

ASPIRIN CURES

- a poem on some works of art! -

By

Wanjiku Matenjwa

Mama Taabu
she has
aches
commercials can not cure.

but the high priests
of cloud worship
will donate to her
a magnificent work of art -
a literary achievement
flowing thick
with the most touching
universal themes -
shrouded in shadows
rich in imagery and metaphors
to quieten the hungry worms
in the bellies of her seven -
an award winning
superb depiction
of the human experience -
of the condition of man -
of the inexplicable
tragedy of man's dilemma -
of the mystery of life.
a roof of clouds
walls of mist
they will
generously donate
to Mama Taabu
to build her shack in the slums.
for the kings no-clothes
they clink
cultured civilized glasses
at cultured cocktail parties

The owner of the house
biggly bangs
the door
demanding
his month's money -
her younger ones
chew their teeth
and saliva

in their sleep -
 Mama Taabu's
 older boys
 guard
 entrances
 to casinos and cinemas
*saidia masikini**
 to the have-mores

Mama Taabu
 has aches
 aspirin will never
 cure.

* Those who have to beg to live cry
 "saidia *masikini*" i.e. help the poor in
 Kiswahili.

*

*

*

*

*