystick  
hard...firm...guaranteed to  
bring you joy  
you massage it...slowly fit it in its slot  
it feels good as it just sinks in  
you and your pilot are gaining  
altitude...soaring like eagles  
you go up and down...  
in and out of the clouds  
around the world both of you come  
to many destinations

over the radio communication you  
announce to the control tower  
“we are coming...E.T.A 0830 hours”  
everywhere you fly to...  
you announce your coming  
it is a fantastic flight...  
comfortable in all positions  
from the one invented by missionaries  
to more exotic ones  
you seem to be getting superb action  
and satisfaction  
all this is happening aboard the flight...



*Phoraz*

# Coming

Your arrival at the stations  
Preceded by pomp, colour and melody  
Is with gusto and timeless class;  
As the guts behold the passion  
Your belly convulses violently,  
involuntarily  
Bellowing, panting and gasping for  
scarce air  
That you greedily suck in nasally;  
I hold on for dear life  
As you shake in the powerful storm  
Like a rudderless vessel  
Of which I am the poor coxswain.  
When at last you come to still  
Having called out to Zion and Mecca  
To no avail,  
Lying supine and dazed  
The lubricant damage evident,  
I am breathlessly in awe  
And you sigh... 'No more; you'll kill  
me!'

# Automobile Association

The driver's seat reclines 170 degrees  
Right into that comfortable zone;  
Outside, Baricho Road blasts its beat  
Within, Simaro soothes our nerves,  
Belting out Rhumba tune after another.  
You spread out those perfect knees  
I in turn, swivel and engage the gear  
And immediately break;  
This passion is a wild beast  
It truly hath no mercy.  
But the remnant gasoline suffices  
To fire the pistons into a frenzied  
charge  
That blasts off our propeller engine  
Vibrating, thrusting, surging.  
We are up and away  
Yet you are much too far off.  
We grind and shaft this turbine  
Like a plane on unhewn softwood  
With long, smooth strokes.  
I can feel the mounting pressure;  
But Simaro only croons on.  
The atmosphere within the vehicle  
Is lit with expectant implosion  
The windows are covered in mist  
Product of our intoxicating exchange  
Alas, there is a cloud above the ninth,

Stirring, steamy, sweaty, sublime;  
When the heat hits the plateau  
I feel the wheels in motion  
Shaking the ground beneath the car...

Franco's tape winds to an end;  
When we finally come to, and peek,  
Beyond the confines of the motorcar  
It is Saturday morning;  
You just turned a year older.

# Concupiscence

That fleeting flirty look  
That slight gasping of skins  
In the autumn of goose bumps;  
The fresh hungering kiss  
With its alluring puckish lips  
Opening up to an orifice of bliss.  
Ah, that pre-touch feeling  
Charged with jet fuel  
Too much chemistry for a science lab  
A bolt of thunder to transport  
The pregnant, poignant energy  
Motion and victory in one  
This ballot needs no vote  
The nipple swells, the labia mellows  
The other phallus symbol ejects;  
A heart caught in total surrender  
Emptiness in absence...  
Yet all this is in vain  
Words, innuendos, euphemisms  
And nonsensical emotional  
explanations  
Laden with hormonal psychosis;  
But even as it is being made...  
It cannot be explained, this love!

*Rebecca Ruyendo*

# *The Dead Cold Fireplace*

Trembling I entered hesitant,  
To the dead cold fireplace.  
Timidly like a merchant,  
Trading wool and shoelace.

My eyes slowly parted-  
My knight a fading shadow.  
My life had barely started-  
The truth too hard to swallow.

There he solemnly stood;  
My knight in shining armour.  
Militantly clutching wood;  
To light the fire of honour.

Shivering I retreat  
From the dead cold fireplace;  
The fire that burnt so bright,  
Had smoldered into ashes.

Reaching forth delighted,  
My eyes with his did lock.  
The wood we both ignited,  
Our future bright and sleek.

Warm in his embrace-  
I lazily went to sleep.  
The beauty and the ambience-  
Sent me far and deep.

*Pandra A. Mushi*

Desire  
Air thick with smoky fumes  
With mixture of sweat and perfumes  
On the ash-stained table is her purse  
Her Southern Comfort on the rocks  
she would nurse

Waiting  
Searching  
Heart pounding  
Body longing

Turning, at the bar she spots him  
Standing tall, in a room full to the brim  
Hypnotizing in a black shirt, playing  
pool  
Handsome, dark, rugged and cool

Wanting  
Pleading  
Looks lingering  
Breath quickening

Rearranges the hat hiding her  
dreadlocks and face  
Towards him she walks in a quick pace  
Her desire and passion he would ignite  
Giving him her all without a fight

Embracing  
Caressing  
Tongue licking  
Lip sucking

In the hallway shadows they touch  
Leaving her paralyzed without much  
Knowingly, quenching her wanton  
desire  
In steady rhythm with each touch  
taking her higher

No foreplaying  
No warning  
Throbbing bad  
Nipples ice hard



Through the lacy fabric slowly circling  
with his tongue  
In waves of pleasure, her loins wet in  
ecstasy they sung  
With one hand tears and tosses her  
panties aside  
In delight her hip move like a carnival  
ride

Begging  
Groaning  
Face cheeks blushing  
To his tongue surrendering

Too much, wanting to fight him  
back and losing  
Without protest against his  
wet lips squishing  
With his darting tongue spreads her  
soft pink lips  
With mastered skills probing deep in,  
with his finger tips

Moaning  
Screaming  
Music muffling  
Her body tingling

Wanting, begging, pleading to cum  
Squirming, pushing his fingers some  
Grinding, hips thrusting fire  
With swelling waves, loins reaching  
higher

Burning  
Blushing  
Picks her pen, goes back to writing  
Fantasying can wait, now its time for  
working

# *Just Delish*

Exhilarating

Intoxicating

Electrifying

It's a combination of sweet and sour

It's a flavour to savour

Raw, intense, uninhibited

Goose-bumping

Skin-crawling

Toe-curling

It's just delish.

# My First Ebony Love

The air smelt of coconut trees  
and the sea  
Native tongues greeted me,  
I felt warm and free  
Free from the pollution,  
free from the daily rush  
Free from the metropolis noise,  
free from the city mush  
The warm African sun had  
withered from the sky  
The birds chirping their final goodbye

As I dream of this exotic  
wondrous place  
In front of me stood an Ebony  
queen in lace  
Smiling, beautiful black eyes  
dancing with life  
With a smile that could cut through  
butter without a knife  
“You alone,” she winked and  
drawled sultry  
Yes, I nodded, in her presence  
feeling paltry

Her sensual eyes never leaving mine  
She pulled a chair asking if I was fine

Sweating, palpitating, I couldn't breath  
Need air, I wished the terrace was a  
heath  
Her temptress smile taunting me,  
teasing  
Shifting on my chair uneasily she took  
a pleasing

For I had never seen such beauty, I  
craved her desire  
She was sinfully beautiful and sensual  
and I was on hell fire  
She was the budding beauty of her  
sexual flower  
With the glowing energy, her sensuality  
was her power  
When she smiled her eyes seemed to  
sparkle  
Her small nose adorned with tiny dark  
freckles

“Ain't you going to order me a drink?”  
she asked smiling  
I couldn't move, couldn't talk, slowly in  
love I was falling  
High into the sky my heart lifting, by  
talons it was gripped

Talons of love that soon would have my  
heart ripped  
With her striking exotic beauty I was  
mesmerized  
I couldn't help it but her face I drunk in  
and memorized

A waiter she summoned with an skilled  
wave  
"Hi Joe, how is your wife?" with a  
sensual smile she did rave  
"The usual please," to salivating Joe  
she did point  
She seemed to be a regular at this  
upper class joint  
In awe I was transfixed with her big  
black eyes  
I stared, salivated, my hypnosis wasn't  
disguised

Broken was the spell swiftly by an  
unseen force of the night's fathers  
From my exotic dream I was suddenly  
aware of others  
In a business suit he gave me a  
knowing grin  
The tourist gave me a thumbs up and

ordered a gin  
Two ladies at the bar at my lovely visitor  
they glared  
Their anger and envy they openly  
bared

"Candy," she smiled, her hand on my  
now shaking knee  
"Huh," I blushed beetroot red as if I  
had been stung by a bee  
"My name is Candy," her alluring and  
tempting smile she applied  
"Why don't we finish these in your  
room?" she got up before I replied  
Like a blind man I followed her  
intoxicating strong perfume  
Like a spellbound man, I retraced the  
way to my room

In the room the silence was pervasive  
like entering a tomb  
Pushed me on the bed and over me  
she did loom  
As she undressed me, I understood her  
purpose with no doubt  
With her hot expert mouth my swelling  
she did mount

Until then I lingered with hardly a  
sound  
Sucking my engorged shaft, shouting I  
was bound

Sliding down to let me enter her womb  
Her hips like a carnival ride it brought  
about my doom  
She engulfed me in raging rivers to  
unknown fates  
Locked in a dance of ecstasy,  
threatening to erupt the floodgates  
Dancing to the rhythm of her erotic  
rhyme  
Resistance wearing thin, I erupted  
when it was time

She rose from a crumpled bed  
Stretched her long arms above her  
head  
Sheets pushed aside with a sensuous  
sigh  
Leaving me in bed with a love-struck  
high  
Dreamily I started planning my days  
ahead  
Igniting imaginations in my head

Long enough I will keep her around  
I silently thought, as in my Ebony love I  
had found  
With a kiss from my African queen  
She got off the bed and I felt the crown  
I did win  
My days and night make happy she will  
I knew and my dreams she will fulfill

From my thought I was roused “I’ve  
got to go, where is my money?”  
Without a smile demanded my now  
dressed African honey  
Just my wishful thought interrupted,  
baffled I was at first,  
“Its business,” she said my mind  
putting to rest  
When the price I was told, my old  
white face went pale  
Exiting as she grabbed the cash, I  
wished it was a sale

*Viola's Iris*

simultaneously  
he seduces the lyric & melody  
whilst making love to the song  
caressing its body & soul  
with his lips that many desire to kiss

yet he longs not for them  
but for her - she who stands rooted  
by his words to a bed of roses  
scattered from here to there...

she is washed to a climax where  
she envies silence's zenith  
& dwells in time's hiatus  
till all that's left within  
are the tears in her heart  
that flow down her bare chest

& naked feet  
into the pink dust that rises to his nose

fluorescent dust reminiscent  
of a time when  
their skins merged into caramel stripes  
swirling in a pool  
of deep brown chocolate  
and pouring at the feet of love's desire  
simultaneously...  
he makes love to her  
he makes love to me

# Epilogue

**“To be sensual, I think, is to respect and rejoice in the force of life, of life itself, and to be present in all that one does, from the effort of loving to the making of bread.”**

**~ James Arthur Baldwin ~**