

## **Shattered Hopes**

*by Thomas Wafula*

From mansions they come  
Men and women in black  
Faces glowing of deceit  
Carrying with them sweet lies  
Dressed in expensive garments  
Driving expensive cars  
On village roads  
Full of potholes  
Malnourished for lack of power

From a distance  
Jubilations are heard  
The roadsides crowded  
With men in tattered clothes  
Their eyes hardly sleep  
Mouths dry, nothing to sip  
Women carrying babies  
Tiny bodies rich in bones  
Bellies shrunken  
Happy, with frowned faces  
Yearning for their buried hopes

Murmurs and whispers grow  
From the crowd scorched by the sun  
Only one voice is heard, 'mtu yetu'  
Driven into merriment  
Minds of dreams yet unfulfilled  
As the men and women in black  
Take the podium with storm

The sun waves goodbye; it's dusk  
Back to their pauper's homes  
The streets are dark  
Through the windows  
Or rooftop holes

Lights, it's dawn  
In long and tiresome queues  
They line up  
To cast their luck  
Bound in the ballot  
And indeed, they won

Days, months, and years pass by  
No trace of the men and women in black  
Taxes eat hard earned tokens  
Hunger and thirst become the daily meal  
Children and mothers starve to death  
Hospitals are short of medicines  
Roads turn into playing grounds for kids  
And grazing fields for livestock  
Minds are sane now  
Eyes brightened by tears  
Who will call for justice?  
Who will come to the rescue?  
Who should I trust for safety?  
Absolutely no one  
Nothing left  
But to die demonstrating in the streets  
Crying for a new regime