Poetry

Arjun

One powerful way to reduce an enemy's power
Is to employ psychological warfare.
It has been proved many times over
That the greatest battles take place in the mind –
Lose there and you will lose everywhere.

The ancient warrior Arjun, from the *Mahabharata*,
Was a marksman par excellence
Because he focused his arrows so intently
That he saw nothing but the target.
Everything else was unimportant, a distraction, noise.

Like Arjun, you must focus on your personal goals;
Ignoring the haters, gossip mongers and lairs.
When they tell you that you are not 'all that',
Confidently reply, '*Au contraire, mon frair.*
I am all that - and a bag of chips.

'I am the Catcher in the Rye,
That's why I catch everyone's eye.
I am Ananta[1] among slithering serpents,
I am Ganesha[2] among enormous elephants,
I am Hanuman[3] among humanoid monkeys,
I am Arjun among the Pandavas[4],
I am the Joker in the pack; a light unto others.'

Notes:

1. Gigantic nine-headed serpent on which Lord Vishnu is often pictured reclining in Hindu religious lore.
2. Elephant-headed Hindu deity - the god of success (also 'Ganesh').
3. Monkey-headed Hindu deity.
4. A band of heroic warrior brothers in Hindu religious lore.

The Way Things Ought to Be

The more I look, the more I see,
The more I analyze, the more I realize
That this ain't the way things ought to be.

I want to bring Ethics to a Permissive Society,
I want to bring you closer to me.
My love,
Why did you have to blow?
This ain't the way things ought to go!

I'm sitting here, at a quarter past three,
Just chilling here, on the window sill.
I'm about to go From a View to a Kill
Suicidal thoughts are running through my head
Where will I be at a quarter past dead?
But I choose to remove that notion from my head:
Some things are better left unsaid.

When morning comes, I see a Stranger in the Mirror:
That guy looking back can't possibly be me.
What has happened to the African Dream?
What has happened to you and me?
We used to be so happy
Maybe the gods got green with jealousy
Like in that poem called 'Annabel Lee'.

I'm still sitting here, with half an hour to kill,
I'm reflecting on my life thus far
Even though we shouldn't cry over spilt milk.
I turn on the TV news and reel back in horror -
It's like everyone is trying to kill each other!
Armageddon must be just around the corner
'Cause this ain't the way things ought to be.

– Alexander Nderitu*

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