

GOING AWAY

By

Tony Mochama

This is a bar
I am in -
In a state
Of potential sin.
To avoid temptation
I give in to the thought
Of writing poetry
Which is a little
Like mental masturbation

This is a bar
I'm sitting in
On the right
A man goes away
And
Lives to die
Another day
My pen
Is like poison-ivy
It will not
Let me write leave 'live'
Because it does not wish abandonment

This is a leaf
I hold it between my fingers
The way I held the pen like an ornament
I that rat- a- tat wrote this
Between my calloused fingers

Like a kiss from a callous stranger
A kiss that lingers
On my finger-tips
I trace
The shape of the leaf-tip
The way I traced
The shape of that stranger's lips

Then, a girl with bottoms, wide as a bus
Or a mad architect/ with grotesquely twisted oblong thoughts
Invading his head
And a couple-in love and a barmaid
And silence / forever interrupts.
Forever, interrupts.

About The Author

Tony Mochama is a poet and oral poet a journalist and Kenya's leading expert on sleazy bars. He is a lawyer when he is not pontificating or gossip columning.