

STREETCHILD

by Howard Lawrence Kiplangat

You've seen him walk down the street,
Past the hotels and clubs
of the wealthy
Where hate filled stares and inhuman insults
Are hurled at his disappearing frame.

More often than not,
A couple of blows will hasten his pace
And his greasy face
Complete with the dangling bottle of glue
Have always left you wondering
From whence such a creature sprung
You've often turned in your step
To eye the bulging sack
And more than once, wondered
as to what it contained
Some clothes... No, he's in rags
Some bedding... highly unlikely.
In the end, you gave up
and on your way, you went.

When you fail to see him around
perhaps a week or two
Then you will come to know
That some foreign dignitary or big shot
Is in town
And he and his kind
Were trussed in lorries
And dumped someplace out of town

FLOUNDERING

by Howard Lawrence Kiplangat

Stop, start

There goes the uncertainty

Emotions are a roller coaster

One moment, soaring hope

The next, crashing disappointment

Drunkenly swaying

From a wave of optimism

to a tide of despair

all that is left

a litany of broken promises

leading to self-loathing

From

positive outlook

then one slip

and suddenly you're back

at rock bottom

So,

You down one more

To quench this hole

Burning in your chest

From the bile of regret